

THE YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1911.

On All News Stands, 5 CENTS.

Theaters—Amusement—Entertainments.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER-- BROADWAY NEAR 7TH
LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE—OLIVER MOROSCO, Manager.
BEGINNING TONIGHT

Popular Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.
"Abandon Tears and Sadness All Ye Who Enter Here"
Low Field's Colossal, Magnificent, Supreme Spectacular Musical Comedy Sensation.
150 People on the Stage.
20 Big Popular Song Hits.
A Whole Train Load of Scenery.
The Biggest Company Ever Sent on Tour.

THE MIDNIGHT SONS

With **GEO. W. MONROE** In His Original Creation of "Panic Burns"

TRAVELING EXCLUSIVELY BY SPECIAL TRAIN OF SIX CARS. DAILY EXPENSES \$1000.
Entertainment Combining Farce, Musical Comedy, Opera, Pantomime, Ballet, and Vaudeville and all the Mind Can Conceive, Suggest or Imagine.

More Scenery—More People—More Novelties
Than ever before presented by any organization.

PRICES—50c to \$2.00. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday—50c to \$1.50.

February 12, One Week
THE OPERATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON.
WHITNEY OPERA COMPANY IN

The Chocolate Soldier

Company of 125. Whitney Opera Company Orchestra of 25.
THE FAMOUS EASTERN SINGING ORGANIZATION.
For this engagement: Entire lower floor, \$2.00; balcony, \$1.50, \$1.00.
WEDNESDAY MATINEE ONLY \$1.50 TO 50c.
NOTE—Mail orders with check can be filled in order receipt. Regular seat prices Thursday at 9 a.m. No orders accepted for front row usual orchestra.

LOS ANGELES THEATER-- THE HOME OF VARIETY
SPRING ST. NEAR 4TH

Big Matinee Every Day at 2:30

Shows Tonight

8:00, 7:45 & 9 o'clock. Be Sure and Come Early
Last Times Today Of

ELHAM
The Famous Hymnic Scientist.
Eckhoff & Gordon.
Rube Dickson.
Carter & Waters.
Valetti Bros. & Sawtelle.
Kitty Edwards.
Leo & Chapman.
The Laugh-O-Scope.

TOMORROW Afternoon—Another Great "S. & C." Bill
20 and 30 Cents—"Where Everybody Goes"

AND OPERA HOUSE-- Matinee Today, Tues. & Saturday.
Phonies Main 1967—Home A1967.

6th Great Week Starts This Afternoon

FERRIS HARTMAN

and his big singing and dancing company present for another crowded week Walter De Leon's tremendously successful musical comedy of college life.

"The Campus"

Seize for this record-smashing musical comedy hit are now selling fast. If you want good seats it is advisable to get them immediately.

POPULAR HARTMAN PRICES

CO THEATER-- Main St. between Third and Fourth Sts.
MATINEES Today, Thursday and Saturday.

THE FOREMOST STOCK COMPANY IN AMERICA.
SAVE TWO TIMES TODAY OF THE SEASON'S SEATING. LAUGHING BILL.

"THE LOTTERY MAN"

TOMORROW Night--Commencing--Tomorrow Night
STONE and the Belasco company will present John Drew's greatest

"THE LIARS"

appearance with the Belasco company of ROBERT A. HARRISON, WILLIAM BERNARD and HUGH DILLMAN.

First production on any stage of Hayden Talbot's play of the "LIARS' COUNTRY." By special arrangement with Wm. A. Jones.

THEATRE-- SPRING ST. Between Second and Third.
MATINEE DAILY AT 2:15.

OF VAUDEVILLE

LEW SULLY LAST DAY
LILLIAN BURKHART ERNEST SCHARFF
ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES
10c, 20c, 50c, 1.00. MATINEE 3:15 DAILY 10c, 20c, 50c.

Solace and Sentiment.

WORLEY, PILOT OF VAUDEVILLE.

HE WATCHES THE PUBLIC RATHER THAN THE ACTOR.

"Vaudeville Circuits Like the Transcontinental Railroad, Which Were Years in Building and Now Make Rivalry Impossible"—"Brevity is Life of Variety."

BY J. N. JOHNSON.

"Vaudeville, in some form or other, is with us to stay."

"Los Angeles is a city pre-eminently adapted to an overwhelming vaudeville business."

"Like vaudeville, the motion picture has ceased to be a fad; it is a permanent institution of entertainment."

"Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but the very life of vaudeville, which is making its acts shorter every year. The ideal sketch is going to be just fifteen minutes long, and every other turn will be shorter than that."

"The builder of a vaudeville circuit is like the pioneer railroad; he is a commercial adventurer and he must get used to rough lines and hard knocks."

"There is no room for another transcontinental railroad, on our present economic basis. Is there room for any more great vaudeville circuits? No."

A few utterances of Dean Worley, whose hand is at the helm in the Los Angeles Theater.

We called George Boyer, the man who put the Los Angeles on a paying basis, "the live wire."

Worley seems to be the motor which the live wire started, for he is conducting the place on the same unusually keen lines as his not-forgotten predecessor.

Worley is a representative of the modern type of theatrical man—the man who has simply brought good business principles to bear on the conduct of the theater. Worley looks more like a commission merchant in comfortable circumstances than an M. T. D.—Master of the Three a Day.

Worley hails from the Northwest. He has been in vaudeville about six years, associated with Sullivan and Considine most of that time. Previously, he was with combinations and stock companies. He learned the game from all sides.

He is a fine refutation of the belief that all a resident vaudeville manager has to do is to hire the janitor, see that the treasurer doesn't accumulate too much wealth and draw his salary. Like Clarence Drown, Worley is the consulting specialist on every bill that comes to his house.

But he doesn't diagnose his program; he diagnoses his audience. I sat down with Worley when he was going over last Monday's bill, after the first performance. Languid at the back of the house he had made a mental note of every "reception," on the strength of which every situation "went over," on the comparative values of all his acts.

"There is as much difference in vaudeville audiences as there is in cities," said Worley, laying a program flat on his desk and lighting a cigar. "You can't give Los Angeles the same doses of all our medicines for melancholy as you would San Francisco. Portland will require still a different measure and I should presume Salt Lake City would have still other preferences."

"This fellow's act"—laying a pencil upon a near top-line—"went eighteen minutes this afternoon. Tonight he will not exceed fourteen."

With more indicative business: "Tonight this little girl, who is very charming, but who bored her audience with four songs this afternoon, will only have one. The people will go out saying she's great. It's a quick one, and for her, and she's worth the money. Otherwise, she loses us money."

"Miss Blank has a comedy which is made up of the sort of stuff Los Angeles audiences like. She was afraid she was running over-time this afternoon, and she cut out a few speeches that would have pinged a big bullseye out in front. Tonight I am going to wing the acrobats on a stunt as old as the exit from the ark, and give her just two more minutes—no longer, mind!"

"Programmes have to be adjusted like the finest watch. Nor is the temper of your audience always the same. Big national events, or big local events, which amount to the same thing as far as we are concerned, predispose them in favor of some things and work against the success of others."

"In a season of continual prosperity, when everyone laughs just because there's nothing else to do, serious things go pretty well. They are a contrast against the reality."

"But after a holocaust, or at a time when the temper of the people is uncertain, the fellow who pulls any stage funerals is likely to have a funeral of his own."

Worley has some individual ideas on vaudeville circuits—ideas which are distinctly worthy of thought.

"The vaudeville business," says he, "is now on the same basis of colossal organization as the other big businesses of the country. It may seem a simple, and in fact somewhat frivolous thing to make people laugh for a living, but in order to do that nowadays you must get unusual people and new stuff, and to get new stuff and talented people you have to pay salaries and to pay salaries you must have not one house, but many."

"The Sullivan-Considine circuit, in its way, is as big as Standard Oil or Union Pacific. These corporations didn't mushroom; they took years to grow; and so did Sullivan and Considine. They pioneered; so did our vaudeville. The took long, hard beginnings, held on while nobody else thought it worth while, and now I suppose there are some folks who would like to see an enactment presenting them collecting profits by the shovel. There you have the railroad simile again. What private individual could have afforded to keep up these transcontinental railroads until Southern California was in the building? Not one, and not a few in the corporations set foot pedals in the process, besides. But I guess one would object to the magnificent dividends now coming on Southern California freight and travel."

"The railroads, being corporations, will, of course, grow with the country, and expand to meet the country's expansion."

"It is the same with the great vaudeville corporations which already

have a network of amusement lines over the West. They are no longer individual affairs, but enduring, bedrock corporations with the tenure of no one member can destroy."

"We, for instance, are now perfecting the European affiliations which it has taken us years to establish. We have agents in every Continental capital. We can offer, in our various houses, months and months of time. We cover the western cities as far as we can, and that is pretty nearly all the way. We expand as the cities expand. We are already longing to expand with Los Angeles, and we shall do it before long. Wherever

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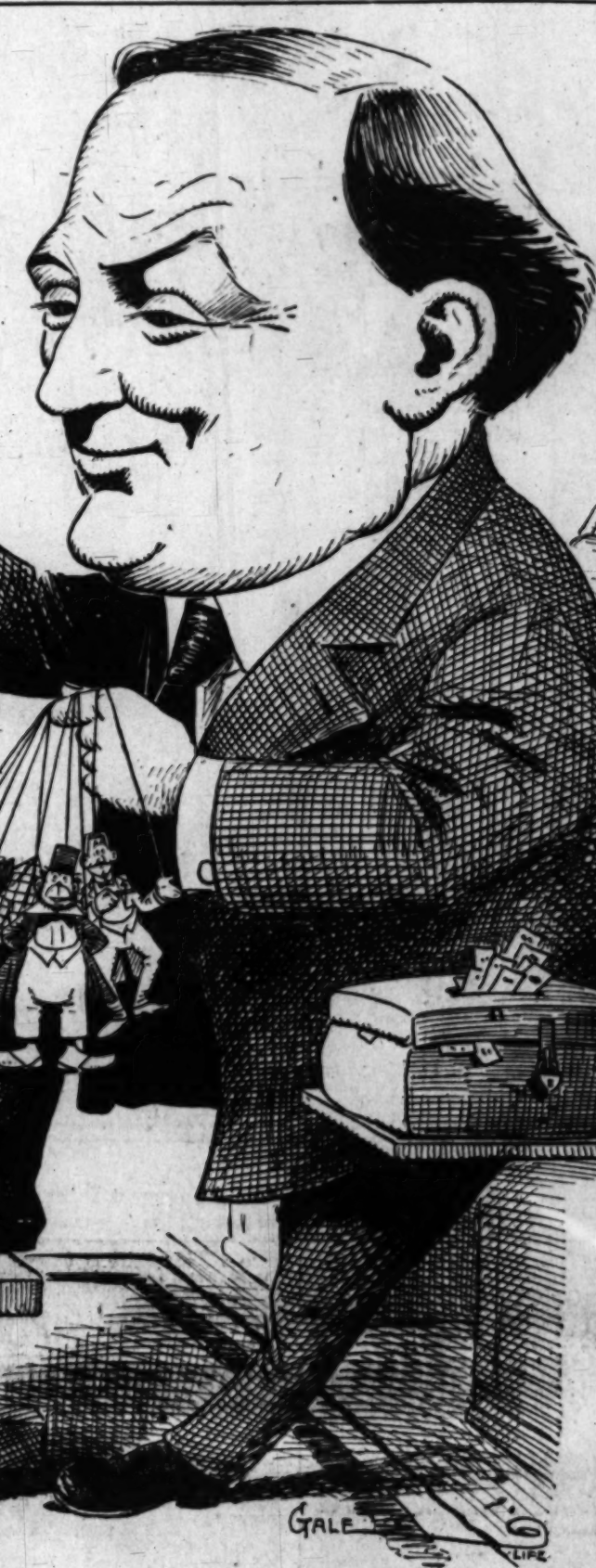
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Dean Worley, M. T. D.,

master of the Three a Day. Boyer was the Sullivan-Considine live wire, but Worley is the motor the live wire started. "A vaudeville circuit nowadays is like a transcontinental railroad," says Worley; "railroads and circuits were years in building. They can hardly be duplicated, and the founders are reaping the profits of years ago."

there is trade offered, we shall be there, hats in hand, to take it, and while it is for her, and she's worth the money. Otherwise, she loses us money."

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with the result that the four acts provide an entertainment at once sparkling and refreshingly attractive. Incidentally the production will afford the women of the Belasco company a chance to display some especially fine points of their art."

"The Midnight Sons' organization has now been in the South for the past three weeks, and in all the cities visited it has received flattering comments from the local press, which pronounced it quite the biggest show of the kind."

"The Midnight Sons' organization has been aptly termed 'a huge moving picture in eight films.' While telling a consistent story, its chief attractiveness as an entertainment is derived from the variety of its features, consisting of farce, musical comedy, novelty vaudeville, spectacle, pantomime and ballet. The book was written by Glen McDougall, who is a past master at this particular kind of libretto. Raymond Hubbard is responsible for the thirty odd musical numbers, while the production is under the direction of Ned Wayburn. It is in two acts and eight scenes."

"The Midnight Sons' is noted for its light, pretty and frothy, and the whistling variety. Most of it has long been familiar to the majority of local theatergoers, notably 'Rings on My Fingers,' 'The Hillbilly Man,' 'The Merry Little Gardener,' 'My Firefly Lady,' 'Call Me Bill,' 'True Blue,' 'Amina,' and others."

Capacity audiences continue to visit the Grand to see Walter de Leon's 'The Campus,' and on Sunday afternoon Ferris Hartman and his company will enter upon the sixth week of this record-breaking piece."

The attendance at 'The Campus' since the opening five weeks ago, has been surprising and the Grand box office records show the fifth week of the piece to be the biggest since the run commenced. So far there has been no indication of decreasing popularity. In fact there has been a steady increase, and every day finds a long line of ticket buyers before the box office."

It would be difficult indeed to find anyone who could play with a greater degree of satisfaction the part of 'Fak' now taken by Robert Leonard, and the part of Scott McClure, which is in the hands of Oliver Lenoir. Mr. Leonard is physically finely suited for the part and his work is the best he has ever shown with the Hartman organization. Mr. Lenoir has never enjoyed better opportunity to display his rich, melodious bass voice than in the medley of college songs and the rousing Pipe and Stein song in the second act, which are two of the best pieces in the piece."

Out of the sixteen song numbers the greater percentage are of such a catchy and delightful variety that at every performance they receive from three to a dozen encores and it can never be said, as of many musical pieces, that any one song carried 'the Campus' to success."

The success of the piece is due rather to a clever and always interesting

numbering over 100 people, and with a scenic equipment requiring four of the largest baggage cars for its transportation. The cast of principals, which is a notable one, is headed by George W. Monroe, who will be seen in his original character creation of 'Panic Burns.' Mr. Monroe is assisted by Harry Fisher and George Schiller.

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plot, clean bubbling humor, a fresh and lively college atmosphere, sixteen songs that are not easily forgotten, a superb cast and a general ensemble that could hardly be improved upon.

In addition to Miss Lloyd and Lew Sully, who remain on the Orpheum bill in undisputed supremacy, and Lillian Burkhardt and Ernest Scharff, both of whom have made individual hits, come four new acts.

Of the newcomers, interest largely centers in Bonita, who with Lew Hearn will present a musical skit, 'The Real Girl.' Bonita was brought into fame when she was voted the most popular girl in the theatrical profession at the New York Actors' Fund Fair. Then she starred in 'Wine, Women and Song' and won further laurels. She has a vast share of physical pulchritude, facial beauty and clothes to rival Miss Lloyd's. Lew Hearn is a very funny foil for the gorgeous Bonita.

Charles B. Lawlor, assisted by Mable and Alice, his daughters, with a skit called 'Night and Day on the Side-

walks of New York,' will present a patter act of high merit. Lawlor is a veteran of musical comedy, and his two daughters are following his lead in their stage work. The three afford an example of family ability.

The original Hamlans—who do not remember their 'Superba' and 'Panorama'—are at it again. They have condensed much of their former material into 'Just-Phor-Phun,' and in this, their acrobatic ability and their funny ways are brought to the fore in tabloid, without encumbering chorus. The Hamlans set the pace for all pierrots, and no clowns or pantomimists have ever succeeded in beating them at this, their own game.

Elise, Wulf & Waldorf come here from Germany to offer a new gymnastic turn. Their act is shown in an ordinary street in Berlin, with a kiosk kept by Elise. Two football players return from the game, and all meet here.

As to Alice Lloyd, little need be added to what everyone knows. She and Lew Sully have some new stunts framed up and the week promises to be one of great hilarity. Miss Burkhardt and her company have made an impression, and their week will be an ovation, while Herr Scharff has found many friends by his clever musical turns. The new pictures will be in keeping with the rest of the bill.

Pantages Theater will present eight new feature acts for the week starting Monday February 6. This array of talent is made possible by the big attendance at this popular priced home of the varieties.



Of Amusement Interest.

Actors and musicians who will entertain Los Angeles audiences during the coming week.

BONCI COMING IN CONCERT.

GREAT TENOR TO APPEAR HERE IN A FEW WEEKS.

Stupidity of Publicists Allows Him to Be Compared to Caruso and De Reszke—His Real and Unique Position in the Artistic World of Today.

BY JULIAN JOHNSON.

The stupidity of musical publicists in general, and particularly those who are chosen by distinguished artists to prepare their ways before them, is well illustrated in a banal, false and ignorant herald of the coming of Alessandro Bonci, received at the Los Angeles musical desk, and presumably emanating from some eastern firm or individual paid to exploit the great little tenor in a reasonable, illuminative style which will attract the attention of intelligent people.

Said press notice: "Alessandro Bonci, who is reputed by eastern cities to be the only successor of Jean de Reszke and superior in every way to Caruso, will be heard in Los Angeles, in concert, the evening of February 28," etc.

Nothing like it! Bonci has no more comparative relation to either Jean de Reszke or Caruso than has Tetrazzini to Nordica.

De Reszke was a near-baritone who, with a tremendous intellect, an abnormal will and a God-given sense of the artistic, absolutely compelled himself into being one of the greatest tenors of all the time, judged chiefly, of course, from the interpretative standpoint, in which very many critics ascertained that M. de Reszke has never been excelled.

Signor Caruso began as a somewhat heavy lyric tenor, with a great bent toward such short dramatic parts as Canio and Turiddu, and his frequency of appearance, his unassuming use of open tones and super-fortissimo have dragged him steadily toward the fold of dramatic tenors, where he now rests and where he will likely end his days, though his dramatic powers do not seem well adapted to anything severer than Radames or Johnson the Bandit, and he still makes incursions into the lyric field—in such works as "Bohème," for instance—with conspicuous success.

Imagine, then the astuteness of comparing these big, heavy-voiced men with Bonci the exquisite, Bonci of the pale voice of moonbeam and silver reeds, who, albeit intensely masculine, can sing with the fineness and delicacy of a coloratura soprano!

As far as American opera-goers are concerned, Bonci is the last of his race, a genuine bel-canto tenor, and it is the most perfectly trained tenor ever heard by present-day English-speaking audiences.

The Italians have dramatic tenors and lyric tenors, and most of the Bonci stamp I believe they term "tenori legieri," which is something still more refined than a lyric tenor.

Though local audiences should not expect to hear "a successor to De

Reszke and a superior of Caruso," it is to be hoped that all music lovers, and especially music students, will find a way to attend the Bonci concert, for the true, pre-Verdi art of singing in his hands finds an incomparable exemplification.

Hoffman, Pianist.

Joseph Hoffman, a pianist who has been noted for his substantial musicianship and sanity rather than for extraordinary exploitation of a single school or freakish development in one direction only, will play in Los Angeles this week.

Mr. Hoffman will appear at Simpson Auditorium on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of Mr. Behrman's Philharmonic Course, and again at a matinee on Saturday afternoon.

His program: Sonata, E Minor, Op. 10, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 12, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 13, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 14, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 15, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 16, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 17, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 18, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 19, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 20, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 21, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 22, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 23, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 24, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 25, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 26, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 27, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 28, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 29, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 32, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 33, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 34, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 35, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 36, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 37, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 38, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 39, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 40, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 41, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 42, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 43, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 44, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 45, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 46, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 47, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 48, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 49, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 50, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 51, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 52, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 53, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 54, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 55, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 56, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 57, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 58, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 59, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 60, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 61, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 62, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 63, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 64, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 65, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 66, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 67, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 68, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 69, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 70, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 71, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 72, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 73, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 74, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 75, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 76, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 77, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 78, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 79, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 80, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 81, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 82, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 83, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 84, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 85, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 86, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 87, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 88, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 89, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 90, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 91, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 92, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 93, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 94, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 95, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 96, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 97, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 98, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 99, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 100, No. 3.

Second recital: Sonata, G Minor, Op. 10, No. 3.

First recital: Sonata, E Minor, Op. 10, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 12, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 13, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 14, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 15, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 16, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 17, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 18, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 19, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 20, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 21, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 22, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 23, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 24, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 25, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 26, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 27, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 28, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 29, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 32, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 33, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 34, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 35, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 36, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 37, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 38, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 39, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 40, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 41, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 42, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 43, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 44, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 45, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 46, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 47, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 48, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 49, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 50, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 51, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 52, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 53, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 54, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 55, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 56, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 57, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 58, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 59, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 60, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 61, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 62, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 63, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 64, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 65, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 66, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 67, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 68, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 69, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 70, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 71, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 72, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 73, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 74, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 75, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 76, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 77, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 78, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 79, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 80, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 81, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 82, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 83, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 84, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 85, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 86, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 87, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 88, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 89, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 90, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 91, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 92, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 93, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 94, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 95, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 96, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 97, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 98, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 99, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 100, No. 3.

Symphony.

The Symphony Orchestra will be heard at the Auditorium next Friday afternoon. Arnold Krauss, conductor, will be the soloist, playing the Beethoven Concerto in B Major, for violin.

Hamilton's programme will include the Mendelssohn First Symphony, in C Minor; Shapleigh's tone-poem, "Mirage," and the overture to Cherubini's "Anacreon."

Congregational Orchestra.

The First Congregational orchestra will open its sixteenth season next Friday evening. An interesting programme has been arranged, and will be presented under the direction of William H. Mead. Edwin House is the soloist.

The orchestra will play a march from Leonard's compositions, "The King's Hussars"; "The Return of Spring," waltz (Waldteufel); Nocturne, (Doppler), with solo for violin, Miss Lingstrom; flute, Mrs. Little; English horn, Miss Barrett; "Elegie," (Mozart); overture, Don Giovanni; Adagio Pathétique, (Grieg); sextette for strings, flute and piano, (Fauconier); suite from "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Siciliana, euphonium, Dr. Harry Richardson, and Dr. Ross A. Harris, harp.

Mr. House will sing Alvarez's "El Canto del Presidario," and Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers."

Organ Guild.

There will be an organ and choral service in the First Congregational Church tomorrow evening, given by the Southern California chapter of the American Guild of Organists. Organ numbers will be played by Ernest Douglas, organist of St. Paul's.

Morton F. Mason, organist of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, and Ray Hastings, organist of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, the Congregational choir, under the direction of W. F. Skyles, will give several numbers, and remarks on some hymns will be

made by Rev. Dr. William Horace Day, pastor of the church. An offering will be taken in the interest of charity.

Carlson Recital.

The advance sale of tickets for the song-recital of Anthony Carlson, eminent basso from Germany, to be given at the Auditorium on Wednesday, under the management of the Von Stein Academy, indicates the keen interest of the musical public in high-class musical attractions.

Mr. Carlson is said to possess a rare and beautiful voice, enhanced by musicianship and intense dramatic fire. This should enable him to do justice to the taxing programme here reproduced:

"Frühlingssong," "Die Träne heilt," "Vergelt'schen Standchen," "Am ersten Tage des Malen," "Ich gehe den Bachs, wie der Nymph, der geliebt," "Blüthen-Blüthen-Blüthen," "Helle Nacht," "Drei Wanderer," (Hans Hermann); "Was ist Lieben," (Rudolph Ganz); "Waldesnacht," (Max Reger); "Die Träne heilt," (Tschakovsky); "Ich trage meine Minne," (Richard Strauss); "Caesar's Lament," (Handel); (air from the opera "Scipio"); "On the Way to Kiev," (Arthur Pons); "The Pretty Creature," (H. Lane Wilson); "Young Tom O'Donovan," (Kennedy Russell).

This is the first of a series of three recitals which Mr. Carlson will give in this city under the management of the Von Stein Academy.

On Wednesday, February 15, several members of the Von Stein Academy's faculty will unite in an elaborate concert of vocal and instrumental music at the Auditorium.

Those participating are Wenzel Koppa, the eminent Bohemian violin virtuoso; Heinrich von Stein, Anthony Carlson, Mrs. E. W. Kirkpatrick, Miss Christine Battelle and Mrs. Mabelle Lewis-Case.

Friml at San Diego.

Rudolf Friml is to give a recital before the Amphion Club of San Diego next Wednesday afternoon. The affair will take place at the U. S. Grant Hotel, under the management of L. E. Behrman.

The first half of the programme will be devoted to a Bach-Liszt fugue, and the following compositions of Chopin, Fantasia, Op. 49; Etudes, Op. 23, Nos. 7 and 9; Ballade, Op. 47; Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 4; Scherzo, E Major, Op. 54 (Chopin); Consolation, D Flat Major; Etude, D Flat Major; Legende, A Major; Polonaise, E Major (Liszt).

Lott Recital.

Conflicting theatrical dates prevented me from attending the recital of Harry Clifford Lott, which was given at Cuneo Hall on Thursday evening, January 26, with Mrs. Lott at the piano. We can note the expected, however, that Mr. Lott had a representative and keenly appreciative audience, and that his performance was a matter of fine and intelligent artistry.

The programme, which has been given before, was an exceptionally varied one, and well-received.

Mr. Lott's second recital will be given in the same place February 23, and will be devoted to musical settings of the poems of Edward Kipling, including the Barack-Rosa ballads, and the "Just-So" songs.

Alexander Recital.

Arthur Alexander, tenor, gave a recital at Blanchard Hall on Friday evening last. His programme: "Caro Mio Ben" (Giordano); "Una Furtiva Lagrime" (Donizetti); "Mattiaria" (Tosti); "Après un Reve" (Faure); "Chanson Triste" (Duparc); "Extase" (Duparc); "Leure Exquise" (Hahn); "Embarquez-vous" (Godard); "Main-acht" (Brahms); "Standchen" (Brahms).

Acolian Club.

The Acolian Musical Club recently held a meeting at the home of Miss Josephine Niel, No. 3126 Pasadena avenue. The members present were the Mesdames Fanny Hammerman, Eva Jaspers, Pearl Kardell, Bernice Marcher, Julia Nave, Goldie Snyder, Hazel Thorne, Ida Weber, Mrs. Harry Underwood, and Miss Grace Vail. Guests were Mrs. Sewall, Mrs. H. L. Garren and Miss Lyle Babcock.

Duncan's Coming.

Raymond Duncan, who wouldn't wear pants in New York even in cold weather, is coming to Los Angeles. Mr. Duncan's penchant for the tunics and chitons of ancient Greece has brought him a lot of notoriety and perhaps a lot of profit.

M. E. Orchestra.

The twenty-fifth free concert of the First M. E. Sunday-school orchestra, under the direction of Earl Bishop Valentine, will be given at the church on Thursday.

(Brahms): "Allerseelen" (Strauss); "Heimliche Aufforderung" (Strauss); "Ich Grolle Nicht" (Schumann); "Where'er You Walk" (Handel); "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" (Quilter); "Thy Booming Eyes" (MacDowell); "Tristan and Isolde" (Forester); "A Love Song" (Hänsche).

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The programme and participants including McDowell's "Novellette," Miss Vail; Miss Nell; a Chopin Polonaise, Miss Nave; "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," Miss Marcher; meditation from "Thais," Mrs. Underwood; "Come, Sweet Morning," Miss Hammerman.

Raymond Duncan, who wouldn't wear pants in New York even in cold weather, is coming to Los Angeles. Mr. Duncan's penchant for the tunics and chitons of ancient Greece has brought him a lot of notoriety and perhaps a lot of profit.

Penelope Duncan will present a programme of the folk songs of England, Ireland, Scotland, China, Ancient Greece and Chinese dramatic music; certainly some variety here—at Simpson Auditorium February 15, and Raymond Duncan will lecture on his development of the laws of folk music and the relation of music to nature.

M. E. Orchestra.

The twenty-fifth free concert of the First M. E. Sunday-school orchestra, under the direction of Earl Bishop Valentine, will be given at the church on Thursday.

The orchestra will be assisted by Mme. Evelyn Robert, pianist; Esther Rhodes, young cellist, and Harold Rhodes, young cellist.

For Tucson Theater.

Miss Margaret Jarman, locally well known contralto, who won success here recently with the Bevan Opera company, has been engaged under conditions for the opening of the big new theater in Tucson, Ariz., under the patronage of the Woman's Musical Club.

Miss D'Arcy Lectures.

Miss Elsie D'Arcy commenced her analytical music lectures in the Blanchard Music Hall last Thursday. They will be given every Thursday, for the rest of the season.

Successful Student.

Miss Blanche Brockbank, a young woman of Highland Park, is a very successful student at the New England Conservatory of Music, and recently gave a Chopin recital at Jordan Hall, Boston, which attracted some critical attention.

Delightful Informal Musical.

An informal musical of delightful nature was given recently at the "Sign of the Golden Carp," the studio of the marine painter, Walter H. Pritchard of Pasadena, where among the pictured shadows of the great underworld of water the golden notes of the musical stars enchain an appreciative little audience.

A beautiful Chicago woman with an astonishing voice, Mrs. Sidney Burnett, who is a guest at Hotel Maryland this season, here how to Southern California in singing for this congenial coterie. Frederick Hastings, who is singing with Tetrazzini, gave one number with a spontaneity that was delightful, and Andre Benoit, Madame Tetrazzini's accompanist, played with as much verve as though a great audience awaited his efforts.

The guests were friends of Mr. Pritchard from the Hotel Maryland, and included a number of prominent eastern visitors.

Theaters—Amusements—Entertainments

AMUT CLUB AUDITORIUM--

Wednesday, Feb. 8th, 8:30 p.m.

Anthony Carlson

The Eminent Basso

In recital of songs by Schubert, Richard Strauss, Max Reger, Johannes Brahms, etc.; under exclusive management of Von Stein Academy of Music.

Reserved Seats: 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. At VON STEIN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 700 N. 1st St. Reservations and tickets over telephone, AS 180 and Broadway 3521.

HYMAN THEATER--

CONTINUOUS 11:45 A.M. TO 11 P.M. MATINEE 1:30 AND 3:30

Always Just What You Want to See

McClellan, Leonard & Doring

THAT MUSICAL THREE

Harvey C. Speck

Singing, Dancing and Imitations

LILLIAN MAY LANCASTER'S LADY ORCHESTRA

FIRST RUN INDEPENDENT MOTION PICTURE

THE THEATRE DE

EIGHTH AND BROADWAY

Doherty & Levy

The Girl, The Boy and The Man

Mlle. Florence Flaxman

PRIMA DONNA

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER--

LOS ANGELES' LEADING STOCK COMPANY

Fourth Capacity Week

Begin at Today's Matinee

Get Your Seats Now.

NIGHTS 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00

West 10th and Broadway

PANTAGES THEATER--

New, Cheap, Absolutely Real

Un-Equaled Vaudeville—American and European Stars

3 SHOWS TONIGHT

7-All Star Acts--7

10c, 20c

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM--

Tuesday Night, Feb. 7, 8:30 P.M.; Saturday Matinee, Feb. 11, 1:30

THE SEASON'S GREATEST PLANET

JOSEF HOFMANN

SEAT SALE NOW ON AT BARTLETT MUSIC CO.

PRICES 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00

THE AUDITORIUM--

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT FRIDAY, FEB. 10 AT 8 O'CLOCK

L. A. Symphony Orchestra

SOLOIST: ARNOLD KRAUSS, VIOLINIST

HARLEY HAMILTON, DIRECTOR

SEAT SALE AT BARTLETT'S PRICES 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00

OUT WEST CLUB--

FIESTA PARK

2:30 p.m. and Evenings 8 p.m.

Real Cowboys, Real Bucking Horses

Proceeds to be used for Club House Fund

INFINITE PAINS-TAKERS THEY.

Brahms Quintette Has Held Extraordinary Number of Rehearsals to Perfect Ensemble.

BY H. C. WARKACK.

If genius really has anything to do with an infinite capacity for taking pains, then the Brahms quintette possesses the article in the superlative. When Ralph Wylie went to Fred Blanchard with the proposition to rehearse such an aggregation, Mr. Blanchard told him that he would have nothing to do with the plan unless the five men would sign a contract to have sixty rehearsals before their first public appearance.

That was more than eighteen months ago and nine different combinations were tried out before the right material could be secured. So tremendous was the task that Mr. Wylie now says he would never have the heart to begin over again if anything should happen to one of the present symphony. It took a whole year to eliminate the men he did not want and secure the raw material for the organization.

The development of the quintette on a plan of art first and money afterwards, no matter how long the time between work and pay. Not sixty but 114 rehearsals did the quintette have before playing a bar of music in public. Blanchard heard them and was satisfied. He took others before them to their intense delight. Then the quintette went before the Friday Morning Club and the women declared it a musical morning to be remembered. Now the quintette is facing the city in that confidence which has something to do with the laws of folk music and the relation of music to nature.

"If we cannot make it stick here, we will try it in Berlin," one of them said last night. Mr. Blanchard's only guarantee was that he should have the public hearing when we had earned it. That hearing he has secured for us and I think it has done the work. Our combined time devoted to rehearsals could at a reasonable scale of pay have earned for us a total of \$3000.

Some of us did not have car fare during that time, but the success of a plan depended upon a spirit capable of sacrifice and willing to go to any extent while there was a hope of success.

The Brahms quintette is now in the midst of a series of concerts given at Blanchard's hall before the Friday Morning Club and the women declared it a musical morning to be remembered. Now the quintette is facing the city in that confidence which has something to do with the laws of folk music and the relation of music to nature.

Instead of printing programmes containing a technical analysis of each number, Mr. Wylie precedes the trio's quintette and string quartettes with two minute talks which are really illuminating verbal descriptions of each important composition. In addition to the concerts, an arrangement has been made whereby some of the future rehearsals may be enjoyed by those wishing to form a class for high instruction in the theory and practice of sound forms.

Half of the hour is devoted to rehearsal and half to a musical lecture. Mr. Wylie has the happy faculty of putting the motif of music into words. He has been the violin pupil of Jacobson, La Motte, Markes, Joachim and Haller. Composition he studied under Fulk, Borowski and Boile. He is also the author of numerous treatises and critical brochures. He was therefore as eminently fitted to develop the Brahms quintette as he is to conduct the lectures. The perfection of the quintette has been so great a task that Mr. Wylie has declared that he would not undertake to complete its organization again if anything should happen to any of its present members.

Those composing the quintette are Ralph Wylie, first violin; Adolph Kapp, second violin; Rudolph Kapp, viola; Alex. Simonson, violoncello, and Homer Grunn, piano. All of them possess high talent and have had the advantage of study abroad.



fairs of the W

Miss Miriam Shimer

who will assist as bridesmaid at the Hole-Ridge

Los Angeles guests in the next few weeks. Every day this city at 3 o'clock will be filled with merry parties, and the Subscribers are the two largest functions, and arrangements for the event of importance is the of Miss Grace Elizabeth and Charles H. Burnett, who have been issued by the mother, Mrs. Willis Stillman, and the Subscribers.

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Fairs of the Week and Coming Events in Society.



Miss Miriam Shimer, who will assist as bridesmaid at the Hole-Ridge wedding.

Mrs. Allan Balch, Mrs. Thomas Caldwell, Ridgway, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Lynn Helm, Mrs. Cliff Page, Mrs. Cliff Page, Jr., Mrs. Joseph E. Banning, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. W. T. Johnston, Mrs. W. D. Mathews, Mrs. J. C. Page, Mrs. Spencer H. Smith and Mrs. Joseph H. Bohon.

Last of Series.
Mrs. William Thomas Johnston of No. 527 Kingsley Drive was hostess Friday at the last of a series of bridge luncheons planned for the week. The guests were: Mrs. A. J. Chandler, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Mrs. George H. Wignmore, Mrs. Helen Henderson, Mrs. William Strong, Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, Mrs. William K. Thompson, Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Walter Hughes, Mrs. Herman Jans, Mrs. Curtis Williams, Mrs. Melville Morton Johnston, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Spencer H. Smith, Miss Carrie Waddell, Mrs. George S. Patton, Mrs. Dorsey, Mrs. Henry Clay Gooding, Mrs. M. C. Burnett, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Rose Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Frank W. Burnett, Mrs. David W. Moore, Mrs. E. H. Barnore, Mrs. W. D. Stevens, Mrs. Joseph H. Bohon, Mrs. Charles Farnham, Mrs. E. W. Britt, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Eugene Hawkins, Mrs. William Caswell, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Frederick Griffith, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. Lynn Helm, Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Wesley Clark.

Fashionable Dinner.
An interesting dinner of Thursday evening was that given by Dr. and Mrs. Walter H. Lindley at their home, No. 297 South Figueroa street. There were covers for Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunwig, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Miss Haynes and Gen. M. H. Sherman.

Mrs. Seeley, Hostess.
An enjoyable reception was given Thursday evening by Mrs. Theodor Leah Seeley at her home, No. 1515 South Figueroa street, friends having been asked to meet Senator and Mrs. W. B. Seeley of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, who are passing the winter in Los Angeles. In receiving, Mrs. Seeley was assisted by her son and daughter, Walter Seeley and Miss Ada B. Seeley, and her two nieces, the Misses Florence and June Seeley, and Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Trueworthy. Dr. and Mrs. William Duffield, James Haskett and Miss Florence Wachtel. The home was attractively decorated. In the drawing-room quantities of palms were utilized. In the dining-room were red roses and streamers of wide satin ribbon.

Luncheon Party.
A dainty luncheon had for its hostess last week Miss Francis Hartigan, of No. 512 Western avenue. Violets and ribbon streamers graced the small tables at which luncheon was served. Places were marked with hand-painted cards and corsage bouquets of violets. The fun was shared by Miss Dorothy Jenkins, Miss Coral Cole, Miss Edna Miles, Miss S. Miles, Miss Ruth Reichbach, Miss Lottie Pemberton, Miss Margaret McNeely, Miss Lucille Jones, Miss Frances Edwards, Miss Helen McNeel, Miss Bernice Foulkes and Miss Gretchen Foulkes.

Mrs. Chanslor, Hostess.
Mrs. Walter Chanslor of No. 6 Berkeley square, gave a luncheon, Friday, having as guests Mrs. Norman Church, Mrs. Walter Crosby, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Lee Phillips, Mrs. Glover Widney, Mrs. Walter Tyler, Miss Robertson and Miss Howell.

To Receive.
Mrs. S. D. Burks and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Culver have as their new home at No. 152 Garfield place, Hollywood, and will be at home to their friends Mondays in February.

Card Matinee.
A card party was given by Mrs. J. Crowley of No. 2113 Pasadena avenue, Wednesday afternoon. Points in large clusters were used to decorate the rooms. Mrs. C. Herzog, Mrs. Delois Durfee and Miss Lucy Gelly were the successful prize winners. Those present were: Mrs. John Sharp, Mrs. Henry St. Martin, Mrs. Edward Augustine, Mrs. Ada White, Mrs. J. T. Reynolds, Mrs. Arthur Hook, Mrs. Delois Durfee, Mrs. Harry Dawson, Mrs. Frank Pim, Mrs. Edward Schmen, Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Will Eckhart, Mrs. C. Herzog and Miss Kelly.

From Cambridge.
Mrs. N. W. Stinson of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Stinson of No. 1069 Kensington Road.

Hollywood Party.
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Howe of No. 1227 Hollywood boulevard, gave a dinner party in compliment to George Lorando Lawson, the magazine writer, Mr. and Mrs. Howe are from Louisville, and have enjoyed the last twenty winters in Southern California. They recently purchased a handsome country place in Hollywood. Mrs. Howe is the daughter of the late Dr. Frazee of Louisville.

Stokey-Jones Nuptials.
Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's brother, Dr. Lyman P. Stokey, Shakespeare Beach, Hermosa, occurred the wedding of two prominent young society people of Los Angeles, Dr. Alanson Halden Jones and Miss Adele Stokey. The bride is the charming and accomplished daughter of the late Dr. Lyman Stokey of Belleville, Ill., and Mrs. Lyman Stokey of No. 442 South Alvarado street. Miss Stokey studied music and languages in Germany, Switzerland, Paris and Italy.

The groom is a well-known young physician of this city, where he has resided for the last seven years. He graduated from the University of Vermont, '03, and took his master's degree at the University of Southern California, later studying chemistry and bacteriology at the University of Chicago. The living and dining room of the beach home were beautifully decorated with smilax and white carnations; the billiard-room was tastefully trimmed with poinsettias. To the strains of the Lohengrin march, played by the bride's cousin, Mrs. W. N. Heller, of San Diego, the bride descended the stairs, the bride on the arm of her brother, Dr. Lyman P. Stokey. Her only attendant being the matron of honor, Mrs. Lyman P. Stokey. They were met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Dr. John C. Forster. Dr. George F. Boyard of the University of Southern California, performed the ceremony, the ring service being used. A reception followed, the guests being received by Mrs. Lyman P. Stokey, the bride's mother, assisted by Mrs. Lyman P. Stokey and Mrs. F. M. Pottinger of Monrovia, cousin of the groom, and Mrs. Hinkley of Pasadena, his aunt. The dining-room was presided over by Mrs. Arthur Jones and Miss Helen Day. The bride was gown in an exquisite creation of white crepe de satin trimmed in pearl garniture and rose point lace. She wore a long veil of point lace and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her only ornament was a diamond necklace, patterned after an original design.



Miss Grace E. Shoemaker,

whose wedding to Charles H. Burnett will be one of the smartest of season.

going-away gown was a three-piece costume of Roman silk made of a scarf brought from Rome by her mother. The matron of honor wore a white lingerie dress trimmed in hand embroidery and real lace.

Among the out-of-town guests were: R. Chester Jones, Burlington, Vt., brother of the groom, who came from the East to be present at the wedding; Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Pottinger of Monrovia; Dr. I. D. Bancroft, Dr. Macleish, Dr. Hastings, Dr. Duncan, Prof. Albert Ulrey, Dr. and Mrs. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. Miller, Dr. Leonard, Mrs. D. Morris, Walter Calkins, Mr. and Mrs. O. Bean, Miss Mollie Curtis, W. E. Baker of New Mexico.

Dr. and Mrs. Jones will be at home after the 14th inst., at No. 1136 West Twenty-seventh street.

First of Series.
Miss William Thomas Johnston of No. 527 Kingsley Drive, was hostess Wednesday at the first of a series of affairs planned as a courtesy to her many friends. This was a bridge whist luncheon, and the guests were: Mrs. Walter Trask, Mrs. F. Irwin Heron, Mrs. Joseph Call, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. Boyle Workman, Mrs. W. M. Lewis, Mrs. William Workman, Jr., Mrs. Howard, Mrs. J. J. Mellus, Mrs. Cliff Page, Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. R. P. McJohnston, Mrs. A. B. Barrett, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Willard Stinson, Mrs. W. D. Stephens, Mrs. Charles Dick, Mrs. Pearne Johnson, Mrs. Benjamin Goodrich, Mrs. W. C. Reed, Mrs. Owen H. Churchill, Mrs. M. Gausland, Mrs. J. B. Banning, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Jonathan Scott, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Laura Hannan, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Mrs. Olin Welborn, Mrs. John Wolfskill, Mrs. Harriett Wright, Mrs. J. P. Burke, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Richard Lucy, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Walter Lindley, Miss Camilla McConnell and Miss Bryant.

For Miss Spence.
Complimentary to Miss Kathleen Spence, daughter of Mrs. E. F. Spence of Monrovia, who is soon to wed John R. Layne, Mrs. Henry Stewart McKee of White Oaks avenue, Monrovia, entertained Wednesday with a luncheon. Pink sweet peas and violets decked the table. Valentine place cards marked places for Miss Marie Bobrick, Miss Jane Rollins, Miss Sally McFarland, Miss Green, Miss Amy Marie Norton, Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Sally Bonner, Miss Emma Conroy and Miss Marjorie Utley.

Charming Visitors.
Mrs. W. H. Lesh of Portland, is a guest at Hotel Van Nuys. She will visit in San Diego before returning to her home.

Club Affair.
Mrs. Charles E. Harrod of No. 1320 West Forty-seventh street, recently had as guests members of the Buena Vista Amigos Bridge Club, whom she entertained at luncheon. Violets and ferns enlivened the table; hand-painted cards were used for scores. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. R. W. Beeks and Mrs.

Weaver-Jackson Co.
Largest hair store and
toilet parlor in the West.
443 So. Broadway

Important
Switch
Special \$10

Such value was never before put into any switch at \$10.00. Every one is carefully made from selected human hair—by our own expert hair artists—right here in our own light, airy, sanitary workrooms. Every switch shows that perfection of detail which you are accustomed to seeing only in the highest priced switches. If you need a switch—this is distinctly your opportunity.

Any Trimmed Hat \$2.00

Unrestricted choice of any fall or winter trimmed hat in the house at one flat price \$2.00. This includes hats worth up to as high as \$10, \$15, \$18 and even higher.

Untrimmed Shapes
Worth To \$4.00 75c To \$10.00 \$1.50

We have divided the stock into two lots for convenience in selling. The reductions as quoted above are absolutely accurate.

New Spring Millinery
The crowding in of the new spring millinery is the direct cause of the extreme reductions quoted above. Many exclusive and entirely new millinery ideas for spring are shown here now.

Marvel Millinery
241-243 SOUTH BROADWAY.

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

251-255 South Broadway

Myer Siegel & Co.

Announce an
Exceptional Offering
FOR MONDAY

Of About 100 Later Day Models

--In--
Ladies' Afternoon
and
Calling Dresses

A shipment just received from our own personal representative who is in New York now. And included are some of the handsomest Later Day Models in Silks, Messalines, Silk Crepes and Chiffon Dresses—would be good values at \$37.50, \$45.00, \$50.00 and even higher.

Special Price \$25.00

Closing Out
Woolen Dresses
Women's and Misses' sizes.

An exceptional assortment at \$15.00
Heretofore \$25.00, \$27.50, \$30.00 and \$35.00.

New Spring Models

Women's Tailor-Made Suits

English Serge in navy blue, white, black, pin line stripe. Mannish tweeds, homespun, shepherd checks and satin. Quite the newest and smartest out. Popular prices.

Marquissette & Voile Dresses

Of Imported cotton voile and Marquissettes and French batiste lingerie dresses. Hand embroidered trimmed with Venise, Antique, Cluny or Irish lace.

\$20.00 to \$65.00

Special Announcement

For Monday and Tuesday
We Place Nearly a Hundred

Fancy Chiffon
Waists at \$10.00

Regular Values \$17.50 to \$26.50

Included are Fancy Chiffon Blouses, the handsomest dressiest creations in veiled and iridescent effects. Crepe Meteor and Silk Waists, heavily hand-embroidered and fancy beaded, trimmed affairs. White, Blacks and Colors and surely a style here to suit your individual taste.

If you are wanting (or for time to come) a fancy dressy blouse then you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this exceptional special offering of Waists—tomorrow, Monday, and Tuesday.

And a little advice to the wise. Better visit Myer Siegel & Co's waist section tomorrow, Monday, and early at that—for as you know first come first served. We are confident that many ladies will be here early to get the best. None will be sent on approval.

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"

Mr. Egan, of the---
Egan Dramatic
School

Announces with great pleasure that he has secured the whole time of Mr. Alfred Allen

Mr. Allen is too well known as a successful author and producer of plays, here and in New York, to need further introduction.

The Egan Dramatic School has already won recognition as the best School in America.

REMEMBER, it is not merely for practical stage work. There are Departments in Oratory, Music, Dancing and Fencing; each under a master. The Students include men from every profession; the lawyer, the clergyman, and the man of business. A special class for children meets every Wednesday and Saturday.

Top Floor Majestic Theatre Building. Phone F-2665

Gloves and Parasols

ARE MANUFACTURED BY
and sold at factory prices.
Gorwit Largest assortment in city.
Parasols recovered and made to order at
117 WEST FOURTH STREET. NEW HELLMAN BUILDING.

STYLISH CLOTHES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
ON CREDIT. \$1 A WEEK



Mrs. W. H. Lesh,

SOCIETY.

Schlimmerberg. Other guests were Mrs. Harry Carroll, Mrs. J. A. Dubbs, Mrs. Don Clampt, Mrs. Julia Frost, Mrs. Charles E. Morris, Mrs. Claude E. Williams, Mrs. Clarence Stone, Mrs. Howard Seager, Mrs. B. A. Rogers, Mrs. Charles H. Winter, Mrs. Robert Wilson, Mrs. C. B. Seager, Mrs. F. M. Rice, Mrs. E. G. Loessel and Mrs. F. M. Parker.

Chautauque Party.

In honor of Miss Maile Lankenoff of St. Paul, who is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Ellis Zemansky of No. 1527 Wilcox place, a chautauque party was recently given. The pleasant affair was enjoyed by Miss Ethel Rosin, Miss Birdie Altman, Miss Clara Guggenheim, Miss Helen Ruff, Miss Leola Bren, Miss Sara Holliman, Miss Sophia Greene, Miss Ruth Goldsmith, Miss Anna Denitz, Miss Juliet Guggenheim, Miss Felice Anichell, Al Kleinberger, Grover, Herbert, Baruch, Arthur Goldsmith, Dave Salzman, Walter Ruff, James Kaufman, Gaston Kinsbaker, Herbert Marshall, Traver Tully, Lawrence Ruff, and Miss Mary, Dave Demansky, Solomon Zemansky and Joseph Burnstine.

Luncheon and Cards.

Miss Gladys Letts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood, whose engagement to Harold Jans was announced several weeks ago, was the honoree last week at a luncheon and card party given by Mrs. Pauline Volmer of No. 609 New Hampshire street.

Birthday Anniversary.

In celebration of her husband's birthday, Mrs. Charles M. Burr, of the Frontenac, entertained informally the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Joslin of Greenacres, Ind.; Mrs. Sainor, Mrs. Skeel, Mrs. Coxy, Mrs. L. J. Hall, Miss Hall, Miss Clara Hall, Miss Mary Weaver of Pittsburgh, J. Green, W. M. Clark, J. M. Aubrey and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Burr.

Here for the Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Weston of Dodge Center, Minn., and Mrs. E. M. Weston of Winona, Minn., are domiciled at No. 3317 South Figueroa street, for the winter.

Going North.

Mrs. William James Chick and Mrs. Robert Wankowski left last week for an extended visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Eddy Entertains.

Miss Anne George, who is traveling through California with friends who will also visit New York before returning to Portland, Ore., was the honoree last week at a luncheon and card party given by Mrs. E. J. Kieffer, Mrs. J. W. Hilke and Mrs. H. E. Wallace.

Thimble Party.

Mrs. Charles T. Kelly of No. 714 Noiden street, was hostess at a thimble party given in honor of Mrs. William J. Gorman and Mrs. E. J. Kieffer of Pittsburgh; Mrs. E. J. Carroll of Princeton, and Miss Margaret Haley of Philadelphia. Thirty-six guests responded to the invitation. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. J. W. Sharp, Mrs. E. J. Kieffer, Mrs. J. W. Hilke and Mrs. H. E. Wallace.

Friday Dinner.

Mrs. Louis Luckel of No. 1824 Laurel street, gave a beautifully appointed dinner Friday evening to Indianapolis friends who were living on the Coast. Pointsettias were used to adorn the dining-room. Place cards were ornamented with hand-painted orange blossoms. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winkler of Los Angeles; Mrs. F. S. Penfield, Mrs. John B. Van Dyke of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. W. S. Doyle of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. John Hart and Mrs. Steward of Hollywood.

Auto Jaunt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hart of Hollywood entertained with an auto jaunt Monday, following which dinner was served.

Wedding Announcement.

Mrs. Frederick Augustus Keep, of Hotel Mt. Washington, who is passing the winter in Chicago, announces the wedding of her daughter, Miss Cornelia, to Leland La Rue Pidcoe of Chicago, which was solemnized January 14, at Oak Park, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Pidcoe will make their home at Hotel Plaza.

Another Wedding.

Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, No. 60 West Ottawa street, occurred the wedding of Miss Margaret Powers and John Rumsey, Dr. Hugh K. Walker officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slipp stood with the young people. Little Arthur Paul Langley, carried the ring. At the conclusion of a brief trip Mr. and Mrs. Rumsey will reside at Santa Ana.

Informal Afternoon.

An informal afternoon which proved enjoyable was that presided over by Mrs. F. A. Chase. Her complimented guests were Mrs. T. E. Gill of Kansas City, Mrs. Hal Tracy and Mrs. O. M. Stinson of Chicago, all of whom have come to Los Angeles to make their future home.

Gilbert-De Normandie Wedding.

Miss Ella Gilbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gilbert of No. 60 West Elgin street, and Harry De Normandie of Hollywood were married at noon Wednesday at the Emmanuel rectorian church. Dr. Hugh K. Walker officiating. The young people were attended by Miss Bessie Kramer and William Scott. Mr. and Mrs. De Normandie will be at home at No. 138 South Magnolia avenue, Hollywood, after March 1.

In Bay City.

Miss Lillian Volkman of Baltimore and Harlan E. Knight of Limerick, Me., were married Thursday at the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco. The bride wore an elaborate gown of broad satin and carried a train of white lace. Her only ornament was an old cameo, surrounded by rare pearls, which was a wedding gift to her grandmother. Miss Thyrus Griffin, a local girl, assisted as maid of honor. She wore a pink silk creation over pink satin and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. C. Craig of New York was best man.

Son Honored.

Complimentary to her son, Sigurd Russell, who has just completed a tour of the world, Mrs. Richard Hovey of Hayes avenue entertained with a tea party Tuesday, last. The home was redolent with cut flowers.

Miscellaneous Shower.

Members of the faculty and young ladies of the College of Oratory, C.C.C., gave a miscellaneous shower last week complimentary to Miss Edna Terry, a bride-to-be, at the home of Miss Beulah Wright, No. 44 St. Andrews place. Features of the afternoon were readings by Miss Terry and vocal selections by Miss Winifred Wright. Those present were: Miss Gertrude Comstock, Mrs. Wright, Miss Elizabeth Yoder, Miss Hart, Mrs. Netcamp, Miss Bertha Hollister, Miss Burke, Miss La Thetia, Miss Ethel Metcalf, Miss Copps, Miss Alice Fredrick, Miss

Olivia Berryman, Miss Gladys Ward, Miss Ethel McComas, Miss Keeney, Miss Flora Crossmiller, Miss Ruth Arnold, Miss Marion Moos, Miss Grace DeLano, Miss Hair, Miss Marshall, Miss Anita Gorman, Miss Virginia Rivers, Miss Ziegler, Miss C. Hanna, Miss Gretchen Hensel and Miss Anna St. John.

Virginia Personals.

Watts L. Richmond returned from an extended trip East on Wednesday. Harold Richmond, his brother, accompanied him on his return and expects to visit Honolulu before his return home to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hibbard of Oak Park, Ill., are registered at the Virginia, for an indefinite stay. Mr. Hibbard is in the steel business in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Quail of Minneapolis, have returned for an indefinite stay, after an extended trip through southern California. They are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Quail, their two small children and a nurse.

H. W. Topping, with Mrs. Topping of St. Paul, and Joseph P. Topping of New York, have taken rooms at the Virginia for a long stay. Mr. Topping is a steel and iron manufacturer.

R. E. Abenhem of London, who has extensive interests in Mexico, joined his family and relatives who are passing the winter at the Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mercer of Chicago, old patrons of Southern California hotels, are going to make their home at the Virginia for the balance of the season.

Charming Visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stodel of No. 2018 Magnolia avenue, are entertaining as guests, their sister, Miss Daisy Jacobs of New Haven, Conn., and Mrs. Jacobs will be at home to friends tomorrow afternoon from 2:30 to 5:30 o'clock.

Bal Poudre.

Ladies of the Good Shepherd Auxiliary are making plans of the most delightful character for their bal poudre which will be given at Kramer's Tuesday evening, the 21st inst.

Benedict Tea.

The annual tea party for the benefit of the settlement work of the Episcopal Church will be given at the residence of Mrs. Max Dounis, 2607 Wilshire boulevard, Tuesday afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock. Mrs. Dounis will be assisted by Mrs. Sumner P. Hirt, Mrs. L. Lee, Mrs. Spencer H. Smith, Mrs. A. C. Stillson, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Enoch Knight, Mrs. Mark Rice, Mrs. J. T. Griffith, Mrs. Albert Crocker, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Thomas T. Knight and Mrs. Ester Nelson.

Charming Visitor.

A popular visitor in this city is Miss Sarah Blackman of Louisiana, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. W. Atkinson. Miss Blackman returned last week from a pleasant visit with Mrs. H. L. Miller of San Diego. While away she was entertained at several pretty parties. Miss Blackman is a talented young woman, and has a remarkably sweet voice.

Quiet Wedding.

On account of a recent bereavement in the bride's family, the wedding of Miss Mary Etienne and Harry C. Rietz was quietly solemnized Tuesday at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Herbert Weaver. Breakfast was served at Hotel Alexandria.

Betrothal Made Known.

Formal announcement is made of the betrothal of Miss Cecelia Deman and Samuel Tiernan. Miss Deman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Dounis of No. 1208 East Fourteenth street. She is an accomplished musician.

Home Wedding.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Charles Wright, Miss Alice Wright became the bride of Francis William Hensel, Matt, Dr. C. N. Carter of the First Baptist church, presiding.

Beane-Red Wedding.

Miss Emily Gertrude Beane, daughter of the late Prof. George S. Beane, of the University of Southern California, was married at her mother's home, No. 415 York boulevard, to James McCracken Reid, Prof. Tully R. Knowles, officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss T. Beane, James Fisher was best man. At the conclusion of a brief trip, Mr. and Mrs. Reid will reside at No. 615 York boulevard. Only relatives witnessed the service.

Sixth Guest.

Miss Margaret Jarman of West Sixth street and Kingston avenue left yesterday for a ten day visit to Tucson, where she will be the house guest of Mrs. Fred Winfield Brown, Miss Jarman, who is a well-known contralto, has been engaged to sing at the annual concert given by the Woman's Musical Club of Tucson, which is an invitation affair, 600 having been extended.

Ums-a-Wee Pedro Club.

Complimentary to the Ums-a-Wee Pedro Club, Mrs. H. M. Engin entertained with a luncheon at her home in Sierra Vista Friday. The home was gay with red carnations and greenery. Following luncheon tables were arranged for cards, and prizes were captured by Mrs. Melvin Price and Mrs. C. L. Miller. Members present were Mrs. M. M. Matheson, C. B. Rogers, Clarence Daniels, Clarence Van Vleet, William H. Newell, F. H. Hall, C. L. Newell, Frank DeLoe, T. Simpson, W. D. Newell, George Buttress, Howard Buttress, Melvin Price, Carl Babcock, J. G. Scott and Miss Anna Shields.

To Receive Sundays.

Mrs. Franc Ogilvy Wood of Woodcrest, Alhambra, will receive on Sundays during February and March.

At the Raymond.

Mrs. George M. Pullman arrived yesterday in her private car from Chautauque, having as guests members of the Clover Leaf Bridge Club. Various colored roses were used exclusively in decorating for the affair. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Jule Howard and Mrs. R. C. Burdick. Other present were Mrs. Louis Girard, Mrs. D. W. Pierce, Mrs. Carl Gray, Mrs. Rummell, Mrs. Rae and Mrs. H. A. Massey.

Bride-to-Be Honored.

Miss Elizabeth McCombs, whose approaching marriage has been heralded by many social functions, was the honoree at a theater party given yesterday at the Majestic by Miss Louise Sherman of Pasadena. The party

Colored Laces at Half
High class trimming laces in beautiful oriental colors; 1 1/2 to 6 inches wide.
Instead of 50c to \$7.50,
Monday, 25c to \$3.75 yard.

N.B. Blackstone Co.
DRY GOODS
RELIABLE GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES.

Colored Laces 1/4 Less
Another lot in nearly any wanted color, including the popular Paisley all widths.
Instead of 75c to \$10.00,
Monday, 55c to \$7.50 yard.

Dollar Gloves 50c

The new chamoisette gloves, Kayser's, too; most popular fabric glove on the market and the best; perfect in every particular. Eight-button length Barritz style, with elastic wrist. Regular dollar gloves, everywhere.

Modes, grays, natural chamois, biscuit and white.

No Phone orders. No exchanges. No C.O.D.'s.

Sale Monday—Main Floor.

Millinery for Middle Aged Women

Tomorrow we will show another new lot of late styled Toques and Turbans for women folks of middle age. They are neat, genteel, conservative styles, designed to please the average woman of good taste. And the prices are moderate in the extreme, \$7.00 to \$15.00.

Blanket Robes

You will have plenty of use yet this winter for heavy, comfortable Eiderdown Blanket Robes. But need the room they occupy—therefore, these reductions:
\$5.00 Robes \$3.35 \$7.00 Robes \$4.50 \$8.50 Robes \$5.65

Pinks, light or navy blues, lavenders, grays and maroon in pretty figures and borders; heavy girdle and fasteners.

Clean-Up Sale of Home Furnishings

Rugs, Curtains, Portieres, Draperies, Table and Couch Covers, Blankets, Comforters and Bed Spreads—Radically Reduced

As a foreword, we would say that in all cases the following quotations are on high-class, seasonable, desirable merchandise. We do not handle "seconds" or job lots, nor do we carry styles over from year to year. That's the chief object of this sale—to clean up, avoid the necessity of carrying over past season's styles. Embraced in this sale collection are all odd Rugs; all broken lines of Curtains, Portieres, Couch and Table Covers, all soiled or rumpled Blankets, Spreads and Comforters. The savings are real. For each offering mentioned there's a dozen others of equal interest, among the first and profit by early selection.

RUGS FOR LESS

WILTON RUGS.
\$50, \$45 and \$42.50 values, 9x12.
\$37.50
\$7.50
\$3.75
\$12.00
\$10.00
\$17.50

BLANKET BARGAINS
\$12.50 Fine White Wool Blankets, fancy borders, silk binding, 11-4 size at pair.
100 pairs \$5.00 Gray Wool-Blankets, nice, soft and warm.
11-4 size, Monday.
50 Sleeping Porch Blankets, proper weight; gray, will not soil.
Special.
\$2.75 White Wool Blankets, slightly mused; 10-4
\$1.50 Bed Pillows—3 pounds of good feathers in the best tick covers.
\$4.00
\$2.25
\$1.95
95c

BODY BRUSSELS.
\$27.50 Body Brussels, 9x10-6
\$23.50
\$1.25
\$2.25
\$2.75
\$5.00
\$10.00

DOWN COMFORTS

\$6.50 Down Comforts \$4.85
\$5.50 Down Comforts \$6.50
\$10.50 Down Comforts \$7.85
All Lace Bed Sets One-Fourth Off
Entire Stock of Lace Door Panels One-Half Price
LACE CURTAINS SHARPLY REDUCED
\$5.50 Net Curtains \$3.75
\$7.50 Net Curtains \$5.00
\$9.00 Net Curtains \$7.00
\$15.00 Down Comforts \$12.50
\$22.50 Down Comforts \$17.50
\$27.50 Down Comforts \$22.50

Madras and Silk Curtains at Half
Rep and Velour Portieres Near Half
\$2.00 Rep. 95c
\$3.00 Rep. \$1.50
\$4.00 Rep. \$2.00
\$5.00 Rep. \$2.50
\$10.00 Rep. \$5.00
\$15.00 Rep. \$7.50
\$20.00 Rep. \$10.00
\$25.00 Rep. \$12.50
\$30.00 Rep. \$15.00
\$35.00 Rep. \$17.50
\$40.00 Rep. \$20.00
\$45.00 Rep. \$22.50
\$50.00 Rep. \$25.00
\$55.00 Rep. \$27.50
\$60.00 Rep. \$30.00
\$65.00 Rep. \$32.50
\$70.00 Rep. \$35.00
\$75.00 Rep. \$37.50
\$80.00 Rep. \$40.00
\$85.00 Rep. \$42.50
\$90.00 Rep. \$45.00
\$95.00 Rep. \$47.50
\$100.00 Rep. \$50.00

\$15 Marquessette Waists \$8.50

Only for a fortunate purchase these new waists were marked \$15.00 instead of \$8.50. They are the ad Spring models made over the fancy mesh net with decorations worked in pretty designs by hand. Gowns and wistarias to match the Spring suits—\$8.50.
New Ideas in Lingerie Gown
Paris ideas are mirrored in these new lingerie Styles are shown for street or dress occasions of the batiste and marquessette. Hand embroidery, medals and nice fine laces are the decorative features.
In the lot are several superbly beautiful creations trimmed in real Irish lace or colored hand embroidery. Prices range from \$125.00 on down to \$8.50.

Other Sales of Prime Importance

Tailored Suits for Misses and Small Women
HALF PRICE
Misses' Serge Dresses AT HALF
Misses' \$20 \$12.50
Silk Gowns

OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY

Pasadena.
OF UNUSUAL charm among a large number of smart functionaries last week was the reception given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. James H. McBride at her home on Bellefontaine street. Introducing to some 250 of her friends, her niece, Miss Brock, of Portland, Ore., who is spending the winter here. Living-room and library were decorated with branches of acaasia and in the dining-room a color scheme of rose units was carried out with pink stock and rose colored accessories. Misses Reginald Johnson and Charles Sumner Eaton presided over the coffee urns during the first hour and were relieved by Misses Albert Sherman Hoyt and Howard E. Huntington. Misses Robert J. Burdette and Louis Blankenhorn assisted at the tea table. Other unbonneted women assisting were Misses Horace Dobbins, Charles D. Baggett, Adelbert Penney, B. Marshall Wotkins, A. Moss Merwin, Misses Cordelia Stinson, Louisa Sherman, Emily Hubbard, Margaret Sherck, Ans Alden Robbins, Theodora Robbins and Genevieve Stehman.

Mrs. J. Foster Rhodes and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. J. Rhodes, entertained last week with two large bridge parties at the home of the former on Bellevue drive, the first being given on Tuesday and the second Wednesday. Twelve tables were arranged on each occasion. The hostesses were assisted on Tuesday by Mrs. Clayton Garvey and Miss Marion Sharpe.



Ladies' Spring Suits
\$60.00 and \$65.00 Models at \$37.50

That sounds strong, but we mean it. We are proud to prove by the selection of high-class imported wools which we will offer you that there is not our English Tailors under contract for work all around. We must keep them busy and we are.

This price is going to do it. Come and compare a self of the unrivaled superiority of real English Tailoring.
Ladies' \$60.00 & \$65.00 Suits in the Latest Spring Styles for \$37.50
The English Ladies Tailor
Opposite Bullock's, Second Floor FORRESTER BLDG.

SOCIETY.

tables and roomers of lavender crepe, placed in the center of each table with four corner pieces, with the same crepe. Favors were filled with candied violets. The hostess, Mrs. W. H. Bishop, a vi

These were Misses A. E. Norman, Marsh, O. L. Bryan, W. Hudson, C. W. Brown, T. A. S. Vall, Robert Hatman, A. T. Bailey, George W. Lewis, H. P. Balfour, B. P. T. W. Bishop, Butterfield, Baltimore, Louis Luckel, McArthur, Seelzer, and Miss Blum, Eicher and Miss

Sanborn of North El Monte were hostesses Wednesday evening at the Tree of Life. Covers were laid for J. Dobbins, Thaddeus Lowe, Banks, James F. Moore, Norman, Henry E. Semmes, the Trotter and Maria Turner. Mrs. J. E. Carpenter of Los Angeles gave a dinner Wednesday evening to Dr. and Mrs. Freeman. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wales, Mrs. Lloyd Macy, Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Macy, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Macy, Misses Ketter and

John C. Bragdon was the host of the evening at the North Grand avenue, commencing at 7:30. Mrs. W. H. Harris, presiding, had a party of 250 guests. Mrs. J. H. Harris, presiding, had a party of 250 guests. Mrs. J. H. Harris, presiding, had a party of 250 guests.

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SOCIETY.

for the games. There were society matrons and... Less... wanted... Paisley... 0... ard... 1-... for the... But... eductions... \$4.6... 2.50... 7.50... 2.50... CED... 1.50... 2.50... 5.00... 5.00... \$25... 8.50... would... adv... with... Gr... 50... WD... fro... im... dall... creat... roid...

tables had runners of white and... center of each was a basket... filled with four corsage bouquets... with satin streamers to each... place, with the names on in gold letters. Favors were flower baskets filled with candied violets. Following luncheon, tables were arranged for bridge, and hand-painted prizes, the work of the hostess, were awarded to Mrs. T. W. Bishop, a violet bowl; Mrs. Walter Sebree, a comb and brush tray; Mrs. A. E. Edwards, a candlestick holder; all the prizes were decorated with violets. Those responding to invitations were Mrs. A. E. Edwards of Pasadena, Mrs. Norman F. Marsh, Mrs. O. B. Manchester, Mrs. T. W. Bishop, Mrs. Charles C. Hudson, Mrs. Charles W. Rhone, Mrs. C. J. Haffour, Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Ellen Butterfield, Mrs. Stainbeck, Mrs. P. H. Updike, Mrs. Arthur J. Levitt, Mrs. Mrs. Frank S. Stephens, Mrs. J. C. Whitmore, Mrs. W. D. Newert, Mrs. L. O. Wilcox, Mrs. B. F. Huntington, Mrs. Louis Luckel, Mrs. Carl McStay, Mrs. John Doyle, Mrs. David Vail, Mrs. W. W. Huntington, Mrs. Walter Sebree, Mrs. E. C. Robert, Mrs. George P. Bush, Mrs. Robert Goltner, Mrs. M. E. Burke, Mrs. Frank Stokes, Mrs. Charles Ehrlich, Mrs. Elton Woodruff, Mrs. A. E. Halsey, Mrs. E. C. Penney and Mrs. L. B. Blinford.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Putnam of Oak Park, Chicago, have formally announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy, to Lefty Briggs Sherry, son of Dr. Henry Sherry, No. 221 Fremont avenue. Mr. Sherry is a student in the University of Illinois, at Champaign.

Mrs. J. V. Sweetser, charmingly entertained the Monday Evening Musical Club, at her home, No. 1930 Primrose avenue. A delightful musical program was presented by Mrs. George Crummett, Mrs. Willis N. 14-fany, soprano solos; Abraham Miller, baritone; J. V. Sweetser, tenor solo; and Miss Lulu Finney, piano. An interesting paper was listened to from Miss Harriet Vail on the development of an opera.

Mrs. W. T. Marvin of Brunswick avenue has returned from an extended trip through Canada.

Complimentary to Mrs. Allan B. Grant, a recent bride, Mrs. Robert Thompson and Miss Lillian Grant entertained with a delightful thimble party yesterday afternoon at their home, No. 1099 Fair Oaks avenue. The mantle in the large living-room and the dining-room table were banked with poinsettias, and pink and white encaustic carnations also entered into the artistic scheme. The outdoor dining-room was made into a bower by the use of pepper boughs, and here dainty refreshments were served to twenty-five guests.

Mrs. Harrison N. Gifford, No. 1420 Laurel street, is entertaining as her house guest, her mother, Mrs. James S. Bryan of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Albert Gibbs, No. 1623 Bank street, gave a card party Friday evening, having as guests members of the Neighborhood "500" Club. Pink Duchess roses were used, exclusively decorating for the affair and tables were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Gregg Horton, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myers, Mrs. Sarah Longley, Miss Susan Boyd and J. P. Boyd.

Mrs. and Mrs. F. C. Fairbanks, No. 211 Oaklawn avenue, have returned from Pittsburgh, where they were the guests of Mr. Fairbanks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott.

Complimentary to the South Pasadena Chapter P. E. O. 2, Miss Ethel Stong entertained with a luncheon at her home on Granada street, Thursday. Daylight was excluded from the dining room, and a large table was lighted by numerous candles, with larger ones through the center. A basket filled with amaranth and marguerites graced the center of the table, and covers were laid for Mrs. George P. Brown, Mrs. J. P. Sexton and Mrs. Winans, state officers, and James H. G. Tallard, Jr., George Adams, John Doyle, Clinton B. Woodruff, W. B. Bradshaw, Frank Stephens, Arthur Levitt, T. W. Bishop, P. Updike, Charles Bingham, P. Ritchie and the Misses Frances and Bertha Evans and Ethyl and Viola Kohl. Following luncheon Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Ritchie were introduced into the society, and Mrs. Winans gave an interesting talk on the "Educational Fund" of the society.

Mrs. A. K. Sanderson has as her house guest, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loveland and little daughter, from Oxnard.

Mrs. John A. Finney, No. 1216 Lyndon street was hostess to the Tuesday Afternoon Thimble Club at her home. A profusion of poinsettias were used to ornament the room, where the ladies sewed and the dainty refreshments served. About fifteen members were present.

Mrs. G. B. Harris, who has been a guest in this city, left for her home in Kansas Friday.

Japanese baskets filled with violets were used to ornament the table at which Mrs. Howard Kelley entertained informally at her home, No. 1521 Ramona avenue, with a tea Sunday evening. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. George Bush, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Huntington and Dr. and Mrs. George Alfred Miller and Emily Huntington Miller.

Mrs. Charles Van Emmons, No. 1121 Grevelia street has as her house guest her uncle, A. G. Barnelle of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The T.P.C. "500" Club was entertained Friday evening at the home of George Allen, No. 1133 Fremont avenue. Greenery was used exclusively in ornamenting the room, where the card tables were arranged and the daughter, Dr. Portland, Dr. H. H. W. Fargo presided at the tea table, and Miss Bean assisted with the serving. Mrs. Peck's guests will remain in Alhambra another week, and it is probable a number of other affairs will be arranged in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Purcell of De-

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

I have a new Method that cures rupture and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and needs no truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.

No matter whether you have a single, double or triple rupture of one following another, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want it said it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to see you cured. This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is to inspect to select a single day. Write and begin your cure at once. Send no money simply mail coupon below. Do it today.

FREE COUPON
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
I am suffering from _____
Rupture _____
Time Ruptured _____
Age _____
Send me the new Method of curing rupture at once.

RIGHT LEFT

News _____
Address _____

50c Hat Pins.

For \$1.50 and \$2.00

Several dozen fancy hat pins, whose duplicates have been selling at \$1.50 and \$2, buyable tomorrow at FIFTY CENTS each.

\$5 to \$7.50 Silk Petticoats \$3.75

Several hundred \$5.00 to \$7.50 silk petticoats go on sale tomorrow at \$3.75 each. Correctly cut garments of excellent quality taffetas and messalines; black and solid colors as well as pompadours, Dresdens, Shepherd checks, Scotch plaids, fancy stripes, changeables—a seemingly endless variety.

—Second Floor, rear—

Underpriced Hand Bags

Clearing the way for in-coming spring stocks

All patent leather hand bags heretofore priced \$9.50 to \$15 go on sale tomorrow at \$7.50 each.

\$15.00 to \$20 bags of real seal and walrus hide at \$12.50.

\$12.50 to \$18 Imported hand bags—odds and ends from the stock of "novelties"—to go tomorrow at \$5 each.

—Facing Main Entrance—

Toilet Articles Reduced

Many toilet necessities to be sold tomorrow at surprisingly heavy reductions.

85c, \$1 and \$1.50 Perfumes, 75c an ounce.

40c to 75c Perfumes, 25c an ounce.

35c nail brushes, 25c.

Bradley's Cream, 35c size, 25c; and the 50c size, 35c.

25c Sta-Kleen Tooth Brushes, 15c.

Carbona Cream for cleaning and polishing furniture, 15c instead of 25c.

Carbona Polish for brass, copper, nickel, etc., 25c size for 15c.

Babcock's Corylopsis Toilet Water, 8-oz. bottle, 85c.

Oriental Poinsettia Toilet Water, 65c a bottle.

Art Goods

Many an article of utility and adornment priced surprisingly low

36x24-inch table covers of East India prints—quaint designs in fast colors—75c each; were \$1 to \$1.65.

Hand-embroidered pillow covers filled with floss pillows and finished with cord at \$2 each because they are slightly soiled. Their unsold duplicates were sold at \$2 to \$7.50.

Hand-painted bread and butter plates in a variety of dainty floral designs, \$1 each.

Hand-crocheted automobile caps, \$2.50 and \$2.75 each; all colors.

Here's the right sort of souvenir to send your Eastern friends:

Jointed Blaque Chinese Dolls, braided queue, dressed in Chinese costumes of colored silk, carrying baskets or chairs across their shoulders after the style of the natives.

These baskets contain fancy pins, thread, etc., and make useful as well as novel gifts or prizes. Two sizes—\$1.75 and \$2.25.

Free embroidery lessons with all materials purchased in our Art Department.

—Third Floor—

Robinson Company

BEST DRY GOODS STORE

235-239 South Broadway
234-242 South Hill Street

Women's Spring Suits

Rare Values at \$25 to \$50

Surprisingly attractive suits shown here at \$25—the very latest cuts in coats and skirts, made of excellent serges and novelty weaves, in grays, browns, tans, navy blue and black. 26-inch coats, silk lined; some of the skirts plain tailored; some fancy pleated; some with panel backs; some with habit backs.

A few of the many higher-priced sorts:

At \$35, \$45 and \$50—Suits of high-grade novelty weaves, light weight coverts, basket weaves and smart mixtures; richly lined with silks or satins; all faultlessly tailored.

At \$65—Pony jacket suit of white and blue hairline striped satin.

At \$85—Pony jacket suit of rich black satin, elaborately trimmed with heavy silk braid.

At \$85—Novelty suit of cedar Etamine, made over messaline drop; profusely trimmed with braid and faced with silk.

—Second Floor, front—

Complete Toy Store

This toy department is equipped to meet the needs of people who concede the child's right to a change of amusement and don't expect him to content himself throughout the year with the toys and games received at Christmas time. Few stores show a greater variety in December than you will find here in February or any other month.

—Fourth Floor, rear—

Handkerchief Special

Men's sheer all-linen handkerchiefs, cross barred and initialed, at 20c or \$1.75 a dozen, because some initials are missing.

On sale in Women's Hdkf. Dept.

\$4.50 Lace \$2.75

Curtains

Made in our own work rooms during the dull season, from materials which we had bought away under market value—that's how it happens.

Made of French net, 50 inches wide by 2 1/2 yards long; some with Cluny lace insertion. Some with Cluny lace edges. Arab shade only. Would be generously good values at \$4.50. Price \$2.75 a pair.

Imported Scotch madras of the \$1 and \$1.25 grades at 50c a yard; 48 to 50 inches wide.

Splendid selection of new cretonnes, Victoria damask, Repps, Grandee cloth and French taffetas. Prices, 35c to 60c a yard.

New silkolines, satens and Royal-lie crepes, suitable for drapes and bed sets to match, 15c to 35c a yard.

"Takado" silk in solid colors—a new fabric for side drapes—variety of soft shades—75c a yard.

—Third Floor—

Sample Shoes

Ladies' ... \$2.00
Men's ... \$2.50
Regular \$3.50 and \$6.00 Values

Large shipments of Shoes are arriving daily; all leathers, button or lace; short vamps, cloth tops. Also a well line of Boys' and Misses' Shoes; nice low heels.

George Davis, Ladies' Tailor

Suit 200 Hamburger Building
300 West 8th St.

TO introduce my New Spring Line of Suitings, I will, for the Next Three Days ONLY make a \$60.00 Suit for the Special Price of \$40.00 which will include Blue and White Serge in all the new weaves. My well known reputation among the best trade of Los Angeles and surrounding towns is my guarantee for the High Grade of work I put into every garment.

Dr. Hummelbaugh

DENTIST, 305 1/2 South Spring St. Cor. Third and Spring sts.

If you are looking for Quality in

Your New Spring Suit

You will find it only at DANZIGER'S

Our suits speak for themselves, and the style and workmanship cannot be surpassed.

A new and successful feature is the handsome waists we make to go with our high-grade suits.

They are different and appeal to particular people who desire something above the ordinary.

MATERIALS SOLD BY THE YARD

DANZIGER

432 SOUTH BROADWAY

THIRD FLOOR LAUGHLIN BUILDING
Open Saturday Evenings 315 S. BROADWAY Take Elevator

BERNARD

THE LADIES' TAILOR. High Class Tailored Suits at Reasonable Prices. 303 Bumiller Bldg. 430 S. Broad

SOCIETY.

daily refreshments served. Twenty guests were present.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Hanson, No. 1817 Marengo avenue were host and hostess at a dinner party this week, entertaining Mrs. S. T. Telfer, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Evans of Monterey, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cass, F. M. Lyon, Miss Mitchell and Miss Tufts.

Burbank.
A NUMBER of Burbank ladies will attend a luncheon given by Mrs. John Orth at her home in Glendale Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortenson are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Milton, Or., this week.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Kendall gave a dinner to a few friends. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. E. Durfee, Mr. and Mrs. T. V. King and daughter, and Messrs. E. Durfee and F. Clark. The table was attractive in its decorations of sweet peas and ferns.

The Burbank Union High School, in connection with the wide-awake spirit it has manifested in "boosting" for the new railroad and general welfare of the town since this place has become high school building stands, is laying ambitious plans for beautifying the grounds on which the beautiful new high school building stands. Students have already coaxed from the trustees \$500 with which to further their purpose, and are now diplomatically broaching the idea of an up-to-date landscape gardener to do the job. The high school grounds are a natural site, broad, gently sloping grounds, with a background of oak covered hills, and they need only the touch of skillful gardening to make them quite ideal for youthful students are planning for an Arbor day celebration.

The high school girls' basketball team plays Claremont Monday afternoon on the home field. This is the first game in the girls' season, and an exciting game is expected.

Miss Adelle Sepulveda, a well-known young lady here, coming from one of the Spanish families of the valley, is married last Saturday afternoon. Charles Clifford.

San Diego.
The society event of the week was the wedding ceremony Wednesday evening at the First Presbyterian church uniting Miss Lavinia Hayes and George W. Isaac, which was witnessed by 200 relatives and friends. The church decorations were simple but beautiful. The programme of brilliant music was rendered by the Mendelssohn quartette, of which the groom is a member. His place for the evening being taken by Dr. C. R. Mitchell. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Hayes residence on Meridian avenue, after which Mr. and Mrs. Isaac left for their new home in San Diego, where the groom is manager of the Western Salt Works. Both young people will be strong additions to the musical circles of San Diego.

At the home of the bride's parents, East Sixteenth street, Wednesday evening, Miss Helen E. Thompson presided in marriage to Charles E. Isaac. Rev. W. H. Riggs of the Friends church, grandfather of the groom, officiated.

Wednesday evening at the home of a bride's parents in Rose Park, Rev. K. Booth united in marriage Miss Helen E. Thompson and Charles E. Isaac. The members of the Rambler department of Ebell spent a pleasant Tuesday afternoon in a walk along the coast to the Salt Lake bridge, the floor entrance. Two weeks hence a club plans an all-day outing in the canyons near Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. A. Bergson of East First street entertained a group of eastern friends at luncheon Saturday afternoon. Mrs. B. D. Palmer of East Ocean was entertained at 500 Madison, her hosts being former friends from Tacoma and Ellensburg, Wash.

At the home of F. M. Schlobohm on Mission street on Monday, Miss Adeline Bergson was united in marriage to an M. Jones. Rev. A. R. Moore officiating.

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LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF CHICAGO
Hamburger's
BROADWAY, EIGHTH & HILL STREETS

Our Men's Store Advertisement
Page 10, Part II.
contains news of advantageous values in our February Trade Sale. It will pay to read it.

100 Cards for 25c
WITH ADDRESS IF DESIRED
Beautifully printed. We also engrave cards from your own plate at 50c a hundred. See us for written cards and embossing. Best work, lowest prices. We will please you. Main Floor.

Royal Regent \$4.00 Corsets Go at \$3.00 In the February Trade Sale--Monday Only

This sale of Corsets will be the topic of conversation among women in and near Los Angeles, for when Royal Regents are sold for less than regular women come—and come to buy. Sold by us exclusively on the Coast, they represent the best to be had in the corset world. Marjorie Rambeau prefers a Royal Regent to any other corset—as do many other women. Here are four \$4.00 models at \$3.00. Expert corsetiers fit you. Style 404 Nemo Self-Reducing, slightly soiled, at \$3 also.



This \$4.00 Royal Regent At \$3.00
Sketched at the left is a model that is a favorite in more ways than one! Four strong supporters—good material, perfect lines.



This \$4.00 Royal Regent At \$3.00
Another model you will like. Of fine French coutille. Made especially for the tall figure, with curves and lines most graceful indeed.



This \$4.00 Royal Regent At \$3.00
Especially do those with stout figures like this heavy coutille model at the left. You'd never expect it to be less than \$4!



This \$4.00 Royal Regent At \$3.00
A corset that will be the delight of women with slender figures. Pretty materials, too; silk brocade and batiste. See the sketch at left.

School Books and Supplies

Second term begins Monday! Start the children in with a full supply of books, etc. Find them here at lowest prices anywhere!

Thick Pencil Pads...4c	Pen Holders...2 1/2c and 1c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Net Bags; large size...25c
Emerald Erasers...5c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Metric System Ruler 7 1/2 & 5c	Eagle Compass...25c
Crayolas, per box...5c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Bradley's Water Colors and Brush; price...25c
Blotters, per pkg...5c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Paint Brush No. 7...5c
Good Memorandums...5c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Schoolbook Bags 18c to 75c
Pad Portfolio...5c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Comp. Book, 8-16 in. ruling, priced here at...5c
Spelling Blanks...5c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	New Slate Copies, No. 1 to 5, for...12 1/2c
Good Protractors...10c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	
Wing Compass...10c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	
	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	Good Pads Ink Paper...4c	

Handy Sick Room Combination at \$1

Ordinarily our price would be \$1.55.

25c Bottle White Pine Cough Syrup 4 ozs...15c	25c Bottle of Pure Castor Oil; 4 ounces for...15c
25c Bottle of Pure Olive Oil; 4 ounces for...15c	25c Box of Baiditz Powder; 12 powders for...20c
15c Bottle of Misonal Malt Tonic; special...12 1/2c	15c Bottle of Eucalyptus Oil; 1 ounce for...10c
25c Bottle of Camphorated Oil; 8 ounces for...12 1/2c	

\$1.55 Worth Monday for \$1.00

More Wertheimer Gloves To Reinforce The Big Sale

Two Important Lots go out for Monday Selling! Values Certainly Incentive to Liberal Buying!

We've told you about this purchase made by our buyer at a recent trade sale—the goods were meant for a feature in our Trade Sales, but they were too good to keep! Selling has been heavy but lines have been reinforced and choice was never better than it will be Monday! Note these leaders! They are typical of what Hamburger merchandizing does for you.

\$2 Gloves Here at \$1.25

Women's 2 and 3-clasp kid gloves in black, white and colors; gloves of lambskin or real French kid, pique or over-seam sewn, and 12-button length gloves of fine black kid. A rare opportunity to supply your glove needs!

To \$3.95 Values at \$1.95

Women's fine 12 and 16-button length kid gloves in black and colors, pique, or over-seam sewn, also 16-button length gloves of soft suede. You'll want these to wear with short sleeve waists. Better buy them now!

Hotel and Apartment House Silverware Repriced Monday to 1/4 Less Than Regular!

Three grades of genuine "Rogers" Silverware. The shell-satin pattern we are closing out! The stock is very complete on staple articles and hotels and apartment houses will save largely by purchasing now! There are Tea Spoons, medium and Dessert Knives and Forks, Dessert Table and Coffee Spoons, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, Nut Sets, etc. Truly a clearance—and at prices that will make this Trade Sale special remembered!

Here Are Some Monday Prices:

\$1.50 Tea Spoons per doz...\$1.13	\$2.75 Dessert Forks, doz...\$2.07
\$2.75 Dessert Spoons, doz...\$2.07	\$2.70 Coffee Spoons, doz...\$2.02
\$3.00 Table Spoons, doz...\$2.25	\$2.10 Nut Sets, per set...\$1.58
\$3.00 Medium Forks, doz...\$2.25	\$1.50 Berry Spoon; only...\$1.12
\$3.50 Medium Knives, doz...\$2.62	40c Sugar Shells; each...30c

Also 1/4 off on "Hamburger" Table Knives in medium and Dessert sizes with plain and embossed handles.

Tea Pots and Other Hotelware

This silverware is heavily plated on the highest grade nickel silver base. In plain satin and bright polished finish. There are individual Tea Pots in 2 sizes, Sugar Bowls, Spoon Holders, large Creamers and Individual Creamers in 3 sizes, etc.

Tailored Hats \$6.50 Smart --- Exclusive!

Now, at the beginning of the Spring season the tendency is very decidedly toward the strictly tailored effects. Rough braids, jauntiness and piquancy of shape and trimming. Our showing of these is varied and distinctive. Every preferred style feature at its best. Hamburger individuality and dash!

For dress wear, black and white effects with a touch of rose or emerald prevail. See window!

Imported Millinery Flowers. The Rage!
Buy now while stocks are complete! Choose from a fascinating array of beauties direct from the importer. Many novelties never shown before, too!

Join Our Sewing Machine Club

While attending the February Trade Sales it would be a good plan to stop at the Sewing Machine Dept. on the main floor and let our demonstrator explain to you the merits of the "Angelus," the best high grade machine sold at a popular price. It has all the good points of other machines, and 8 exclusive improvements.

A 10 Year Absolute Guarantee

And Insurance Covers Every "Angelus"
Protects you against loss or damage by wear, tear, fire or water. If there's anything wrong with your "Angelus," we fix it, promptly.

Our Club Offer

\$2.00 Down and machine is delivered to your home.

\$1.00 A week until balance is paid. No red tape.

The "Angelus" Grand

is a most commendable model. Cabinet work is of hand-polished quartered oak. Has automatic drop head, ready adjustment and is ball-bearing throughout. Dust proof, no vibration.

\$29.50

This Menu in Our Cafe

Monday. Delicious. Appetizing. Try It!

Puree of Tomato with Rice, 10c; Baked Sea Trout, Lemon Butter, 25c; Fried Catalina Sandwich, 30c; Veal Pot Roast, Noodles, 25c; Roast Leg of Pork, Spiced Apples, 30c; Caramel Custard Pudding, 10c; Green Apple Pie, 5c; Creamed Coffee, 5c.

Prof. Lowinsky's Orchestra renders delightful music daily. Fourth Floor.

FEBRUARY TRADE SALE

Furniture! A Very Important Feature of This Sale!

Whether your needs are prospective it will pay you to take advantage of this Trade Sale in which the manufacturers co-operate in offering specials of unusual merit. Only high-grade, good goods involved—qualities we are proud to offer at prices that are ble incentives to liberal buying. Watch our ads!

Our Second Floor Furniture Will Take First Hand in Every Standpoint

For value, variety and quantity!—the second floor of this Trade Sale is no more meritorious collection of goods than the first. Feature items are so numerous that they can't be listed here. They are all on the left. Look them over!

Mission Furniture Lead Monday!

—mission furniture with its quaint design and fumed finish—the furniture most often chosen, that harmonizes with the home. It is here in wide variety—much as you come to expect of Hamburger's. You'll not be disappointed.



Arm Rocker \$7.75
Like cut. Selected quartered white oak, rich, soft fumed finish. Upholstered in best Spanish leather. Arm chair to match at the same price.



This Arm Chair at \$4.85
Shown in sketch. Solid oak, fumed finish, spring seat upholstered in black leatherette. Rocker to match in opposite cut. You'll like the artistic lines of this chair.



Massive Rocker at \$6.90
As in sketch. Solid oak, spring seat upholstered in black leatherette. Fumed finish. Away under real value. Strong reason for buying now!



High Back Rocker at \$6.50
Shown in cut. Finished in rich nut brown fume; has spring seat upholstered in black leatherette. A well built rocker, comfortable and will give satisfaction.




Magazine Stand at \$3.00
Like cut. 42 inches high and 15 1/2 inches wide. Solid oak in a beautiful, rich fumed finish.




Massive Tabourette at \$3.95
Solid quartered oak in fumed, golden or early English finish. Can be used as a tea stand.

Carpets in the Big February Trade Sale: Rare Values—

Dependable goods—such as we carry at all times! Not which you hear so often—but carpets of quality! Here are representative items.



Brussels Carpet, Yard
A well woven carpet that will stand hard wear and is easy to clean. Wherever you will, you can't beat this where.



10 Wire Brussels, Yard
Fine Oriental and floral designs in choice color combinations. In appearance and durability you will find it unequalled.

Axminster and Wilton Velvets

Worth Up to \$1.75, in This Sale at, Yard...
A fine grade carpet at big reduction. Of such beauty of pattern and color that it will be economy to buy for future use if you do not need it now. Weave of it insures durability. Some pieces have borders to match, and are seldom offered under regular price!

Picture Specials from the Trade Sale--Just Here!

Art pieces—not gaudy, unattractive prints! See them here!

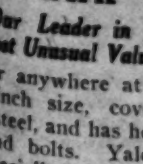
\$3.00 Pictures for \$1.50
Many subjects—mostly landscape studies with dainty gold frames. Size 22x25. Some of the most delightful pictures ever shown at \$1.50.

50c Pictures for \$1.50
Pretty, catchy designs and little landscape scenes are just right for home decoration. A full line of motor car pictures.

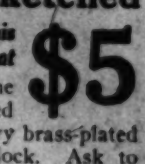
Artistic Picture Framing Done By Experts!

Better Trunks And Chests in This Big Trade Sale

Trunks for every need, from the smallest to the largest, and specialize on our own "Maderite" unexcelled!



Trunk Sketched
Our Leader in This Most Unusual Value at \$5



Yale Lock
Enter anywhere at the 34-inch size, covered in steel, and has heavy brass-plated bolts. Yale lock. Ask to see especially!

Style Trunks Here at...

Covered with enameled steel, others with heavy du... steel bumpers, bolts and trimmings, two... tray room. Really wonderful values—Hamburger's!

Styles of Trunks Monday at...

Among them, our "Maderite" in 36 or 38-inch... with waterproof duck. Yale lock and brass plated... High grade steamer trunks also included. T... second floor.

Suit Case Dept. Moved To the Goods!
We repeat many of the specials placed on sale last Monday. Suit cases, traveling bags and grips to seemingly... items—
Suit Cases of cowhide—24 in., tan and russet, unexcelled... leather lined, solid brass trimmings...

WIDE SALES

nt Feature Furnishings of Every Kind

eds are p... included! The third floor, the main floor and the Basement are to the fore with highly important items in Many not even mentioned here for lack of room. There's no strong values in the various departments—values that will set the talking! Such bargains as are almost never found elsewhere Hamburger Trade Sales!

Fely Furniture Sale

at Hon Every Standpoint! Chances like this come but seldom. —the Lane— we say it confidently— Months of preparation have so numerous list them all so have designated left. Look the way to stupendous savings! Furniture lead Monday!

int design... finished finish—the furniture most with and beauty of the typical California y—unusual as you come to expect of disappointed to buy liberally. (Third Floor.)

Handary Suite

We... \$24.85

factory in... all... leather... the... and perfectly finished.

24x36... Chair, like sketch; Side... as shown in sketch.

24x36... Chair, like sketch; Side... as shown in sketch.

24x36... Chair, like sketch; Side... as shown in sketch.

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24x36... Chair, like sketch; Side... as shown in sketch.

24x36... Chair, like sketch; Side... as shown in sketch.

Fabric Bags Reign

FASHION'S NEWEST DEGREE
Ultra styles in black satin and black or brown velvet. Silk cord handles. Very moderate in price, the velvets shown as low as \$2.50. They instantly appeal to women of good taste.

Our Underpriced Basement Ad Page 11, Part II.

tells of strong specials in Home Furnishings and a great sale of women's smart coats and suits.

Women's Shoes and Oxfords at \$2.45 February Trade Sale of \$3.50 to \$5 Values

An opportunity to buy your spring shoes at a wonderful saving! There are over 1500 pairs in this special purchase—shoes of every conceivable style and leather. For instance, smart brown velvet button shoes, gun metal calf 2-strap pumps, patent cloth top button Oxfords, etc. The Trained Nurse will also find Oxfords with flexible soles. In fact, there's hardly a style known that isn't represented here. Examine them—note their quality—you'll take several pairs! No chance for disappointment! All sizes are here—even up to 7½ and 8.

Look at the sketch below carefully. All these styles included—and many more.
Look in the shoes! They bear the name of one of the best known makers—a name you know—and a name that stands for quality wherever you find it! You'll readily recognize that you are buying \$3.50 and \$5.00 grades.

Embroideries Three Go-Cart Specials

Values Easily 50c to \$2.00 Widths from 12 to 27 inches yard 35c
Odd pieces—the beauty of which will surprise you—picked at random from our regular stock! Price has hardly been considered, so great are the values included. Fine swiss and cambric in flouncings, corset covers and hand-loom edges. If in need of embroideries—shop here Monday. Shop early though, for such patterns, designs and qualities will be sold out very quickly. Only 35c a yard, remember!
Buy trimmings now for Spring garments.

Curtains Made Free Special! This Week Only

Bring In Your Measurements—Buy Your Materials at Hamburger's Monday
This applies to net curtains made with plain hems only. A small charge will be made if trimmings of any kind are used. We make draperies of all kinds at the lowest prices consistent with good workmanship. A new lot of bungalow nets just received, ranging in price from 25c to \$2 a yard. Mission, colonial and heraldic designs included. Experts in the department will gladly consult with you regarding windows and doors you wish to drape. They're true artists!

Plain Arabian Colored Nets, extra quality, just in!
Nets in the 48-inch width, priced per yd.40c
Nets in the 54-in. width, priced per yd.45c
Nets in the 72-in. width, priced per yd.60c
Nets in the 108-in. width, priced per yd.85c

Street and Party Dresses, \$9.95, \$14.95 Values to \$35.00—Leaders in the Trade Sale

A sale of such exclusive designs as are included here is rare at any time—and especially so right now when near the close of the season one needs fresh dresses for evening and afternoon affairs! In this lot are some of the smartest models—dresses you never thought to buy for such low prices! Especially are those for Misses most noticeable. They show every touch of Fashion that is best suited to girlish faces and figures.

New Spring Suits of Exceptional Design

At \$20 to \$150—And not one of them but what show the most advanced ideas for the coming season, as to material, color and cut. Many entirely new effects are shown to advantage. (Second Floor.)

At \$35 They Are Unsurpassable!
Elegant—positively fascinating! That's what you will say of these suits at \$35! Strictly tailored—with the narrow skirts of popular favor—finished correctly! The richest materials ever used at this price!

February Trade Sale Sateen Comforts Repriced from \$4. \$3.39

Also Silkoline Comforters, fluffy and warm, beautifully made with sateen borders and filled with one sheet of pure white cotton. Regular \$4 values—you'll know that the moment you see them. Monday they are repriced as a leader to \$3.39.

\$3.75 White Marseilles Spreads with satin finish. Some very handsome designs. \$2.95
\$5.00 Lounging Robe Blankets of soft wool nap in assorted patterns; repriced. \$3.75

The Hosiery Dept. Offers

Marvelous Values Monday In This Big Trade Sale
Our buyer secured rare values on his recent trip to Eastern markets. Only room for one here.

\$1.50 Pure Thread Silk Stockings 95c

Of extra quality and have high apliced heels, like garter top and soles. Black only. A strong special. (Main Floor.)

This year's stock surpasses any we have ever carried. It's none too early to send your greetings East or to buy favors for your Valentine affairs. Select them here—assortments are so varied.

Paper Napkins—For Valentine tables; dozen at5c
Valentine Dollies, that are most dainty. Dozen.5c
Red Card Board, that you'll need. Per sheet.5c
Crepe Paper, in red or white. Price per roll.10c
Streamers of red and white for decorating.5c
Cupid's in white and red. A dozen of these at.30c
Cupid Love Arrows—Get these per doz.5c and 10c
Valentine Cards, in all designs. Priced.1c to 25c
Tissue Paper Novelties of all kinds.5c to 95c
Art Panels, beautifully mounted.50c, 90c and \$1.50
Cupid Postage Stamps, reasonably priced, pkg.5c
Valentine Address Stickers—Package of 10 at.5c
Cupid Heart Stickers, in box. Get these for.10c
Hearts Tied With Red Ribbons—10 in box for.20c
Valentine Letters, with envelopes. Each.5c and 10c
Red Hearts, for tally or place cards. Dozen.3c to 10c

LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF CHICAGO

Hamburger's
BROADWAY EIGHTH & HILL STREETS

SOCIETY.

Hazen, Mrs. George O. Moore, Mrs. Robert Manford, Mrs. Thomas Neill, Mrs. Scott Boyd, Mrs. Charles H. Hoed, Jr., Mrs. Kirby E. Lawrence and Mrs. A. M. Shrode.
Miss Jennie Adams gave a party after tea Tuesday at her home on West White Oak avenue complimentary to Mrs. Charles Brantner of the Philippine Islands, who is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Seymour. The other guests were Mrs. Clayton R. Norris, Miss Barton, Miss M. Edna Walker, Miss A. Kass Collins, Miss Combs, Miss Boush, Mrs. of Monrovia, and Miss Blackman of Alabama.

Mrs. John H. Bartle was the hostess Friday afternoon of a charmingly appointed reception to the directors of the Visiting Nurses' Association at her home on West Banana avenue. Mrs. Bartle, who is president of the association, was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Kathleen, who presided at the tea.

Mrs. Montville Flowers of West White avenue gave a beautiful musicale on Thursday afternoon to a large circle of ladies of the Methodist church. The hostess was assisted in entertaining by her sisters, Misses Keller.

Mrs. William Van Loosen of West White Oak avenue was the hostess Thursday afternoon to the Ladies' Missionary society of the First Methodist Church. The occasion was the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Van Loosen's marriage and the hostess was the recipient of numerous pretty gifts. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Van Loosen.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Brown, who have been in Los Angeles since their arrival from the Philippines, were the guests of Mrs. J. J. Walsh at their new residence on Prospect avenue.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. M. Baker, mother of a large party of South Dakota people who are visiting points of interest on the Coast, are guests of Mr. Mrs. F. M. Moore.

Mrs. A. B. Tennant and son, of Los Angeles, are guests of Mrs. Tennant's sister, Mrs. Hal M. Stein of North Myrtle avenue.

Miss Jo Esam of East London, who will spend the Lenten season at relatives at Filmore.

The 5th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Northup was celebrated privately Tuesday at their country home in "Inglenook." The bride and groom five years ago were joined in matrimony and have since made their home in the orange groves of Del Norte. The dinner table at which the anniversary was celebrated was artistically decorated with white flowers, ferns. Wooden spoons formed souvenirs and after the repast, evening was passed merrily. Mrs. Northup was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Northup, with good wishes and congratulatory remarks. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. George C. Martin of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Northup and Mrs. J. G. Cross, Dr. and Mrs. Bertram C. Davies, Mrs. M. R. Able, Miss Gertrude Gibbs, Miss Asell, Miss Kessler and Miss A. Northup.

The ladies of the Duarte Road Circle were charmingly entertained Friday afternoon at the home of Walter B. Leffer. The readings "Flameless Quarters" were read by Miss Morgan and Mrs. North. Four o'clock tea was served after the programme.

The last meeting of the Buena Vista Avenue Whist Club was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Lee. Whist was the diversion followed by a tempting supper.

Thursday evening the members of the Five Hundred Club were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson at their attractive home. All the appointments bespoke taste and skill and courteous extended the club members were all delightful. The persons in the club includes Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth O. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barvine, Mr. Mrs. E. L. Menager, Mr. and Alexander B. Downs, and Mr. and Charles Anderson.

Friday afternoon Mrs. E. A. M. opened her home to the ladies of Methodist Church. The affair was largely attended and a grand programme and other social features rounded out a pleasant afternoon. Four o'clock tea was served in pleasant style.

Friday evening "Oakleigh," a country home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Barvine, was the scene of a gathering of music-loving people. Oakleigh is in the midst of a citrus grove and has the distinction of having one of the largest oaks in Southern California.

Friday evening the hospitable of the Barvine home opened its doors to the members of the Presbyterian Church Union, about thirty strong, and a bountiful buffet supper was served half after six o'clock. During the evening music was the feature of entertainment.

Mrs. W. H. Young is president of the Hockey Club, which practices twice each week on the Bradfield.

Alhambra.
THE masquerade ball given by Woman's Clubhouse Association one of the most enjoyable events of the kind that has taken place in Alhambra in a long time. The committees in charge of the affair spared neither time nor effort to make the occasion one long to be remembered by those present, and the success was a complete one. In addition to the maskers there were quite a number of spectators and following the unmasking all joined in the dancing. The costumes ranged from purely fantastic to those of stately and original design, and the combination to make a pretty picture. Music was furnished by a piano orchestra. Following the dancing a dinner was served in the large dining room of the clubhouse, after which dancing was resumed until midnight. Following were the committees in charge of the affair: Arrangements, Mrs. Clarence Van Graham and Frank H. Fowler; Floor, Mrs. C. D. Magee, Mrs. C. V. Graham, and P. M. Fowler; Supper, Mrs. E. H. Bailey, Mrs. P. T. Anderson, Mrs. B. Elwood and Mrs. A. F. N. Boyd. The House Committee in composed of the following: Mrs. Charles D. Magee, Mrs. C. V. Graham, Mrs. P. M. Fowler, Mrs. H. B. Gurley, Mrs. E. E. Bailey.

Better Trunks Anywhere in This Big Trade Sale

any trunks for every need, from the smallest steamer trunk to immense sizes, and specialize on our own "Maderite" brand that is unexcelled!

Trunk Sketched THIS TRUNK, \$5.00. \$5

anywhere at the 14-inch size, covered in steel, and has heavy brass-plated and bolts. Yale lock. Ask to especially!

Style Trunks Here at. \$8

any of them, our "Maderite" in 36 or 38-inch size. with waterproof duck. Yale lock and brass plated trim. High grade steamer trunks also included. Trunk

Case Dept. Moved To the Regular Leather Goods Section, Main Floor!

repeat many of the specials placed on sale last Monday—reprints of slight cases, traveling bags and grips to seemingly ridiculous figures. In addition—

Coats of cowhide—24 in., tan and russet, unexcelled at. \$5.00
Traveling Bags—leather lined, solid brass trimmings. \$10

Cloth Suits for Boys—also Smart Wash Suits

The February Trade Sale finds the Boys' Dept. brimming with strong values! Two specimen items quoted here. Hamburger leadership was never more emphatically demonstrated than during this event.

\$5, \$6 and \$7.50 Cloth Suits at \$4.69
Made of good materials by men who know—men who are artists in their special line of work. Smart, double-breasted, Russian and blouse styles in wanted gray, brown and tan mixtures. 2 to 17 years.

Wash Suits, Special for. \$1.19
White or light, dark or medium striped effects. Russian and blouse styles, also short sleeve beach suits. 2 to 10 years.

Valentine Novelties, New and Old

VALENTINE POST CARDS
Dozens of designs that are pretty and original. Prices range from 1c to 10c.
Handsome Line of BOOKS
Suitable to give as Valentines

Main Floor

SOCIETY.

Mrs. Hawks' brother, John L. Hawks of No. 520 North Garfield avenue, will give for his guests during the coming season.

Mrs. Constance Clark of Hidalgo street left last Tuesday for an extended stay at Port San Houston, at San Antonio, Tex.

At a party, given by Mrs. J. B. Sexton Saturday afternoon, formal announcement was made of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Sexton, to Sidney Shupe of Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. D. W. Edwards of the Fifth street, assisted by Mrs. A. Westervelt, entertained a party Tuesday evening at their home. The occasion being the birthday anniversary of C. A. Westervelt of Alhambra and D. W. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt and daughter, Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Miss Emily Tyrrell, Miss Julia Randall, Miss Martha Snell, Mrs. E. W. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sexton, Mrs. John Carse, Miss Elizabeth Patterson, and Mrs. Middleton.

MR. STILL of Park boulevard, Long Beach, entertained at dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lena Collins of Los Angeles. Covers were laid for Misses and Evelyn Walte, Curah and Wood, Pierce, Hocking, Ethel Adams, Walte, Reynolds, Collins, Leo and Val Hanesnap, H. Adams, Walter of Compton and Lester of Long Beach.

A. C. Bird, Mrs. C. H. Olmsted, Miss Bird visited with Pasadena Tuesday.

On the guest of her cousin, Miss Galt, the first of the week.

Mrs. Fraser arrived in Long Beach Monday from Trinidad. They are visiting with Mrs. Fraser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Porter of West Indigo street.

Porter of Topanga, Kan., is visiting his brother, W. T. Porter of Orange street.

C. H. Olmsted was the guest honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Norton, recently.

John Davies is entertaining five from Stratton, Neb.

Madre.

188 ANNIS B. COFFEY charmingly entertained the Modern Priscillas and other friends at home Thursday afternoon. Each represented a book to be guessed. Refreshments were served. She spent a few days during the week with beach friends.

Drake of Glendale was a visitor during the week.

C. H. Burroughs of New York Miss Flora Coffin of Chicago spent week as guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Raymond of Arizona and Second street.

N. M. Hawkins of Chicago has visited at the beach and the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. J. McAllen.

Susie McNulty of St. Louis, has been visiting several days Miss Ethel Duke of the Palmdale.

E. A. Moss spent the first part of the week visiting at San Bernardino, where she will visit for a week.

Frank Miller has returned to home in Nelson, Nev., after a visit with friends along the coast.

Kenna Marvin of this beach married at Los Angeles Wednesday Otto Clark, who is also a resident of Santa Monica. The young couple are to make their home at No. 1111 Hill street, this city.

Mrs. J. T. Hanlin of Oklahoma is spending a few weeks here, at their home used to be made.

Beach.

One of the most pleasant social events of the week was the housewarming party given Wednesday evening by Miss Annie Barrett at her home on Guadalupe avenue. Into the family moved that day, a number of young women were invited and the evening was spent in social and social chat. The guests were Misses Margaret Smith, Mary Lindholm, Goldwater, Alberta Agfield, Lois Saxton, Adele Haux, Marie Dickson, Beatrice Marks, Rita Burke, Margaret Sinclair, E. Bennett, Louise Parkins of Los Angeles, Mrs. James Hauxhurst and Clara Bourne Bright.

Luella Parkinson of Los Angeles the guest of the Misses Barrett Guadalupe avenue, this week.

Herbert Culler and son, Herbert, Jr., left Sunday for Tempe, Ariz., and a month with Mrs. Lewis Cullen.

First of twelve social events to be given this year by the Sigma Kappa was held Monday evening at the home of Miss Georgia Burke at her home at the Opal. Miss Burke planned a "hobby party" for the evening and the novelty of the details attracted her guests, all of whom were hobbyists. The legs of chairs and tables were hobbled for occasion in the club colors, black and gold, and the hobbie idea was evened out in the refreshments, with pies and like edibles. Those present were Misses Georgia Burke, Dora Abbott, Adelaide Parkins, Marian M. Feller, Myrtle Kessler, Alice Marks, Hazel Venable and Roy Heath.

Members of the members of the Monday Club formed a matinee Wednesday afternoon at the Opal. In the party were Mesdames C. Christman, J. P. Erickson, J. P. Ford, R. E. Matteson, and O. P. Ford.

Mrs. W. A. Stieshen removed from New York and Chicago, where he had been spending time, since his return from California, a former resident of Santa Monica, was a visitor here during the week. Mr. Stieshen was formerly assistant auditor of the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway, having transferred to office in the Pacific Electric Railway, as special auditor of the Southern Pacific Company.

F. McCELLAN has returned from New York and Chicago, where he had been spending time, since his return from California, a former resident of Santa Monica, was a visitor here during the week. Mr. Stieshen was formerly assistant auditor of the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway, having transferred to office in the Pacific Electric Railway, as special auditor of the Southern Pacific Company.

Mr. Roy G. Putnam, who has arrived from Idaho will make this city his home.

T. Eagler of Illinois is a guest at home of his son, C. E. Eagler.

D. M. Henderson and family arrived from Illinois and will make their home here.

The meeting of the Women's Club Monday afternoon Miss. Schell,

New Spring Millinery Appears

IN a myriad fascinating guises that promise untold pleasure to those who follow closely the delightful caprices of Dame Fashion. For the cleverest Spring Hats WATCH "THE PARIS SHOP!"

First Arrivals in Lingerie Frocks

New Styles Some of them quite elaborate, and others as simple as a Spring flower and quite as charming.

New Trimmings AND new ways of applying the lace and embroidery, which inevitably accompanies them.

New Prices VALUES it would be entirely out of the question match elsewhere, whether you pay \$7.50 or \$7.50.

Imported Dresses of Linen

M ADE of a heavy quality of finest linen, bleached under Irish skies, sent to Paris for their fashioning and for the exquisite hand-wrought embroidery which adorns them, now offered for the approval of Los Angeles' fair daughters.

Dainty Silk Frocks for Spring

IN charming new effects for afternoon wear. There are few duplicates among these very recent arrivals in beautiful Pongee, Foulard and Peau de Cygne silks, each of them being as individually artistic and harmonious in design and color scheme as though planned and fashioned for you personally by the cleverest of French dressmakers.

Important Notice—Read Carefully

Parisian Costumes Artistically Designed. AN opportunity entirely out of the ordinary, as the garments concerned in this sale are of the finest fabrics woven on foreign looms; designed by artists who have names to conjure with in the Fashion world.

\$65 Broadcloth Gowns \$32.50 **\$85 Broadcloth Gowns \$42.50**
Now
Immense Reductions on all our Exclusive Models in Elegant Afternoon Costumes of Finest Broadcloth and Serge.



"The Paris Girl"

PARIS CLOAK & SUIT AND MILLINERY HOUSE 609 SOUTH BROADWAY

There's No Reason Why You Shouldn't Have All the Pretty Clothes You Want When Prices Like These Prevail

Clever Coats Marked Down from \$15 to \$5.75. A GREAT variety of stylishly cut, perfectly tailored coats in both light and dark mixtures. Most extraordinary values at \$5.75.

Splendid Coats Intended to Sell for \$19.50. NOT only handsome mannish cloaks in the latest styles, but fine black beaver coats; full length; satin lined, \$7.75.

Fine Coats \$27.50 Broadcloths and Caracals. A COAT sale you have never seen. Aequaled, the values quoted being limited to Monday only. Swell coats of caracal, satin lined and beautiful broadcloth coats. \$11.75.

Smart Suits Instead of \$16.50 to \$18.50. AT this price you naturally wouldn't expect very much in the way of style or quality, but you have a great, big SURPRISE WAITING YOU MONDAY.

Stylish Suits Worth from \$19.50 to \$24.50. THE simple fact that their prices have suffered sudden destruction has not in the least detracted from their unusually attractive qualities.

Chic Suits Correctly Valued at \$25 to \$27.50. MADE with all the care and skill that we insist shall be expended upon our fine tailored suits; extensive range of fashionable wool fabrics. \$15.

Stunning Plush Coats A LSO elegant \$35 Broadcloth Coats. Coats that are handsome enough for any occasion, no matter how formal. Values you will not see equalled again for many a long day. \$15.

Fashionable Suits Never Intended to Be Sold For Less Than \$35 to \$37.50. SUITS that could not fail to please the most particular of women. Choice of all the staple shades and black.

Not Alone in Outer Apparel

B UT in all the dainty accessories that complete the charm of a really beautiful costume, you will find the most artistic, as well as the most correct styles for Spring At "THE PARIS SHOP."

Gloves for Morning, Afternoon or Evening

Street Gloves VERY fine quality in light black, white, tan and gray. Special \$1.25.

Kid Gloves VERY fine quality in light weight short kid gloves, in all the leading shades. \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Evening Gloves 16 BUTTON length; black and white only. Regular \$3.50 quality, \$2.00.

Beautiful Ornaments for the Hair

T HE latest novelties and quaintest conceits in jeweled bands, combs and barrettes for the proper evening coiffure, as well as high-class hair goods of every kind. HAIR DRESSING PARLORS, Third Floor.

New Parisian Corset Models

That Coax the Figure to More Gracful Lines. NEW models in fine \$7.50 Vita Corsets. A corset opportunity few women are likely to resist who appreciate the beauty of these graceful models. \$4.75 Special \$1.95.

Bewitching Veils and Scarfs

I F you are in need of a new scarf or veil for any purpose whatever, you cannot fail to find one which will more than delight you among the beautiful filmy creations we are showing.

A NUMBER OF INTERESTING REDUCTIONS IN FORCE MONDAY.

The Soft Swish of a Silken Petticoat CARRIES with it a hint of luxury quite out of keeping with these prices. Beautiful Silk Messaline Petticoats, special Monday \$3.25. Dainty and durable Silk Messaline Petticoats; all shades \$4.50. Rainbow tinted Dresden Silk Petticoats, attractively priced at \$5.00.

The Finest Hosiery Has a Price Tumble

\$1.50 SILK HOSIERY, Special, Pair. Exceptionally good quality silk stockings, in black, white, tan and gray. Monday..... \$1.00.

50c SILK LISLE HOSE, Pair. Plain black and prettily embroidered styles; no all sizes. Monday..... 35c.

Dainty Little Linen Handkerchiefs

Plain hemstitched handkerchiefs of sheer linen. Very special, 66 a dozen. All-linen and Shamrock handkerchiefs, with pretty embroidered initials. Threes for 50c.



Calling Cards

Your card, being left as your direct personal representative, should express your own personality and should therefore be prepared and executed with the most painstaking care and attention to the minutest detail.

Entrusting to Nordlinger's your orders in this or any other line of Engraving, means making sure of correct, prompt and efficient work.

Consult the expert at our Department of Society Engraving and Stationery.

S. NORDLINGER & SONS

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Annual Clearance Infants' Hand Made Garments. Special Reductions on Dresses-Skirts-Night Gowns, Infants' sizes to 2 Years. All of these are strictly hand-made, are hand-embroidered and finished with lace and beading. \$4.50 to \$5.00 Dresses.....\$3.00 \$6.00 to \$10.00 Dresses.....\$5.00 Skirt values up to \$3.00 for \$1.50. \$2.25 Night Gowns \$1.00.

Shirtwaists

Blouses \$10 to \$25 Emb. Waist Patterns \$8 to \$15. Our own French Embroidery on Pure Linen. Embroidered Tailored Waists 1-4 off. Broken sizes in hand-embroidery on pure linen; some trimmed with color.

Laces One Half Off. German & French Val. Laces--Cotton Torchon, Art Stict & Orientals. All widths in Edges and Insertions.

SALE Extraordinary ON Model Tailored Suits \$40 Monday and Tuesday Only.

All the latest designs and styles for spring. Every garment strictly man-tailored according to New York and Paris fashion, and we guarantee perfect fit and workmanship. Our materials from the latest imported and beautiful patterns never before shown.

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SOCIETY.

Turner, Rachel Blah...
Cherline Lennox...
Olivia Quick...
Lawson, May Lawson...
Barbara Mitchell...
Marjorie...
Ruth Williams, Ruth...
Russell, Edna...
Frances Zehr, May...
Church, Florence...
Goode, Emily...
St. Stone, Mary...
Brown, Emma...
Katon, Leila...
Francis Anderson...
Grace Grady, Irene...
Hayward, Hubert...
Stone, George...
Ruth, Raymond...
Bishop, James...
Byron Severance, George...
Smith, Browning...
Schick, Frank...
McAlroy, Tommy...
Schick, Frank...
Goode, Harry...
Horace Albright, Ed...
Gallup, Willie...
Rhodes, Allen...
Mrs. Ella Wilson...
Millard Hunt...
arrived from Terre...
day and are the home...
cousins, Mrs. Davi...
Miss Cora Hickman...
Mrs. and Mrs. J. E...
has street entertain...
the past week Mr...
Roth of Strathmore...
Arthur of Long Beach...
Mrs. Anna L. Smith...
has returned from a...
relatives in Pasadena...
One of the pleasant...
the week was the di...
and Mrs. H. Haywa...
on Brand boulevard...
Covers were laid f...
Samuel A. Pollock...
L. Fishback, Mr. S...
Hartley, Ed C. Shu...
and Harry Hayward...
Huntington Beach...
JAMES H. PHIL...
Miss Annie Phil...
relatives of V...
city, arrived here th...
spend four months i...
Southern California...
Mrs. W. M. Wiley...
S. W. Sinsheimer, C...
arriving Pasadena...
evening at the Hotel...
Beach...
Miss Leona Farnha...
making a prolonged...
and Mrs. E. M. Sut...
on Ocean avenue...
Miss Jessie Newco...
visited her aunt, M...
in this city over Sun...
A birthday party w...
of Masters Richard...
Gordon Talbert last...
at the home of A. V...
a lunch and games...
little folks. Those p...
Sunday, Gertrude...
Lindgren and Mast...
John Sundbye, Rich...
Heime and Gu...
evening at the home...
honor of the juveni...
Mrs. A. R. L...
Angeles spent sev...
this week at the...
joining her husband...
charge of the buildi...
the Holly Sugar C...
tractor Carl Leonard...
Miss Maud Andrus...
morning for her hom...
where she will rema...
before assuming her...
stant in the Long...
library Miss Andrus...
"Story Telling" bef...
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Corona...
THE Monday Ni...
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Harry N. Cret, Elia...
George Blair occur...
The Epworth Leas...
social in the church...
Mrs. T. Metcal...
Thursday afternoon...
ly gathering of the...
The Congregation...
deavor made merry...
a fine Edith...
The Tyckabaches...
Mr. and Mrs. H. R...
evening...
In Glendale Hall Th...
Royal Neighbors...
valentine social...
The A. H. Schone...
sisterhood was th...
gathering of Episc...
evening when the Qui...
cards...
Venice...
MRS. HOWARD...
Lake City has a...
Mr. and Mrs. Dodge...
Sheriff Hodge of Se...
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trip was made for th...
health of Mrs. Dodge...
Mrs. Myrtle Rosche...
Cal., spent the week...
relatives on the str...
Mr. and Mrs. H. R...
Georgetown, Ky., sp...
week visiting with...
and friends...
Mrs. and Mrs. M. A...
Mrs. S. A. McChryst...
City have arrived at...
winter outing...
Fred Rico has retu...
Juarez, Mex., where...
the races and keepi...
trend of the revoluti...
Mr. and Mrs. F. V...
have returned from...
Tuma, Ariz., where...
spending two or thr...
Mrs. A. Holten of S...

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that will decrease and
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form into graceful, fa

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most artistic in design and per
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of staple pieces in every-day d
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A cosy bungalow furnished
Many excellent ideas are brought
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Crafts Furniture with which
room and dining room are
make this bungalow a matter
to all intending home makers

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Every size and color preference covered
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lent products as Whittall's Anglo
dian, French and Royal Wilton's,
ford's well known Axminsters, in
most practical rugs the market
as low as they can consistently
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\$1 TO \$3

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\$12 to \$40 A WEEK

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entire year. In
cellars, shade
boxes, etc. Sell
like hot cakes
50c. to \$1.35 per
pound. Men or
women. Free il-
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I make classy garments of domestic and imported goods. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. A trial order will convince you.

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on gowns, laces, net and all materials. Co-
trich feathers willowed, cleaned, curled and
dried to sample. Accordion and knife plaiting.
Sunburst skirts. Buttons made to order.

The Watson Co.

247 S. BROADWAY, Over Unique Suit House.

M

GO TO
AXIME'S
FOR RIGHT
MILLINERY

This image shows the fore-edge of a very thick, antique book. The pages are numerous, tightly packed, and heavily aged, appearing as a dark, textured mass. The binding is visible on the left side, showing the spine and the edges of the pages. The image is oriented vertically, with the spine on the left and the pages on the right. The high-contrast lighting emphasizes the texture and thickness of the book.

Broadway Department Store
Dinner 25c
Tomato Gumbo Soup, Roast Pork with dressing or Filet of Sole, Tartare Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Dessert and drink, 25c. Crab Salad with water 50c. Individual Chicken Pie 25c. Ice Cream and Cake, 15c.

Notions Monday 10c
3 large silk hair nets.
2 cards celluloid collar supports, 6 on card.
2 sets finished head—white only, regularly 125c and 15c.
Belt, small skirt head—black only.
4 bunches hairpins—heads blue and silver only.
Choice of Above 10c
DEMONSTRATION
NAIL DRESS SHIELDS.
Demonstration begins Monday of the well-known Nail Dress Shield—can be washed and ironed. Price 15c to 45c pair.

Beautiful Imported Trimming Bands 95c

Worth \$1.95 to \$3 and \$10 Yard—A February Sensation—Yard . . . 95c
Give me the window space and display the advertisement and watch this merchandise fly, writes the buyer. High class trimming bands, the last of an importer's lot, 2 1/2 to 10 inches wide. Trimmings that are worth \$1.95 up to 5 or 10 times the sale price. Persian, Venise, metal effects. A sale that is so startling that the 400 yards could be snapped up long before the day is over.

ARTHUR LETTS
Broadway Department Store
HOME 10571. BOWY 4944. BROADWAY COR. 4TH. LOS ANGELES

Hot Triscuits Made While You Wait
In the miniature factory that the Shredded Wheat Biscuit Co. have installed on the Main Floor; they are delicious. Free.

Embroideries—A Wonder Lot

27 to 45 inch Widths—Practical for Summer Dresses—Yard . . . 69c
Another embroidery sale that is wonderful in its value giving. Beautiful bold designs from a high-class importer. Passed along to you at this ridiculous sale price. Many are being offered at less than importer's price. Over 1000 yards, out for the first time Monday, while they last. Yard 69c.

ARTHUR LETTS
Broadway Department Store
HOME 10571. BOWY 4944. BROADWAY COR. 4TH. LOS ANGELES

First Class Barber
A man who has made particular of children's hair cutting, shampooing and scalp treatment. A barber who is out of the navy. 2nd Floor.

Sunset Sewing Machines \$2.00 Down and \$1.00 a Week
Impossible to buy better sewing machines—no matter what price you pay. —Hand machines \$14.00. —Sunset Rotary \$24.00. —Sunset Rotary \$34.00. —Sunset "A" (Cabinet) \$49.00. —Sunset "B" \$54.00. —Sunset "C" \$61.00. —Imperial \$78.00. No interest charged. Floor.

Bright, New, Wonderful Silk Dresses \$12.50

Enter Season's First Important Sale Monday

Several Lots Novelty Spring Suitings in Big Sale \$1.25

A joining of forces in the dress goods section, bringing together several purchase lots of beautiful novelty suitings.
—Some 300 yards high grade materials.
—Could you buy them ordinarily under \$1.75 to \$2.50? No, and these are the prices we would have to ask were they secured under ordinary conditions.
—Why, practically all the new weaves as well as the desired shades for spring in 54 and 56-inch suitings have been grouped in this sale at \$1.25 yard.

Valentines Shedwater Foulards for Spring Priced at 85c and \$1 Yard

Justly named "Shedwater" and justly famed. Where have you seen such a gathering of beautiful patterns and color combinations? Materials that are different, distinctive and popular in price. 85c and \$1.00.
And this feature must be emphasized—they really do shed water. See them, Aisle 5.

New Turban Clusters \$3.75

These are made of real human hair. Extra large size. These clusters at the price are creating enthusiasm.
Transformations at \$1.25 and up. This is also a new line. Made of extra quality real hair. All shades excepting gray.
HATS: \$3.75 5c, or 6 for 25c—These are the large size silk nets. Aisle 7.

Semi-Annual Sale School Books and Supplies Continues

Thousands of Los Angeles parents have learned to look to the Broadway for school books and supplies at cut prices. We have large quantities of the newly required books namely, Second and Third Readers, and the Advanced Arithmetic. We direct special attention to the following features:
Milton Bradley Paints 19c
170-pg. Pencil Tablet 5c or 6 for 25c
5c Combination Pen and Pencil 2 for 5c
Crayola 5c box, 6 for 25c
Lead Pencils 10c doz. to 5c ea.
Blue Bond Note and Composition Books 28c
Hammond's 50c School Globes 65c
\$1.00 Fountain Pen 65c
Bring your hats here and save time and money.

Here's one of the first results of our representative's trip to the market.
—A quantity of beautiful new spring dresses at a price to fairly take your breath away.
Foulards, in the clever designs, dots and figures. Dresses of navy, black and brown silks; new taffeta dresses. Some elaborately braided over the bodice.
—To these have been added a number of our own silk dresses reduced in price to meet this new sale price.
—All in all a grouping of dresses you want for parties, street and dress wear; messallines, foulards, pongees and taffetas.
—Who would bother making silk dresses when such charming frocks are offered at \$12.50.

Valentines Cream Serge with Hair Line \$13.95

The order to level stocks has reached the cream serge and black hair line striped suit section. This in order to make room for the thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise flooding the Receiving Room. Perfectly tailored suits of all wool cream serge. Lined with satin and peau de cygne. Fitted coats and pleated skirt. Regularly \$22.50 and \$25, Sale price \$13.95.

Waists that are the wonder of all who see them \$1

—Violet waists.
—Linen waists.
—Lawn waists.
—Tailored styles.
—Lingerie styles.
—Middy styles.
—Was there ever such a collection of remarkable values at \$1.00.

\$3.95 and \$5.00 \$1.95

A February Clearance. Different sizes and colors. Taffetas, messallines, foulards and nets. Regularly \$3.95 and \$5.00—waists at \$1.95.

\$1.95 to \$2.50 \$1.49

Colored Petticoats. Colors only, no blacks. Heatherblom petticoats. Colors only, no blacks.

10,000 Yards Shirting Madras Represents In Big Purchase For Remarkable February Feature, 32-Inch 10c

32-inch shirting madras in the most remarkable line of patterns that you've laid eyes upon. 10,000 yards of it—think of that quantity. We believe it to be the largest single purchase of this one class of goods that has been brought to this city in a retail way.
Of course, there must have been a price concession, otherwise we never would have had such a vast quantity.
"Will you sell it all in one day if I give it to you at 10c yard?" said the department chief. Perhaps not, yet if quality and low price in the face of advancing market stand anything, one day should see the last of it.
For summer waists, for house dresses.
For men's and boys' shirts and children's wear. What could be more durable, more attractive and where would you find a price to compare with it? Remember, 32 inches wide.

Pillowcases 9c	15c White Persian Lawn 9c	Persian Challies \$3.30 to \$3.30 34c
45x36 9c	Sheer quality, 32 inches wide. Priced 9c, when it's worth 15c.	For one hour this price. Pieces. Limit 12 yards. Phone or mail orders.
What a pillowcase for 9c. Of course we limit the quantity. One dozen to a customer and say no phone or mail orders.	25c and 35c White Pique 15c	Plain Chambray Gingham, Yard 50c to 50c 50c
Pepperell Pillowcases 17 1/2c	Assorted size waists, estimate your wants for month to come. 18 to 20-yard lengths. This is a bargain worth coming after.	25c and 35c Batiste 15c
Size 15x26, made from the celebrated Pepperell sheeting. An unusual price from the domestic section.	Seersucker Gingham 7 1/2c	Mercerized 18 to 20 yard lengths. Fine for waists and dresses.
Bleached Sheets Size 72x90 42c	Wears as well. A value remarkable, yard 7 1/2c.	Dress Gingham 8 1/2c
Seamed of course, but the price is a remarkably low one. No phone orders. Size includes hem.	Mercerized Dress Prints 5c	Pretty checks, stripes and plaids. Important sale.
81x90 Sheets Seamless 59c	Wide range of colors and patterns. Fine for house dresses and wraps.	Outing Flannels 8 1/2c
Well finished sheets, size 81x90, including hem. This is seamless, good for hotel and rooming houses.	36-inch Percalae 8 1/2c	Pink and blue outing stripes and checks. Limit 12 yards. No phone or mail orders.



New Elephant Grain Leather Shopping Bags Great Purchase \$1.00 and Sale \$1.00

Two of the styles illustrated above. Shopping bags made of the expensive elephant grain leathers by a manufacturer who has become noted.
Hand bags that are worth all the way from \$1.50 to \$3 in the ordinary way.
Here they are in black, brown, tan, navy and green.
Plain leather and fancy frames.
Listen, every bag lined with fine calf leather and fitted with inside pocket and coin purse, some even with card case.
Choice of four or five styles, including broken or round bottom. Many with the wide open frame. Startling in its unusualness, this sale \$1, aisle 4.

Groceries—Monday Features
Quaker Rolled Oats 11c
Dozen, \$1.25 package \$1.30
Idaho Flour—Seek 17c
No. 10—4 lb. sack 25c
Eastern Sugar Cured Hams 25c
10 to 12 pounds each, at 10c.
Lump Corn 25c
Powder: Lb. can 25c
Spanish-American Pork 25c
Lump Corn 25c
Tamales and Assorted Soups at the same prices. Dozen cans 95c. Free demonstration, 4th floor.
Diamond C Laundry Soap: 8 bars 25c
Armour's Pure Lard 48c
Shield Brand No. 3 can 62c
Lipton India and Ceylon Teas: Lb. 62c
Lb. quality. Free demonstration, 4th floor.
Honeyuckle, Pioneer, Lily, All Havers 25c
Dozen cans \$1.00.
Graham, Entire Wheat Pastry or XXXX Flour; No. 10, sack 34c
Fancy Idaho Potatoes: 25 Lbs. 55c
Lima or Red Imported Beans: 4 Lbs. 25c
Fancy Carolina Head Rice: 4 Lbs. 25c
Armour's Butter Substitute for Butter: 2 Lbs. 38c
20 Mule Team Brand Powder: 16-oz. package 10c
Standard Pack Tomatoes: 3 cans 25c
Lump Corn 25c
Dr. Price's, Lipton, or Jello Dessert: 3 packages 25c
All Havers 25c
California Raisins 55c
Olives: Galien 20c
Fancy Table Fruit 20c
Palm Brand: can 20c
Choice of cherries, peaches or plums.

Extra! All Black Velvet Button Boots for Women \$1.95

Pantaloons Skirt Displayed In Window \$12.95
This is the modified Pantaloons skirt just rushed forward from New York and shown for the first time in this city by the Broadway.
See it displayed in our window, the corner of Fourth and Broadway.
If you desire one of these new styles we will take your measure, price \$12.95.
—2nd Floor.

Sale Imported Stockings—Silk Embroidered Lisles 25c

A Value Sensation Monday at Pair.
No, not ordinary 25c hosiery for 25c, but extraordinary values at the specially marked price of 25c. This is the sort of hosiery that is intended to sell at 50c. Secured from an importer, his surplus line fine silk lisles in blacks only. Also fine silk embroidered lisles in colors. At 25c buying will be extraordinary in the hosiery section Monday.
This means imported lisle hosiery at the ordinary price of cotton stockings. Choice of wistaria, wine, tan, white, bronze, strawberry, navy, Alice, green and the plain blacks. Some out sizes in colors. About 1200 pairs in the lot.

Men — A Neckwear Scoop Brings 100 Dozen New Flowing Four-in-Hands at 25c

"Here's the biggest and best necktie that the department has ever seen at 25c," said the department representative as he handed the writer the copy.
Not skimmed in any way. Made from fine quality silk material. The manufacturer bought the silk under value and he made this neckwear to create a sensation at the price. We have only 100 dozen, we only wish were a thousand dozen instead. You'll want several at the price.

Men's Golf Shirts 58c
Great Value Features at 58c
Cuffs attached, plain tans or blues, and pretty light patterns as well as white pleated shirts.
These are the kind that will easily pass for 75c or 85c values.
We are featuring them at 58c.
It's just another striking example of the importance of this Men's furnishing department.
Have You Seen These 35c Chambray Shirts at 35c? Blue or tan shades. Don't believe you could match them under 50c. For work service, sizes 14 1/2 to 15.
Ironwear Socks: Have set the New Standard for Value. 25c pair. Box of six \$1.50

Have You Procured a Pair of These \$1.50 to \$1.75 Gloves . . . \$1

Because of the financial difficulties of a foremost glove manufacturer, they came to us at this sale price.
Blacks and the good shades of navy, green, gray and brown. One or two clasps.
Yes, they are absolutely perfect. Real kid and fine lambskin. Complete size range, 5 1/2 to 7 1/4. A feature line startling in its importance.

From the Same Manufacturer—12 Button Glace Long Gloves \$1.69

And long gloves are becoming more and more popular as the days advance. Blacks and tans only. They are going rapidly.
Think of it! Real kid, 3-clasp style, 3/4 length. Different sizes, 5 1/2 to 7 1/4. Every pair fitted.

Beautiful New Silk Stock

Unit of the "Room" Muslin 10c
The famous bleached 36 inch muslin every woman knows so a big value while a limited quantity lasts. Monday.
Muslin at \$1.30—Just 150 pieces today.
36-in. Cambric 16c—A fine quality—a limited lot.

More New Silk



New Beauty in Spring Millinery

Monday dozens of pretty new hats will be out for the first time. New flowers, new shapes, new trimmings. The 2nd floor sale will be rich in original, different becoming ideas.
—The first real "1911" debut of Bull Millinery.
—Some of the styles shown in the illustrations—at \$7.50.

Pay

—Only 54c winter furs.
An opportunity every woman below a dollar in this sale.
—One White Fur \$37.50
—One Novelty \$35.00
—One White Fur \$35.00
—Two Black Fur \$35.00
—Two Black Fur \$35.00
—Two Black Fur \$35.00
—Two Black Fur \$35.00
—Two Black Fur \$35.00
Take just 50p

Your New Dress

—New Italian scrim cloth, Cretonnes, Arsatens, Hungarian. They're so pretty and so so attractively low.
Italian Scrim at 40c yd.
Arabian Cloth at 25c yd.
48-in. Drapery Net at 25c yd.
50-in. Figured Armure, 75c yd.
34-in. Figured Cretonne, 38-in. Normandy Cloth, 30c yd.
38-in. Grandee Cloth, 30c yd.
And on up into the most Draperies at \$1.00 and \$1.50.
A Kaleidoscope of display. I'll show you how to do Monday. 4th Floor.

The New Dress

—French Dress Linens are French, through—in their dainty soft perfect finish and coloring.
There never have been like them.
To Sell at 50c
—47 inches wide, pure blue, tan, pink, green, slate, wine, brown, navy, then Monday. North B.

Thousands of Yards Gingham A Myriad Styles and C

—They have been coming and coming—and now we Gingham display of greater magnitude than any we have seen before. A showing that should result in new records.
—Now is Gingham time and Gingham varieties, and values extraordinary are here to excite most extraordinary buying.
—Plains Golden Red Gingham—In beautiful and exceptional quality, 12 1/2 yard.
—Plains "Toile du Nord" Gingham—In beautiful and exceptional quality, 12 1/2 yard.
—Plains A. F. C. Gingham—In beautiful and exceptional quality, 12 1/2 yard.
—Plains French Gingham—Full 32-inch, a fine importation—a fine pattern than

Beautiful New Silk Stockings at \$1.00 Pair

As pretty Dress Hosiery as woman can desire.

Pure silk—and such silk as is generally used in stockings that sell for 50 per cent. more!

Just look at the colors—Pink, gold, sky, taupe, ponce, bronze, rose, white, wine, helio and other shades—\$1.00 pair.

And there are other value reasons why Monday should be a big day in Hosiery.

Bullock's
See Bullock's Big Bargain Advertisement, this Paper, Page 14, Part III.

Good Books at Less than Half Price, 50c Ea.

72x90 Sheets
"Lockwood" 70c

—Torn ends—3 inch hem—
—Another shipment of these splendid sheets here to sell at this remarkably low price—70c.
81x90 Sheets 65c—A special value of importance.
Hemstitched Pillow Cases 18c—12x36 or 45x36 in.

Bullock's
See Bullock's Big Bargain Advertisement, this Paper, Page 14, Part III.

—Books published to sell at \$1.50. Certain covers have become soiled—Down go the prices—up comes a big opportunity for Book Lovers Monday.
—"The Governors," Oppenheim—50c.
—"Stradella," Crawford—50c.
—"In Old Kentucky," Dazey—50c.
—"In a Mysterious Way,"—50c.
—"Land of Frozen Suns," Sinclair—50c.
—"God of Love," McCarthy—50c.
—"The Eddy," Cullen—50c.
—"The White Prophet," Caine—50c.

More New Suits to Delight Women Monday, Superb at \$25.00

New Beauty in Spring Millinery

—Monday dozens of pretty new hats will be out for the first time—
—New flowers, new shapes, new trimmings. The 2nd floor salons will be rich in original, different, becoming ideas.
—The first real "1911" debut of Bullock Millinery.
—Some of the styles shown in the illustrations—at \$7.50.

All the hats in the pictures \$7.50

American Made New Wash Lace

"American Made Laces! Mind you, American made, and as delicate, as pretty, as original as any that ever came from Paris, but, think of it, no duty to pay, and none of the exorbitant charges of the European shops. Hundreds of yards; dozens of different kinds—How they will fly away, and Monday many of them are to be shown for the first time.

—Along with the most beautiful of all Spring laces and trimmings—at surprisingly low prices.

36-in. English Long Cloth, at \$1.45
—for the 12-yard piece, a very fine quality.
—An equally unusual value in
36-in. Long Cloth at \$1.10
Bolt of 12 Yards. Monday Feature
—A surprisingly soft, firm weave.



—Suits with those short snappy coats, and sensibly narrow skirts.
—Suits of splendid Blue Serge, and dark Blue, and Tan, and Gray mixtures.
—Suits that are tailored in masterly manner—with all the beauty in the lines, and more charm than any suits we have had in many a day to sell at \$25.00 or near it.
—Suits that express the very latest ideas of Fashion—simple, supremely becoming—and unusual at \$25.00.
—What if Bullock's style specialist did insist on more perfect stitching, on higher grade linings, on more careful finishing than is generally put into tailored suits at the price—he was merely keeping in harmony with the Bullock policy of developing difference—originality and character in the garments that would bear the Bullock stamp.
—And the business of this store is simply, and always to work towards the greatest satisfaction of every customer.
—Other new suits are here at \$29.50, \$35.00, \$39.50 and \$45.00.

Coats for Comfort—that are far from the Ordinary at \$10

—Semi-fitting models and beautiful long, loose styles in Heather cloth, wide wale chevrons, heavy mannish Tweeds and Scotch mixtures. Coats that are so good we emphasize them for Monday strongly. Just the styles women are wanting for serviceable everyday wear now—and later for evening comfort.
—Whether they are more unusual than
Other Coats to be out at \$17.50 Monday
—We leave it for women to judge.
—Different models, different cloths.
—Loose flowing coats of rough mixtures.
—Tight fitting and semi-fitting styles.
—And Automobile Coats. Many different patterns and colors at \$17.50.



Pay Just Half These Very Low Prices For Dependable Furs Monday

—Only 54 sets and individual pieces—the very last of the beautiful winter furs in stock—are to go at just 1/2 marked prices Monday.
An opportunity, the importance of which it is hard to express in type, and yet every woman will recognize.
Below a detailed list with present marked price, from which 1/2 is to be taken in this sale.

—One White Fox Set at \$85	—One Black Opossum Set, \$23.75	—Five Black Coney Shawls \$5.00
—One Novelty Set at \$35.00	—Two Black Opossum Shawls, \$10.00	—Three Black Coney Shawls \$3.50
—One White Fox Set at \$90	—Three Black Opossum Shawls \$8.75	—Three Brown Coney Neckpieces \$1.25
—Two Black Fox Shawls at \$27.50	—Nine Black Coney Neckpieces \$1.25	—One Brown Coney Neckpiece \$1.75
—Two Black Fox Shawls at \$35.00	—Five Black Coney Neckpieces \$1.75	—One Mink Throw, now \$39.50
—Two Black Fox Shawls at \$32.50	—Two Black Fox Shawls at \$15.00	—One Sitka Fox Muff \$25.00
—Two Black Fox Shawls at \$25.00		—One Isabella Opossum Muff, \$15.00
—Two Black Fox Shawls at \$15.00		

Take just 50 per cent. off the above prices—plan to buy Furs Monday—2nd floor.

For "The Royal Robes" of Southern California Women---New Foulards

—For Spring, so chic, so dainty, so exquisite in design and color—they are irresistible—and at 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25 yard. Think of it!—but

Most Glorious of All These New Parisian Bordered Foulards In

individual dress patterns, bewildering, changeable, beautiful\$16.50 Exclusively at Bullock's. Among the other New Spring Silks at Bullock's.

Day Among the Notions Monday

—New Italian scrim: white Swiss, Arabian cloth, Creponnes, Art Taffetas, fancy ticks, satens, Hungarian cloths—and, and, and—They're so pretty and so many and the prices are so attractively low.

Italian Scrim at 40c yd.
Arabian Cloth at 25c yd.
48-in. Drapery Net at 25c.
48-in. Drapery Net at 35c.
50-in. Figured Armure, 75c.
34-in. Figured Cretonne 15c.
36-in. Normandy Cloth, 30c.
36-in. Grandee Cloth at 40c.
And on up into the most beautiful silk Draperies at \$1.00 and \$1.50.

A Kaleidoscopic display of such brilliance it should prove irresistible to those who have new drapery buying to do Monday. 4th Floor.

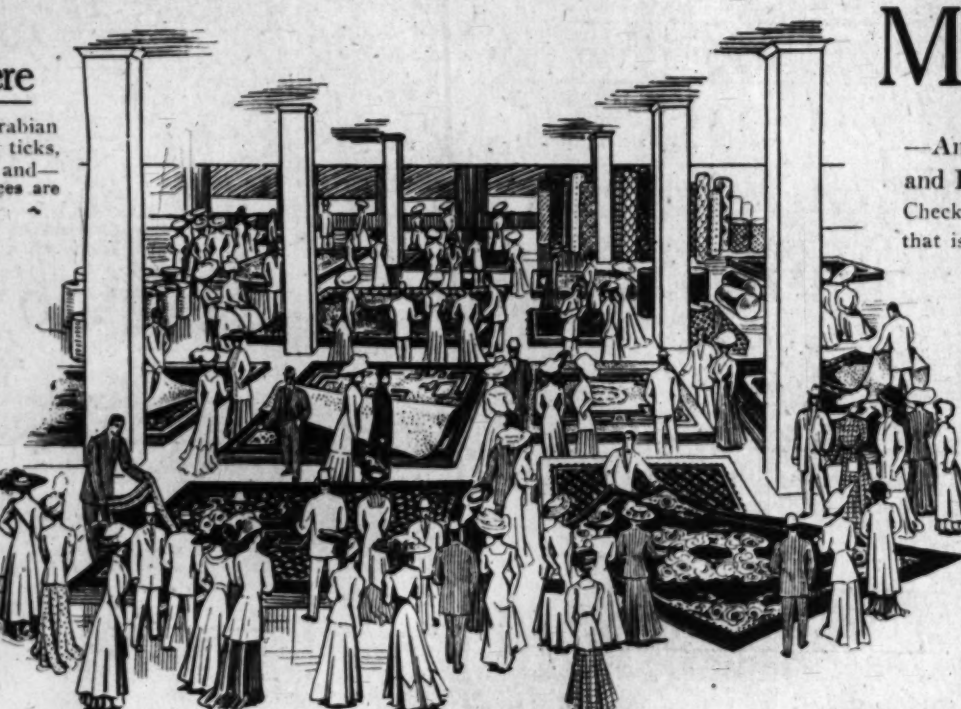
Your New Spring Draperies Here

The New Dress Linens Have Come

—French Dress Linens, and they are French, through and through—in their dainty lightness and soft perfect finish and delicacy of coloring—
—There never have been Dress Linens like them.

To Sell at 50c Yard

—47 inches wide, pure linen, white, blue, tan, pink, green, strawberry, slate, wine, brown, navy, black—see them Monday. North Building 50c yd.



Miles of "Flaxon"—Queen of the Snow White Cottons Ready Monday

—And summer buying of new materials for Waists, Frocks and Dresses should receive a wonderful impetus.
Checks, Stripes, Broken Plaids in that purest of all cottons—"Flaxon," that is so much like linen in looks and wearing qualities, and yet with all the light, cool, grateful comfort and beauty of cotton—and at a fraction of the Price of Linen.
Different weights in Remarkable variety, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c and 50c yard. See it Monday. Main Floor, North Building.

—New French Madras 60c—A magnificent white stuff for tailored waists, 34 inch.
—40 in. Apron Lawn 25c—With border; sheer or medium weight.
—Sheer Silk Crepe 60c—A beautiful stuff; self satin stripes and dots.
—45 in. Batiste at 85c—An exquisite mercerized stuff for delicate waists and dresses.
—French Dimity at 25c—Just in; new spring shades and patterns; new beauty and value.
—New Voile at 35c—For spring; 40 inches wide in all dainty shades.

Thousands of Yards Gingham A Myriad Styles and Colors

—They have been coming and coming—and now we're ready for a gingham display of greater magnitude than any we have made before—showing that should result in new records—for gingham time and gingham varieties, and values, and selections are here to excite most extraordinary buying.

Golden Rod Gingham—In new beauty and exceptional assortment, 12 1/2c yard.
"Tulle du Nord" Gingham—In new and uncommon; even more beautiful—15c.
F. C. Gingham—In new and variety—a feature Monday.
French Gingham—Full 32-in. A fine importation—a

New 32-in. Scotch Gingham—in inimitable colorings and effects. Saturday, individual. 20c.
Serviceable Shirting Gingham—Broken stripes, checks and plaids, corded—at 12 1/2c.
Famous Amoskeag Gingham—In all size checks—over 100 pieces here at 8 1/2c yard.
French Zephyr Gingham 35c.
Bordered Costume Gingham 50c—in finer patterns than ever.

Twenty Dollars for a Great Big (9 x 12 ft.) Body Brussels Rug!

—"Impossible!" you say. Yes, almost—but Bullock's Rug store is used to accomplishing the "Impossible"—to making new precedents.
—True, these Rugs are the biggest values we have seen in many a day—and as perfect as though we were asking a full 50 per cent. more for them.
—A great purchase—the nucleus of a great rug sale on the 4th floor, commencing Monday.

Axminsters at \$20.00 Each
—Not the cheap Axminsters, but the famous Sanford and Khorassan 9x12 ft. Rugs, 29 per cent. under worth, \$20.00.

Body Brussels \$19.00 Each
—Beautiful, rich colors and patterns. 8.3x10.6 size Body Brussels, for the best service.
36x63-INCH WILTONS.....\$5.00
77x94-INCH WILTONS.....\$4.50
200 SAMPLE RUGS.....\$1.00

9x12 ft. Rugs at \$3.95 Each
—Granite rugs, part of a big curial just in—new patterns, new colors. Wonderful values \$3.95.

9x12 ft. Rugs at \$8.75 Each
—Fine pre-Brussels Rugs, reversible, splendid patterns and colors. Extra heavy. 9x3, \$6.75; 9x5, \$5.00.

9x12 ft. Rugs at \$16.75 Each
—Heavy southern Brussels Rugs, as heavy as a Body Brussels, 9-10x12 size, \$13.75.

We're going to have a Dollar Dress Goods Day

—Monday. A day that should go down in the annals of Bullock merchandising with a record.
—For our buyer has worked wonders with the big woolen men of America, and sent us out

Bolt after Bolt of Bright New Spring Woolens—In Remarkable Variety to Price at \$1.00 Yard

—He expects results—and scores of new friends for Bullock's, and this department. He should win them for in this lot will be

French Serges . . \$1 Pencil Stripes . . \$1
Wool Taffetas . . \$1 Shepherd Checks \$1
Gray Mixtures . . \$1 Cream Serges . . \$1

—Every desirable color and effect and weight and weave for Spring. Not a yard of old or undesirable Dress Goods in the lot. Monday should see scores of women buying at \$1.00 yard.

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FRESH LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

By Willard Huntington Wright.

THE POPULAR NOVEL.

LAND. By Lewis Joseph Vance.

Mead & Co., New York.

DOUBTEDLY the novel is pass-

ing in spite of the frantic at-

tempts of publishers, in spite of

overwhelming numbers of work-

books that appear daily from the

in spite of the extended adver-

campaigns, the novel is giving

to the drama. It seems to be an

able metamorphosis, in keeping

with the spirit of the times. The

modern tendency is toward

pithiness, conciseness. People

no time, nowadays, for lengthy

explanatory conversations. The

twentieth century mind is not of

the past variety. The moving pic-

ture, the dash and the honor-

ing hero, the mauling young fel-

low, the ancient father in shirt

and boots is trying to marry

the designing and wealthy devil

of the city—that is the picture

of the mortgage on the farm is

astonishing to note the great

number of plays which are being

written today, both in this country

and abroad, are put between covers

and sent to the playhouse. The

novels, Andreiev, Gals-

ton, Jones, LeGallienne, Ibsen,

Rostand, Maurier, Bjornson,

Shaw, Mackaye, Nirdlinger, Gorky,

Zangwill, Schnitzler, Fitch,

Sheldon, Sudermann, Mas-

singer, Synge, Ibsen, Hesse,

Ostravsky, Barker, Wedekind,

d'Annunzio, Kennedy, Cor-

don, Moody, Macternick, and

others great and small, come

in the form of plays, and are

obtainable in printed form.

It is not so long ago when, in or-

der to get the best dramatic work, one

had to go to the playhouse and

read in the manner which read-

ers used to. It has been the

regulation number of a novel

which has kept the drama from

being more than it is.

It is an interesting thing to note

that the novelists never depict real

women. The heroines of the novel

are all dreamt up by the author

and are not the least bit real.

The old-fashioned novel is dead.

The modern novel is a thing of

the future. It is a thing of the

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agrees to divorce his gift wife and

hand her over.

Such is the way with popular fiction!

AN EGYPTIAN SUFRAGETTE.

PRINCESS SAYRANE. By Edith Ogden Har-

rison. A. C. McClure & Company, New

York.

A TYPE of fiction which has of late

been almost abrogated is the his-

torical novel of ancient times.

Nearly every novel which succeeds in

reaching the hundred thousand mark is

a modern chronicle, full of fire alarms,

incessant automobile and fashionable

weddings. The public simply won't

fall for a setting that is aged.

Occasionally Haggard, Conrad, Ride-

out, and their lesser brothers, go into

out-of-the-way places and write of an

ancient people. But the hero invariably

wears a khaki suit and is well up

in the latest slang. Though there may

be no six-cylinder touring cars, or even

a fashionable wedding actually re-

counted, by inference we are always

led to believe that is, soon as the hero

and his fiancée return to London or

New York they will buy an automobile

and send out the engraved announce-

ment cards.

For this reason, it is a somewhat

unique experience to encounter "Prin-

cess Sayrane," by Edith Ogden Har-

rison, a lurid Egyptian romance of the

days when automobiles had not even

been dreamed of. But even here we

have a decidedly modern flavor, for the

Princess is a Colorado suffragette who

has mastered all the arguments set

forth in the circular literature of the

political equality leagues of that State.

Had the Princess lived in this day she

would have been an expert lobbyist, al-

litical and militant as the most

rampant suffragette could desire. Her

conversation embodies all of the sweet

arguments of the cause. And when we

consider that she was a beautiful

Egyptian girl living in the twelfth cen-

tury, her nature at once becomes an

anachronism.

It is an interesting thing to note that

lady novelists never depict real women.

The heroines of the novel are all

dreamt up by the author and are not

the least bit real. The old-fashioned

novel is dead. The modern novel is a

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to support her in idleness the rest of

her life.

Thus we find that virtue, even in the

Canadian Northwest, is handsomely re-

warded. Therefore, let us all remem-

ber that whenever we see a bulging

burned hash down the esophagus of

drunken cooks. For we, too, may find

a reward, even as fine as that of Blind-

loss's hero.

FOR BETTER HEALTH.

THE HEALTH INDEX OF CHILDREN.

By Ernest Bryant Hoag, Whitaker & Ray-

Wagen Company, San Francisco. (Price 15c.)

A BOOK which should be welcomed

by every school teacher in the

country, as well as by parents, is

"The Health Index of Children"—a sim-

ple and untechnical treatise on the un-

recognized symptoms of children's dis-

eases, with brief and concise descrip-

tions of the way of preventing the de-

velopment of these ailments which so

often are overlooked.

Dr. Hoag is the medical director of

the Berkeley schools, the lecturer in

public hygiene at the University of

California, and a member of the Royal

Sanitary Institute of London. His ex-

perience has been wide and varied, and

he writes with the authority which

comes with years of observation and

practice. Although every school at-

tempts the intelligent supervision of

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1911.

On All News Stands
On Trains, 10 Cents. 5 CENTS.

Dealings in Land.

DOWN-TO-DATE REPORTS.

THE YEAR.

Unprecedented Demand for
OWENS RIVER
VALLEY
RED APPLE LANDS

The demand for our Owens Valley apple lands is unparalleled. We have sold over \$100,000 worth in the past sixty days—and almost every man who has seen the property has been a buyer. Apple experts from the famous apple districts of Oregon and Washington have purchased large tracts of our lands and induced their friends to purchase.

These facts can mean but one thing—that our Owens Valley apple lands are an extraordinary proposition. They lie in the center of a thirty mile strip of PROVEN APPLE LAND—where every condition of climate, altitude, soil and location is perfect for growing big red winter apples—absolutely as fine as can possibly be grown in any spot in Oregon or Washington.

Our Mr. Hanson has just returned from the North Yakima Valley, where he purchased 30,000 apple and pear trees, which will be planted on our Owens Valley Lands within the next two months.

Mr. Hanson reports that the same character of land that we are today offering for \$150 an acre in Owens Valley—has a ready sale in the Yakima Valley at from \$250 to \$400 an acre.

If you appreciate the wonderful opportunity of apple growing on real apple lands—and want to purchase some proven apple lands—but are unable to visit our lands in the near future—if you will make the initial payment, we will choose your land for you, give you two months to inspect it, and then if you are not perfectly satisfied, we will either allow you to make another choice or we will return your money. This is a straightforward, unqualified proposition absolutely without any strings to it. We are warranted in making it because we have sold nine out of every ten people we have shown our property.

Our lands have one of the most complete irrigation systems in California—with an over-abundance of pure, soft mountain water at an unusually low water cost.

If you are interested in the greatest land opportunity in California today come to our office and get further facts and information—or write for our booklets—"Fortunes in Apples" and "Questions Asked and Answered."

Office Open Till 8 P.M.

James R. H. Wagner Co.

329 South Hill Street, Los Angeles

Kuhn
California Project

40 Acres of Alfalfa and Fruit Land

with Perpetual Water Right
for \$5000

\$4000 Cash, balance in 10 years at 6%.
Water rental \$1.50 an acre a year. Water and rail transportation.

L. HOLLISTER & CO.

506 Central Building

Piedras Valley Alfalfa Land

ALFALFA, HOGS and CATTLE will make you independent. The other crop will give as quick and sure returns. We have rich sandy loam soil at \$50.00 per acre, on improved land, and an abundance of artesian water. One and one-half miles from a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Improved land adjoining is selling from \$100.00 to \$150.00 per acre. Raw land in this district is advancing rapidly. For further particulars address

Craig & Pingree

649 P. E. BLDG.

Phones

F7760; Main 4254.

WIDE TERRACE is only 10 minutes walk from PIER AVE., between trolleys and SEA, everybody wants to BE ON OCEAN FRONT TERRACE, which connects it with OCEAN. See Carl F. Schader.

PACIFIC COAST MENACED,
SAYS CONGRESSMAN HOBSONWould Be Defenseless in Case of an
Attack by Japan.

Japanese Situation a Powder Mine Liable To Be Exploded at Any Minute—A Two-Ocean Navy Is a Necessity—Japan Could Seize the Pacific Slope and We Would Be Helpless for Years to Come.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

THAT the United States, as a nation, is definitely threatened by Japan; that the attack may come before the completion of the Panama Canal—before 1912, in other words—that our army and our navy are far from ready to repel it, and that the Pacific Coast lies wholly at the mercy of a foe—these and many other startling things Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrimac during the Spanish War, now a Congressman, told me the other day in Washington. Then, being questioned, he went on to suggest ways in which we might prepare to meet the peril, declaring that an efficient army, he declared, could be maintained at cost no greater, or but little greater, than that of the existing force; our naval programme he pronounced ridiculous, and asserted the necessity for a two-ocean navy, capable of meeting high-browed, its hair is now retreating, and thus its extraordinary contours are strikingly revealed. It nodded slowly in answer to my question.

"Such an army would be much better than what we have at present, but as long as the United States has not control of the sea, and, therefore, remains exposed to attack by modern armies, three or four times 100,000 men would be necessary to give us really adequate protection. And even such protection would be adequate only in the early stages of a war. In case of conflict we would need to rapidly expand the army to at least 1,000,000 men within the minimum time necessary—probably within a year and a half or two years. But 100,000 men would be enough for the first step toward a reorganized and concentrated army."

FEW MEN ENLIST NOWADAYS.

"But how could we secure so great an army? At present not enough men enlist, I am informed, to keep up even the comparatively small total now authorized by law."

"The difficulty of small enlistment in

creased in organization and management. This ordinary business management and average economy would give us what we need, without imposing a burden of taxation on the people greater than they now bear for the purpose of maintaining an insufficient army at ill-chosen and widely separated posts. The distribution of our army posts is foolish and unmodern. Their location was, in almost every instance, determined in the old days when Indians were troublesome. Why soldiery should still be maintained at these particular points, when the Indian has ceased to trouble us, is more than any ordinary mind can comprehend, unless it accepts the explanation I have given—that their maintenance is due to political pull. Contractors and communities which have, in the past, fattened on the presence of the military, have, through their fat, achieved political influence, and this influence is brought to bear with mighty force every time the sensible and economic suggestion that we abandon the archaic and corrupt scheme and substitute for it a modern, honest one, chances to be made."

There are times when Hobson looks like a poet, rather than a warrior, and these times seem to be when he is most in earnest in planning combat or challenging the foe. When he speaks of the "Merrimac" in Santiago Harbor I was lying, pretty badly, shot to pieces, on the hospital ship Olive, in the offing, and so, of course, I did not see him as he started on his world-famous exhibition of heroism, but I have no doubt that he looked then as if he might be going to green fields, daisy-decked, rather than to almost certain death. His great forehead overhangs deeply set blue eyes, which flash viciously or merrily at times, as occasion dictates, but which beam with deceptive expression of good nature when he is indicting those whom he most severely criticizes. One ne is to know him well in order to read his face at all aright.

Suddenly, as he prepared to resume his argument, he sat up very erectly, almost stiffly, in the armchair in his study where we were talking.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MANAGEMENT INCOMPETENT.

The present management of our military and naval matters is incompetent.

Up-to-Date.
PLANADA TO BE
CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Merced County Town to Embody Modern Ideas.

Promoters State Place Will Be Laid Out at Once.

Plans for Hotel and Bank are Ready for Contractor.

The "City Beautiful" idea will be embodied in the laying out and building of the new townsite of Planada, nine miles east of Merced, on the Santa Fe Railroad. It will be the attempt of the promoters to arrange the streets and to construct the various buildings of the place along lines approved by the most modern civic improvement experts. Every structure in the city is to follow a general architectural type and all thoroughfares are to radiate from a common center.

The scheme is backed by the Planada Development Company, which is composed of Los Angeles financiers. It is the plan of the company to begin work on the site within the next few days, and it is stated that fifty teams will be started on the grading of the ground during the present week. The first structure to be erected will be a hotel of the Spanish Mission style.

Plans for this hotel, together with others for a bank and two office buildings, have been prepared by Arthur H.

lawa. Between the railroad station and the industrial section the promoters plan to plant a high hedge of rose bushes, which will be perpetually cared for by the city.

The city of Planada will be dry from the start, the hotel being the only place where a drink of anything violently or even pleasantly lubricating will be obtainable. The temperance idea will be incorporated from the start and Planada will never boast a saloon.

CLOSE-IN SITE SOLD.

Investor Buys Large Lot on Figueroa Near Tenth—Good Consideration Paid for East Seventh Holding.

The Tatum-Winstanley Company reports the following sales: Wilbur D. Campbell has bought from Louis Richbart 60x165 feet on the east side of Figueroa street, between Tenth and Eleventh, with two nine-room cottages. The improvements were not considered in the deal. The consideration was \$26,000.

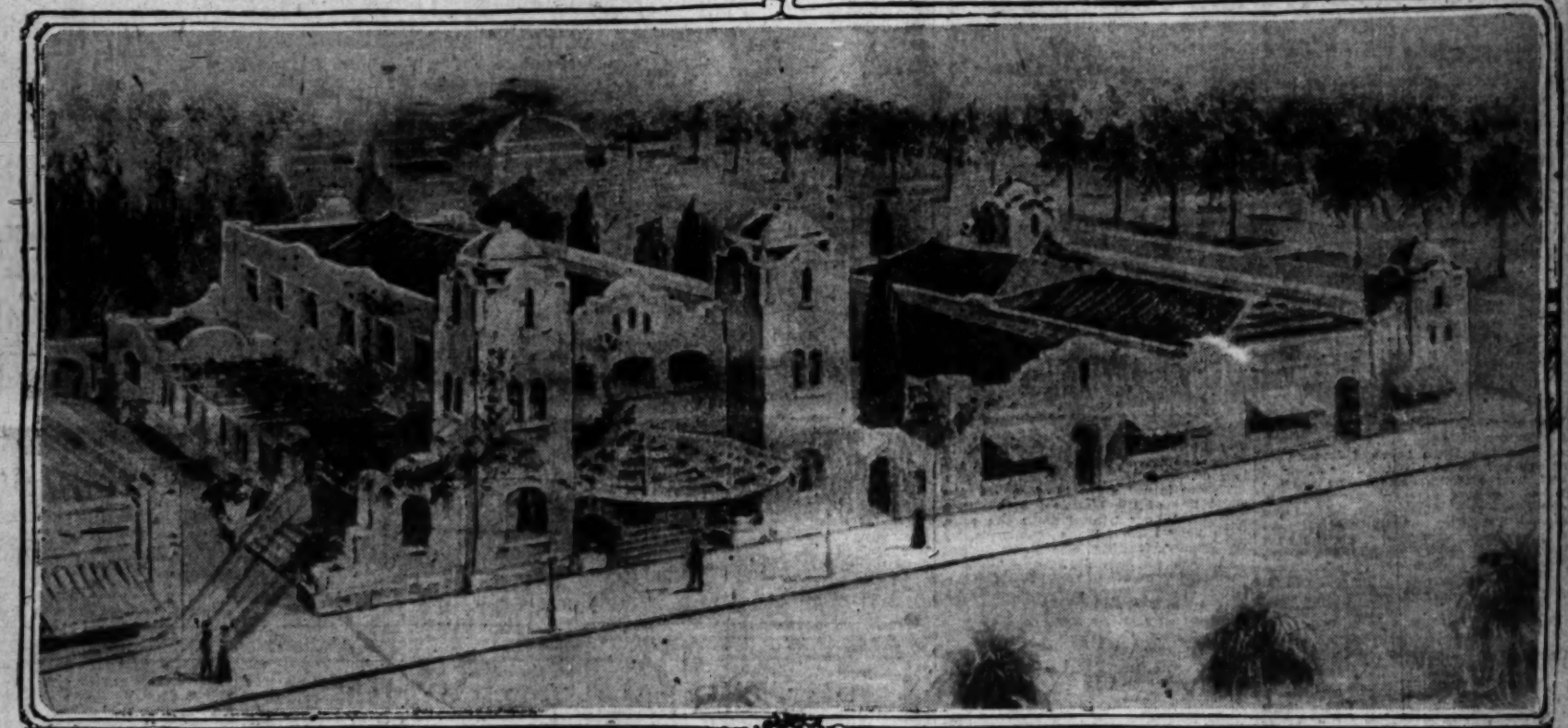
Wilbur D. Campbell has sold to a local investor 50x110 feet on the south side of Seventh street, between Elgin and Ceres, with an old frame cottage. The consideration was \$22,000.

Rev. Lawrence S. Sherron, recently from the East, has purchased from the West Riverside Estate about fourteen acres, fully set to twelve-year-old navel orange trees, the consideration being \$15,500. Thomas A. McNamara has sold to Dr. C. C. Heller 60x120 feet on the north side of Eleventh street, about 400 feet west of Figueroa, with nominal improvements. The price paid was \$15,000. This sale was made in conjunction with W. L. Hollingsworth & Company.

FINE BLOCK PLANNED.

Site on South Spring Between First and Second May Be Handsomely Improved.

As the result of a \$300,000 realty transaction reported exclusively in The Times of Wednesday, South Spring street may soon possess another fine



Architect Stibolt's Perspective Plan for California Mission Hotel.

which will be the first of the structures erected in the proposed model town of Merced county. Under the direction of the Planada Development Company, Wilbur David Cook, landscape architect has designed a townsite on the lines approved by the most modern civic improvement experts.

tinually guarding, in these crucial years, both sea coasts.

"You then consider the existing situation definitely perilous?" I asked.

"Yes, it is perilous, definitely perilous. We are unprotected against the great engines of war possessed by other nations—great armies and great navies. During the past half-century all the other powers have been organizing their whole male populations into such war engines, whereas America has, today, on land, no organization of armed men greater than a regiment. They have been building vast and modern navies, while ours has actually been continually growing weaker."

NECESSITY FOR A GREAT ARMY.

"A great army, in which every man is not only instructed as an individual, but has become a component part of a fighting machine, cannot be resisted by anything in the world except a similar machine. And, now that space has been annihilated, such machines, engines backed by merchant marines capable of transporting them, are practically at our doors."

"There are two things we can do, and only two, if we wish for national security. One is to organize, without delay, a great army of our own; the other is to use a small fraction of our mighty wealth to build, with speed, the necessary ships to stand between our shores and great armies which the other nations of the world have already organized."

"Is the defense programme of the present administration competent?" I asked.

"It is incompetent. First let us consider the army. It needs reorganization and concentration. By reorganization I mean an extension from the present largest unit, that of the regiment, to the higher units of the brigade, division, and army corps. By concentration I mean an arrangement whereby, in this reorganization, the men and officers, especially the latter, can get full training in the operation of large bodies of troops. The modern army is full of large, and the smallest unit that engages in battle is a division. We have, in the United States army, not a single organized division. How, then, can our officers learn to manage except by theory, the very unit which, in time of war, they would be most certain to be called upon to handle? Concentration, too, would permit greater economy of maintenance, so that on the same expenditure which we are making today we could support a really efficient regular standing army of, probably, 140,000 men."

"The statement that this could be done upon the same expenditure which is now made on our very much smaller fighting force was startling, but, for the moment, I let it pass unchallenged. His ideas of numerical necessity seemed more interesting at this point.

"Would 140,000 be enough?" Hobson has one of the most notable heads I have ever seen. Unusually

time of peace in a non-military country such as ours is certainly something to be reckoned with. Various steps would need to be taken to induce a larger proportion of enlistments. The term of enlistment should be reduced to two years, and as fast as men are discharged after their first enlistment they should be placed in a first reserve, with nominal pay, but required to report, periodically, to the headquarters of their respective units, ready for quick mobilization upon a declaration of war, and with equipment provided and lying ready in advance.

"Of course when I say that this is what we must need I assume that our present woeful lack of field artillery, tentage and other equipment will in the reasonable course of events be made up. In these regards our situation is too intolerable to be accepted for any length of time by an intelligent nation. All equipment difficult to procure in time of emergency upon short notice should be continually ready to hand, of course."

"Have you figured on the cost of this?"

"The cost would be less than you think—that is, its cost over our present wasteful methods would be less than you think. If the affair was economically and intelligently administered, we could maintain a first reserve of over 500,000 men on an expenditure of not more than \$125,000,000 a year, and it would take \$100,000,000 annually to maintain the 140,000 men we ought to have in the regular standing army. But that—and this is surely worth considering—would be no more than is at present spent upon our paltry 80,000."

"That this is true is plain indication of bad management, pure and simple; due partly to bad laws and partly to political pressure brought to bear upon the authorities in charge and inducing them to maintain expensive posts of small size and scattered from one end of the country to the other. For instance, the least expensive post we have now is Fort Benjamin Harrison, near Indianapolis, and that post costs us nearly \$100,000 per year per man for maintenance. Sixteen hundred dollars per year per man makes an army something of a luxury."

"Concentrating the army in a few posts properly located, where they are needed, and where the cost of supplies and transportation is small, would make the cost per capita more nearly reasonable."

"What would be a reasonable cost, per soldier, annually?"

"The hero of the Merrimac grasped a pad and pencil and figured for a moment."

SOLDIERS AT ONE-FIFTH PRESENT COST.

"We could probably maintain troops in a high state of efficiency," he said, presently, "ready for instant service at the nearest point where danger threatened, if care and intelligence were exercised."

"He went on, earnestly, and then went back, looking very thoughtful and inoffensive. "It is incompetent in that it lacks any definite policy, so far as most of us can see. This is clearly indicated by our distressingly insufficient and expensive army; it is even more clearly shown by the ridiculous incompetence of our naval programme."

"In the very nature of things, on account of the occupations of our people and their non-military character, we must depend upon our navy very largely, almost wholly, for defense. And our present navy surely is incompetent to guard us, and seems likely, if the present plans are followed, to continually become less competent. Even with the Panama Canal completed, our coasts are so far distant, one from the other, that a fleet in one ocean cannot be relied upon, at all, to give protection, within a reasonable time after an unexpected attack upon the other coast. Consequently our navy, to be of worth while, must be maintained on a two-ocean basis, with a fleet on the Atlantic capable of meeting successfully any fleet that any military power of Europe could send against us, and a fleet in the Pacific capable of meeting any fleet that any military power of Asia could send against us."

"With our present policy of two battleships a year, we not only are not advancing toward this much-to-be-desired condition of affairs, but we are not maintaining, even, status quo. We are not making good for the ships that must be dropped from the first line of battle every year, on account of age. Under this policy the navy will continually lose, not gain in strength, until, by 1912, we shall only have seven battleships in the first line of battle. Germany, on the other hand, is building at the rate of four battleships a year, twice as great a rate as ours, and, in consequence, inside of eight years her first line of battle will be twice as strong as ours."

"Definitely, what does this mean?"

"Definitely, it will mean that inside of eight years Germany, having this mighty naval force and a great standing army, will have our whole Atlantic seaboard at her mercy, even to the Panama Canal and American coasts which are covered by the Monroe Doctrine."

WAR ALWAYS POSSIBLE; AND JAPAN?

"But you do not expect war with Germany?"

"No matter how friendly the relations between the two nations may be, a condition such as I have outlined, a condition which is inevitable unless we change our short-sighted and absurd policy, is fundamentally wrong and exposes us to the gravest peril. And, mind you, I have, in outlining the situation, been very conservative."

Stibolt, Wilbur David Cook, landscape architect, is responsible for the plan of the city. Cook was formerly associated with the Olmstead Brothers of New York, the greatest of all American landscape architects, and is at present engaged in laying out the grounds for the San Diego 1915 Fair.

TO PLAN FOR FUTURE.

It is the intention of the backers of Planada to plan their town correctly in the first place, thereby avoiding the necessity of having to raise any section of the place at some future time when changes might be desired. Town planning is only now coming to be a science in this country, although many European cities long ago adopted the idea.

The Planada plan includes a 170-foot boulevard from the railroad station, which is to be the focal point, extending for three-quarters of a mile to the City Hall square. Adjacent to the space reserved for municipal buildings are triangular corners, for churches and city parks. Close to the City Hall will be situated a municipal playground, sixteen acres in extent, with a field house, reading rooms and assembly hall. This park will contain outdoor gymnasium, wading pool, a running track and other features.

The main street will have a ten-foot sidewalk and the plan is to light it brilliantly with electrolights. Forty-foot park strips extending down the center are to be planted with Coccoa Pinnosa palms.

A comprehensive architectural scheme has been laid out and the building restrictions are to be sufficiently exacting to insure that this plan will be carried out. The architecture of the city is to be along the Spanish Mission lines. The residences will be of bungalow type, with a leaning to Spanish treatment. The streets will be named after prominent names as Broderick, De la Guerra, Latham, Cabrillo, Carson and Vallejo will be perpetuated.

In addition to the city of Planada, the promoters will subdivide over 5000 acres surrounding the townsite, putting it upon the market in ten, twenty and forty-acre tracts. The town, it is believed, will fill a real market need for the immense Mariposa mining country as well as for a large farming section lying between the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads.

Promoters of the city will buy their light and power from the San Joaquin Power Company.

THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT.

One of the interesting features of the Planada scheme is the proposed segregation of the industrial district south of the Santa Fe line. It is planned to keep the manufacturing center perpetually in this one portion of the city and restrictions covering this

office building. The site of the proposed structure is that of the former Hammond block, at Nos. 120-122 South Spring. The lot is 40x148 feet in size.

The present owner, Philip M. Stone, exchanged for the property the Westside apartments at No. 630 South Alvarado street, together with a large cash payment to the Spring street holding's former owner, Mrs. L. J. H. Hastings. Stone has as yet taken no steps looking to the site's improvement, but bought the property for that purpose.

The realty deal involved was handled by J. L. Buckman and W. J. Kelly, who earlier in the week exchanged the Flannery to Mr. Stone, the apartments which entered into the above-mentioned transaction. Flannery secured a 400-acre ranch in the Imperial Valley. Stone is a prominent San Bernardino capitalist.

THE COACHELLA VALLEY.

The Mecca Land and Water Company, selling lands in the Coachella Valley, Riverside county, report purchasers in that section as follows: A. H. Meade of Seattle, Wash., 675 acres, \$34,100; C. Sprinkle of Baker City, Or., ten acres, \$1250; A. M. Spillvalo of Los Angeles, forty acres, \$2250; Mrs. Louisa Graham of Denver, 150 acres, \$10,000; A. Martin of Los Angeles, four lots in the town of Mecca, \$240; Robert McIntosh of Duluth, Minn., 20 acres, \$2000; Huns Jensen of Oklahoma, two lots in the business district of Mecca, \$900; Arthur Kaylor of El Paso, Tex., one lot, \$200; Patrick Anderson, two acres adjoining the town of Mecca, \$225. In all instances the acreage purchased will be planted at once.

HOMESITES IN DEMAND.

E. Becker reports the following sales in Eagle Rock Valley: J. H. Wilkins to E. Yeager, two and three-quarter acres, building site one block south of Colorado street and two blocks east of Central avenue, price, \$4500. A. Dickenson to A. Horvitz, three and three-quarter acres situated on Sycamore avenue, two blocks east of Central avenue, improved with an eight-room, two-story residence, well and pumping plant, price, \$5750. Fred W. Fuller to a local investor, five acres fronting on Colorado street in the La Cote tract, price, \$7500. The new owner intends to subdivide this place into small bungalow lots and place it on the market this coming spring.

ELECT NEW PRESIDENT.

The California Home Builders have selected H. C. Ackley as their president. Other officers of the company are L. C. Ackley, vice-president; A. M. Ackley, secretary and treasurer.

TEXAS PEONAGE SYSTEM BARED.

Young White Boys Tell Court of Experiences.

Brutally Whipped by Callous Overseers.

Illegally Held and Forced to Live in Filth.

(Special Correspondence of The Times.)

AUSTIN (Texas), Jan. 29.—Much sensational and revolting testimony has been given in the trial of four white men in the Federal court here on the charge of committing peonage on many young white boys and negroes. The defendants are: J. R. Woods, former Justice of the Peace at Somerville, Texas; W. S. Houston, former constable at the same place; R. S. Newsome, manager of the Koppie plantation in Burleson county, and Harlan McLeod, an overseer on the plantation. They are jointly under indictment for alleged "conspiracy to deprive citizens of the United States of the right to the free exercise and enjoyment of freedom from involuntary servitude."

For the prosecution there are sixty witnesses and for the defense seventy-five. The trial began on January 25 and will probably last two or three weeks. According to the stories told on the witness stand by a number of young white boys, they were taken off railroad trains and unlawfully captured in other ways while passing through the country and sent to the Koppie plantation, where they were made to undergo all the torments of hell.

These white witnesses were brought from several different parts of Texas and other States. Among them are Lon Johnson of Los Angeles, Cal.; Dean Blakely and Willie Roberts of Shawnee, Okla.; Ernest Armstrong of Windward, Canada; J. J. Menly, Houston; Arthur Schunk of Seguin, Texas; John Earl of Waco; Roy McNair of Dallas; G. D. Lane of San Antonio, Texas; Ward M. Fuller of St. Joseph, Mo., and Oliver Durborrow of Houston.

ONE TYPICAL STORY.

The ages of these boys range from 17 to 19 years. Most of them come of good families, and at the time they were taken captive and sent to the Koppie plantation, where they were held in bondage, they were going from one place to another on legitimate business, they claim. The same thing is alleged by the government authorities to be true as to the negroes who were taken prisoners and sent to the plantation.

The story which young Fuller told on the witness stand is typical of the testimony of the other white boys. Mr. Fuller testified that he is a native of Springfield, Ill., and is 19 years old. He moved to St. Joseph, Mo., where he resided with a married sister and was employed in a packing house for some time. In February 1909, he left home for Brownsville, Texas, where he had been offered a job by a friend, who was a civil engineer. He had only a small amount of money when he reached Fort Worth and was permitted by the engineer to ride in the cab.

When the train reached Somerville at a late hour at night Fuller alighted and was strolling about the station when he was arrested by Houston, one of the defendants. He was placed in a filthy room built of railroad ties where he was kept until the next day when he was handcuffed to a negro woman and hauled out to the Koppie farm. Fuller testified that no formal charge was placed against him and that he was not given the semblance of a trial. He was met on the road to the plantation by Newsome, the superintendent, and a pack of bloodhounds.

WHIPPED BRUTALLY.

Arriving at the farm he was thrown into a stockade among a lot of other prisoners, including many negro men and women. The fifth of the place was indescribable, the witness said. For their own amusement, Newsome and the overseer, McLeod, would enter the place at night and whip one prisoner after another into insensibility with a "cat," which the witness described as a big, loaded strip of leather. Fuller testified that he and the other prisoners were forced to get up and leave the stockade for the field at 4 o'clock every morning.

They were made to run to and from the work, which was five miles distant, armed guards riding the horses on either side of them. When a prisoner fell out of the ranks through fatigue he was dumped in a wagon and hauled back to the stockade to be whipped. They were in the field until dark and were then returned to the stockade, where they were given food that was too filthy to eat.

Fuller testified that when he was taken to the plantation he was in perfect physical condition and that the horrible treatment that he received quickly undermined his constitution and caused him to become sick and diseased. He grew weak rapidly and at the end of six weeks he could not walk, the bones of his feet protruding from the flesh. It was while in this condition that he managed by stealth to write and he mailed a letter to his sister, acquainting her with his condition. It was through her prompt action that he was released from the farm.

INVESTIGATION FOLLOWS.

It was chiefly through Fuller's complaint when he had gained his liberty that the Federal authorities began an investigation which resulted in the four indictments being returned against the alleged conspirators. Fuller related his story to the United States District Attorney in Kansas City, Mo., and the Justice Department. The machinery was quickly set in motion.

Secret service men were detailed to investigate the matter, and in a short time those agents had accumulated an enormous amount of evidence against the alleged guilty men. It was discovered that some of the white boys and negroes had been held in bondage upon the plantation for many months; that they had been horribly whipped and made to undergo the worst suffering almost imaginable; and that the alleged peonage system had been going on for several years.

The jury is composed of seven farmers, two cotton buyers, one real estate dealer and two merchants.

FOSTER-ROWLAND TRACT.

The Mason & Moon Co. reports the following sales in the Foster-Rowland tract between Los Angeles and Pomona: George Fox, 85000 acres, \$508; J. C. Brown, 65000 acres, \$508; J. H. Hughes, five acres, \$100; Mrs. J. B. Coulter, ten acres, \$200; Emma Schultz, five acres, \$100; C. J. Helander, five acres, \$100; B. H. Jack, five acres, \$100; W. E. Gairup, five acres, \$100; Gus Schultz, five acres, \$100; B. Amende, three acres, \$114.

PACIFIC COAST MENACED.

(Continued from First Page.)

uation, given us the benefit of every doubt; I have assumed that at the time of such an attack the whole fleet would be in the Atlantic, whereas this would be highly improbable, for the greatest danger at present undoubtedly exists in the Pacific.

"The race antagonisms which have grown up on the Pacific Coast, and the conflict of institutions which have occurred there between white and yellow—the insistence by the citizens of the Coast upon the right to segregate the Japanese—have charged a powder magazine which may be touched off at any minute."

"The difficulties of getting the fleet to the Pacific around the Horn are so stupendous that if Japanese statesmen should decide that a conflict is inevitable, they would have potential reasons for hastening to declare war before the completion of the Panama Canal. Until the canal is finished, therefore, we are actually in the gravest peril of attack, and our fleet should be continually stationed in the Pacific. The present policy of maintaining the fleet in the Atlantic is unwise and exceedingly dangerous."

WHERE FORTIFICATIONS ARE MOST NEEDED.

"Where do we most need fortifications?"

"The greatest need is on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal, so that in case of an attack the enemy's fleet could be kept at a distance until our fleet could pass through and form a line of battle for a conflict with it."

"The second most important place demanding fortification is the eastern entrance to the canal, so that our fleet, in protecting the canal from an attack from the Atlantic side, could take refuge under the guns of the fort in case of the approach of a superior fleet, and so that the neutrality of the region could be maintained successfully should an inferior fleet of any foreign power seek shelter in its neutral waters while America was neutral."

"The third most important place for fortification is Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu, the key to the Pacific Ocean and the real pivot of the world, since about it sooner or later will turn the destinies of the two great races which now face each other in thinly-veiled hostility across the Pacific Ocean."

"The fourth most important place for fortification is Guam, which is about the extreme radius from Pearl Harbor, on the way to the Philippine Islands."

"The fifth most important place for fortification is Corregidor, at the entrance to Manila Bay."

It will be observed that Capt. Hobson selects, as the immediately need of the protection of big guns, Pacific points exclusively, barring only the east entrance to the canal. Of course this is significant of the fact that he expects attack only from the Pacific—and we have but one neighbor to the westward strong enough to dream of fighting us, or with any motive, even fanciful, for hostilities against us.

"Which of our seaboard cities are properly fortified at present?" I inquired, certain, in advance, of what the answer would be.

"Not one on either coast line," he responded promptly. "Many of them have more or less developed forts, but in not one of these forts is there a person adequate to handle it. Not one could properly be utilized if war broke out unexpectedly. And it takes a long time to train coast artillerymen."

"How many men do the coast defenses need?"

"The minimum force necessary to man the guns of American fortifications with one full crew is 57,000 officers and men. We have at present only 20,000 officers and men for the purpose—a little more than one-third of what are absolutely necessary to competently man defensive works already in existence."

"There is not a single fort on the coast line of the United States which could not be captured from the rear, with very little serious resistance, by an enemy landing above or below. Therefore we should speedily advance the strength of our coast artillery's personnel and proceed vigorously to organize the National Guard to supplement, locally, the coast artillery and to protect local forts from attack by flanking movements upon land."

THE UNPROTECTED PACIFIC COAST.

"Then would the Pacific Coast be entirely at the mercy of a Japanese invasion if one should come immediately?"

"Not only is the Pacific Coast entirely at the mercy of a Japanese invasion at the present time, but it would be impossible to fortify it against one, for the reason just noted, that all fortifications without the support of an adequate mobile force can be taken from the rear. Fortifications do not give protection from invasion—they can only fight away a fleet, attacking from the front."

"Should an enemy land upon the Pacific Coast what could he do before we could check his advance?"

"The war games fought out in the War College at Annapolis, the Japanese, in the possession of the Pacific, could not only seize the Philippines, Alaska, Hawaii, Samoa, Pearl Harbor, Alaska and Panama, but that they could occupy, without serious resistance from us, the entire Pacific Slope. The shortest time in which America could organize an army, much less have it equipped, well-drilled, regular army of invasion, would exceed, at the best, twelve months. And with that time free communication with Asia, as he would be, for securing new ships, new men, new guns, new supplies, new everything else he wanted without serious interruption from us, it would take years—many years—of disastrous war to dislodge him from our mainland coast. Not to mention the even greater difficulties of driving him out of our island and Alaskan territory."

"This, to my mind, very clearly emphasizes the utter folly of leaving the Pacific Ocean under the control of any foreign power. It is exceedingly perilous to do so; it is foolhardy."

"Could an enemy, having landed on the Pacific Coast and having gained control there, hope to cross the Rockies?"

"He would probably have no desire to. Why should he wish to cross the Rocky Mountains? The natural ambition of the Japanese is to possess the fringe of land which surrounds the Pacific Ocean, and, through such possession, to control that ocean. They probably would never undertake to extend their control far inland, even in Asia, much less in America. Moreover, having taken possession of the western slope by remaining on it, they would put our armies to the necessity of crossing the deserts as well as the great western mountain chain in order to get at them. The deserts and the mountains, together make a natural bulwark of enormous strength against an army attempting to cross in either direction."

"We have too few defenses."

"Yes."

"And our navy is incompetent to—"

"It is weak and getting weaker every year."

"And what coast defenses we have are insufficiently manned."

"We have about one-third more enough to man them."

"And it seems difficult to get more."

"Very difficult."

"Why?"

"The reasons are various."

ANNOUNCEMENT

Van Nuys and Lankershim Lands

Over Three Million Dollars worth of this choice acreage has been sold to date to well-informed orchardists, farmers and business men of Southern California well posted as to the values and future prospects of the entire Section which is in itself a most pointed endorsement of the merits of these lands.

About \$5,000,000 of property remains to be sold. There has been and will be reserved certain portions of the tract to be put on sale from time to time so that, as nearly as possible, an intending purchaser may have a selection in any portion of the lands at all times.

A General Agency for the sale of these lands has been secured by the Janas Investment Company, with offices at No. 320-335 Pacific Electric Building. This Company is well known as one of the most progressive selling agencies in the City with record for handling large business, having been identified with many extensive and successful subdivision enterprises.

The Townsite of Van Nuys will be handled by W. P. Whitsett as Sales Manager, with offices at 319 S. Hill St. Mr. Whitsett also has an enviable record for enterprise and success.

These selling agents have been selected because of their ability, energy and reputation for integrity and successful business methods in selling property. They will continue the policy of enlisting the co-operation of all reliable and established Agents and the arrangements made with them are such as to enable them to offer an unusually liberal proposition along these lines.

The above announced changes pertain to sales only. There will be no change whatever in the management of the enterprise, which is vested in a Board of Control, to wit: Gen. H. G. Otis, Harry Chandler, O. F. Brant, M. H. Sherman and H. J. Whitley. The last named is General Manager, and all matters of development, work pertaining to boulevards, roads, parks, houses, etc., on the lands are under his direct supervision.

Work on the asphalt boulevard is being rapidly prosecuted by the Barber Asphalt Paving Co., contractors. This is one of the notable pieces of road-building in Southern California, comprising fourteen miles of double boulevard, both lined with cement curbs and paved with genuine asphalt and to be parked with thousands of ornamental trees and shrubs. There is also under construction by the Los Angeles Pacific Company a double track electric railroad, which, according to contract, is to be completed to the new town of Van Nuys by April 1st, 1911.

Los Angeles Suburban Homes Company

Subdividers and Developers of Van Nuys and Lankershim Lands in San Fernando Valley, California.

H. J. WHITLEY, Gen. Mgr.

Executive Offices, 210-220 Central Building.

182nd Monthly Report, February 1, 1911

Los Angeles Investment Company

333-335-337 South Hill Street

Founded in 1866

Established in Los Angeles, 1895

Incorporated under the laws of California, May 29, 1899

Resources

Balance due on houses being sold on monthly instalments, mortgages, secured loans and houses under construction.....	\$2,790,864.20
Building Material Company stock, including two lumber yards, lumber and planing mills, warehouses, shops, factories, wagons, etc.....	164,740.00
Stock in "Home Makers".....	40,082.90
Stock in Globe Savings Bank at par (market value \$95,000).....	63,300.00
Stock in City and County Bank.....	12,500.00
Real Estate (market value \$2,445,635.00).....	2,109,607.46
Fixtures.....	6,083.22
Cash on hand.....	263,679.72
	\$5,450,857.50

Liabilities:

Dividends payable (uncalled for).....	\$ 5,219.31
Gold Notes.....	51,450.00
Home Certificates and Mortgages on property purchased (not a legal liability).....	193,273.13 249,942.44

Net Assets:

Capital stock paid in cash.....	2,065,135.00
Reserve.....	3,135,780.06 5,200,915.06
No unpaid bills.....	\$5,450,857.50

The Principal Sources of Profit for 1910 are as Follows:

REAL ESTATE.....	\$345,310.53
INTEREST.....	240,586.36
BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.....	11,292.36

There were also miscellaneous profits from architectural, legal, insurance, rental and publishing departments. Quarterly, cash dividends were divided among the stockholders amounting to \$448,392.11.

NO INVESTOR IN THIS COMPANY HAS EVER FAILED TO RECEIVE ALL OF HIS MONEY ON DEMAND.

The Most Productive Land Southern California

Is Located in the Coachella Valley, Riverside County. On Main Line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Five Hours Ride East of Los Angeles, Cal.

\$75 Per Acre

With Free Flowing Water—No Pumping—Level, Fertile Land, \$250 per acre. This company owns and controls the NEW TOWN MECCA and over 30,000 acres up and down the Coachella Valley and is prepared to Clear, Plow and Level the Lands for their owners, giving them THREE YEARS' TIME to pay for the improvement. On certain Lands the company will allow their Clients FIVE YEARS' TIME. ARTESIAN WATER POSITIVELY GUARANTEED. WATER STOCK TO BUY. NO MAINTENANCE FEE. NO RENT TO BUY. JUST TURN ON YOUR WATER. THE FINEST ORANGE LAND IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. ABSOLUTELY PROTECTED. THE MECCA ORANGE RIPENS SIX WEEKS AHEAD OF OTHER ORANGE and is placed on the Eastern Market in time for the Holiday Trade. 6000 ACRES WILL BE PLANTED TO COTTON THIS YEAR in the Valley. No danger of the "BOLL WEEVIL." THE COTTON GIN IS LOCATED AT MECCA. Mecca is the division point for the new Railroad to the mines in the Eagle Mountains. LANDS \$50. Lands and lots sold on easy payments. U. S. Government and New Cotton Gin now operating at Mecca. \$18 PER ACRE. ADVANCED TO COTTON GROWERS. THE "DEGLET NOOR" GROWN AT MECCA, sells in Los Angeles for 40 cents per bushel. ENORMOUS CROPS OF ALFALFA INSURES BIG PROFITS IN TLE AND HOGS. You can raise at Mecca COTTON, GRAPES, CANTALOUPE, TURKEYS, CHICKENS, ALFALFA, STOCK, SWEET POTATOES, CORN, ONIONS, ASPARAGUS, ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, OLIVES, ETC. This guarantee TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO. LOS ANGELES. EXPOSURE TWICE A WEEK, FREE TO BUYERS.

THE MECCA LAND & WATER CO.
606 South Spring St., Ground Floor. Open Evenings.
Telephone: F1096, Sunset Broadway 1316.

BUNGALOW BOO PLAN



A Bungalow is the most attractive, cozy, home-like house in the world and built just right. OUR PLANS ARE RIGHT AND PRACTICAL and adapted to every climate and every locality. We have designed thousands of Bungalows—it is our sole business and we are constantly studying it. We are responsible for hundreds of the most comfortable, pleasant and beautiful homes in Los Angeles, Pasadena and environs, and you are safe in writing to us for a copy of our plans. If you are thinking of building a home, please send us your name and address and we will send you a copy of our plans. It contains 128 large folio pages and 241 illustrations of Bungalows, from the most modest to the most elaborate. It also contains a complete list of materials, tools, fixtures, etc. Not a word is said about cost. It is a complete guide to the architect, carpenter or contractor. Send stamp for sample plan. THE BUNGALOWCRAFT CO., 407 Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles. 130 South Broadway.

Van Nuys for



Van Nuys and Lankershim Lands

for Your Home or An Investment

SITUATION: In San Fernando Valley, the most beautiful valley in the environs of Los Angeles. This magnificent stretch of fertile land is at the very gates of the most rapidly growing city in the world; it is within $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Hollywood, now included in the city limits of Los Angeles. The San Fernando Valley is one of the two valleys that are close in and nearby the City of Los Angeles. They are the only two outlets into which the city can expand its suburbs, country homes, truck gardens and poultry ranches.

SOIL: The soil is a brown loam, easy to work, and can be planted in orchards, gardens and grain; the wonderful fertility of the soil is apparent. Poultry raising conditions are ideal. Grape vineyards are an assured and demonstrated success. Gardening conditions are among the best anywhere. Acreage adjoining these lands raises profitable orchards of peaches, apricots and apples; in fact all kinds of deciduous fruits and berries of all kinds without irrigation. The identical conditions prevail over a large portion of the Van Nuys and Lankershim Lands.

TRANSPORTATION: The most distant of these lands are within an hour's ride from the Court House; the Southern Pacific R. R. going direct through the lands. Cars are now stopping at the townsite of Van Nuys. According to railroad contract electric cars will be running direct from the Los Angeles-Pacific Station on Hill Street to Van Nuys and Lankershim Lands by April 1st.

IMPROVEMENTS: Are all under the personal direction of H. J. Whitley, founder of Hollywood, and general manager of the Los Angeles Suburban Homes Company. Improvements will include over a half-million dollars of boulevards, many miles of which are now laid and being used. The boulevard system comprises about 15 miles of double-roadway---one for automobiles and one for teams; both paved with asphalt and lined with cement curbs on both sides. Between the boulevards is the right-of-way for the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway. The boulevard will be parked on both sides with thousands of dollars worth of ornamental trees and shrubery. Depots are being built. Homes are being erected and contracts for scores of others are in the hands of the builders.

PRICE: The land is divided into tracts of 5 acres and up, from \$150.00 per acre and up---Easy terms. The opportunity for the homeseeker and investor is exceptional, practicable and convincing. Grasp it.

Janss Investment Co.

320-335 Pacific Electric Building

Sixth and Main Streets

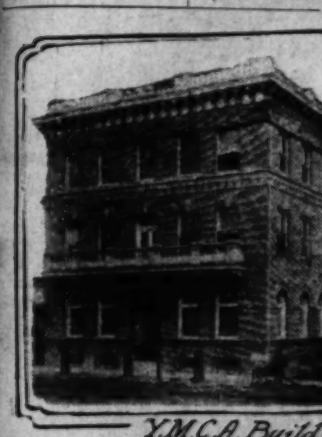
Home 10345

Broadway 2468

$4\frac{1}{2}$ MILES

HOLLYWOOD

LOS ANGELES



**A Public Auction of Fifty Business Lots and Two
Hundred Residence Lots Will Be Held
In Van Nuys February 22, 1911**

Arrangements are being made with the Southern Pacific Railroad to run special excursion trains direct to the property. The R. H. Strouse Co., assisted by I. W. England and J. S. Hull, Auctioneers, will conduct the sale.

Mariposa St.
Scenes in the U.S.

319 South Hill Street

BY WALTER J. BALLARD

Deep mining in the Mother Lode is being successfully carried on in some places, but is being prosecuted vigorously, and the resultant yield is increasing. The number of productive mines in the Mother Lode is small, owing to the small investments required, but their yield is great, especially when extreme depth has been attained, and reduction of the cost of the shaft is being effected by the use of the cable installed. The average grade of ore in these mines is comparatively low, but very large quantities of ore are mined and will continue to be mined in the Mother Lode. The largest quantities are mined in Calaveras county, but the largest quantity of gold is from Amador county. Gold is also mined in Colusa, Yuba, and Sutter counties, but, in order by quantity, in the following order: Maricopa, Yuba, Colusa, Sutter, and Amador.

The larger proportion of the gold output of California is still derived from siliceous ore, but since the late 1920's the trend has been toward the gold dredges this proposition is not so great as formerly, and the placerville yield of the State may again equal the yield from the dredges, especially if another extensive dredge field is developed. Moreover, the old gravel channels in Butte, Plumas, Sierra, Nevada, Yuba and a few other counties are being reopened, and the old capital and numbers of old drift mines are being reopened. Very little hydraulic mining is being shown in hydraulic mining districts, but the hydraulic condition only in Siskiyou and Grinity counties, where there are no restrictions on restricting hydraulic operations as in the past. The gravel-mining counties are almost entirely closed to hydraulic mining.

The copper output of California in 1929 was 1,000,000 lbs. in 1929, owing to taxes above normal, and the mining of less importance in the State to

anks, unloaded into the company's trucks, action that is locally interpreted as meaning early resumption of work. Strong concrete bulkheads reinforced with steel beams will be installed at the lower openings from the main shaft, save upon the 1000 level, and it is expected that when work is resumed this will save much pumping. No pumps have been taken out of the mine, and the equipment at the 800 level is adequate of itself to unwater the mine as need. Thus far the water has raised only to the 800 level.

In the more serious situation is hard-rocking, which is a very dangerous and costly plight, with her pay roll cut off, for water supply diminished to meager proportions and her train service cut down. Her electric plant is being used to pump this water, and the plant will follow suit. Upon the basis of this is a threatened loss of the company seat, for which active campaign have been begun by Blesbe, and

[Special Correspondence of The Times.]

The eight-foot vein of good ore is being mined. Developments in the lower workings indicates the persistency of the ore to great depth, but the cost of litigation for the copper has been so great that the mining company has passed has had the effect of depleting the treasury and discouraging deep developments.

Railroad for Afterthought.

Officials of the Afterthought Copper Company announce that plans have been perfected for the building of a line of railway from the Afterthought mine to Bella Vista, and that the construction of the line will commence. This line has been projected for two years, but because of lack of finances, work has been delayed. It is now claimed that sufficient funds are assured to carry the work to completion.

With the completion of the railway, which will be fourteen miles long, it

Rich Strike at Ginnell.

A ten-inch vein, impregnated with gold, has been uncovered at the Ginnell mine, near Anastraville, Tuolumne county. It has been opened for indications are that it may be one of the richest shoots ever opened in the district. Much of the quartz is said to run several hundred dollars per ton. The mine showing increasing strength as developments progress. The mine is located near the noted Unrisen property and adjoins the Dutchman's mine. It was put to work and developments will be crowded with utmost celerity.

Adds Stamp to Mill.

impregnated with copper that precipitation of the metal gave rich returns.

SILVER BELL CAMP.
WORK HAS BEEN RESUMED.
[Special Correspondence of The Times.]

TUCSON (Ariz.) Feb. 3.—Private reports received in Tucson tell of renewal of work on a large scale at the Silver Bell camp, which practically was abandoned last fall. It is understood that the Imperial Copper Company will soon begin work on its large bodies of low-grade concentrating ore, which practically are the property of the adjoining Tri mines lately leased to the Imperial. The smelting-ores of both properties are a bit too low in grade for profit at the present price of copper, but concentration there is the only way that large returns may be given the stockholders. The Imperial already has a modern

well is down over 600 feet of drilling will get a premium of \$2 into oil by April 12.

VISITING THE FREE EASTERN CAPITALISTS

B. X. Dawson and L. De Sa the Dawson Oil Company have been in the field last night with a party of eastern stockholders. They inspect all the fields in the San Valley.

The American Sunset, adjacent to Dawson, is down 1450 feet and is getting a big well at any moment. Gas pressure is high and the well have been excavated to hold the stockholders of this company. San Francisco

Count Dunn and R. G. Hadden, president of the American Plant and Kinsey of the Los Angeles Jordan, Low & Brand. A. Los Angeles capitalists.

COUNTY STATISTICS.

Fresno is the county seat of Fresno County, California, the fifth largest city in California, with a value of \$65,394,428, the other four being Los Angeles, \$31,400,099; San Francisco, \$15,420,008; Oakland, Calif., \$11,700,000; and Santa Clara county, As to area Fresno county fifth with 6152 square miles. Ordinal county having 19,847, 10,294; San Diego county, 7233; San Bernardino county, 7233 square miles. Total value of the products of the county for the past year, as reported by the Chamber of Commerce, was \$41,076,590. The population

Fresno, Its Transportation, Commercial, Manufacturing, Fruit-Raising, Financial and Educational Advantages--Opportunities for Investors and Homeseekers.

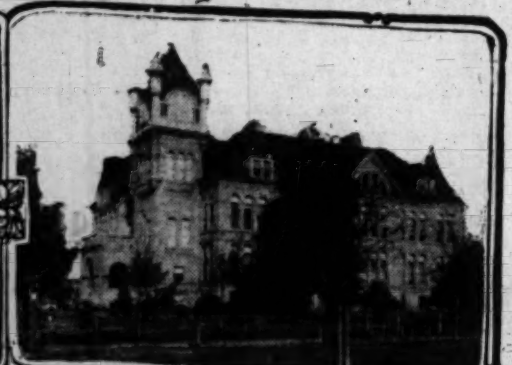
BY THE TRAVELER.



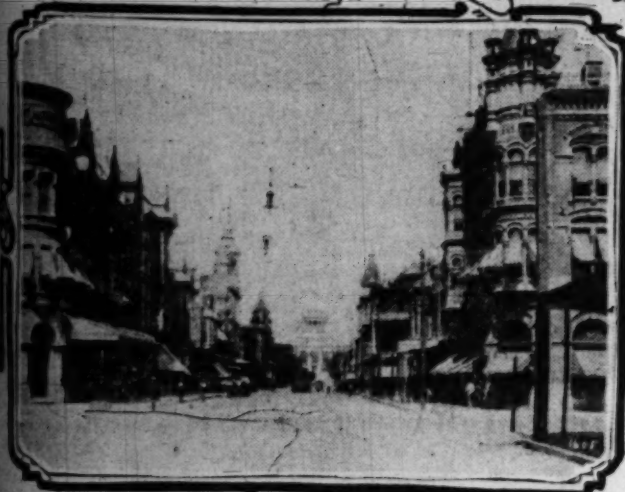
Fresno County Court House



Y.M.C.A. Building



High School -



Mariposa Street—
Scenes in the Heart of Fresno.

are 400,000 acres of irrigated farm land and this area is being rapidly extended as the homeseeker is availing himself of the splendid opportunities. Thirty years ago the lands adjacent to the river were almost all waste, when wheat growing was wheat gambling, so uncertain were the returns. Sheep roamed over wide areas and land was auctioned off to the highest bidder promising the best conditions. Land was held in great tracts, the only form of agriculture being grain raising. The coming of the irrigation ditch and the diversified farming—orchards springing up in the midst of the dry and unproductive plains, vineyards were planted, alfalfa due to the irrigation ranches were subdivided, the profits from small holdings often affording richer returns than the net profits from large ones—brought the opening of schools, churches appeared, towns were organized, telephones, steam and electric railroads, electricity for light and power, and the life of the people became life attractive, and these developments made of Fresno the city it is today and will continue to make it a still larger city.

NO CROP FAILURES.

The gain of irrigation has been very great. It takes farming out of the uncertainty as to crops, making the year's output certain. Under irrigation crops are sure, are larger and of a superior quality, and can be doubled up in a season on the same land, and in the case of alfalfa, four, five, and sometimes six crops in a season. The conditions of farming near Fresno have been almost ideal for years, when he reckons the slight cost of buildings, the little shelter required for stock, the small amount of forage needed for winter, the safety of crops through the absence of summer rains, and the fact that to an added income from the field.

SCHOOLS OF FRESNO.

Fresno is justly proud of her educational facilities. There are fifteen school buildings, eight brick and seven wood, according to the report of June 30, 1914, for the year ending 1913-14. The buildings have a cost of \$4,025,000, including the furnishings. There are twenty-three teachers employed in the high schools, with an enrollment of 576 pupils, and 118 teachers in the elementary schools, with an enrollment of 4563 pupils. The total cost of conducting the schools for the year ending 1913-14 was \$187,125. One of the important educational features of the high school is the "Fresno Junior College," which will do a great deal of advanced work, for which credit will be given by the colleges. Fresno is the first city in the State to install this work, which was authorized by the last legislature. At a late bond election, \$60,000 was appropriated for providing six playgrounds for the children. The sites have been purchased and the playgrounds are equipped. During the past year \$134,898 was expended on new school buildings, additional grounds, and improvements. The value of the school district in the Fresno school district is \$114,402,444. According to the school census there are 2883 children under 5 years of age, and 5811 of 5 years of age and over. Of the school age, 5649 are white, 1090 are Chinese, and 117 Mongolian. Of all children 7678 are native born, and 1016 foreign born. The number of children in the schools for the high school last year. The number of school children in Fresno, in propor-

ere the Irrigation Water is taken



Where the Irrigation Water is taken from Kiri

tion to the population, is said to be greater than any other city in California, there being 5311 enrollment in a population of 24,892, a proportion of about one to four.

STOCK RAISING.

"It was not many years ago," said J. E. Dickenson, a prominent stock man of Fresno, "that stock raising was confined principally to producing herd and range cattle, and a few horses and mules depending for feed on the natural grasses and mountain ranges which were of uncertain value. Today the business has expanded to include mountains for from \$5 to \$15 an acre, profits from the business being in proportion to the price of the land. The principal business of the present-day stockmen is to buy the best land, plant alfalfa and other forage crops and then raise high-grade stock. The most important of these forage crops are alfalfa, purple vetch and alfalfa. The purposes weighing from 1200 to 1700 pounds each; mules weighing from 1000 to 1400 pounds each, and stock calves from 1000 to 1400 pounds when two years old. The pasture is no longer the native grasses, but vast acreages of alfalfa and vetch are raised, and these now being utilized for stock pastures will bring a yearly rental from the production of hay of from \$10 to \$15 a year, based on the price asked for the hay. The interest in the East, of from \$100 to \$200 an acre, including the water rights. The yearly production from these lands, based on the interest in the East, makes them really worth from \$250 to \$300 an acre. One feature in stock raising that is of much importance is the use of the water right, which always calving without shelter the year round. The increase in the dairy business of Fresno county from 1900 to 1910 is about 500,000 pounds, but ten years ago to over 4,000,000 pounds. Last year is an important factor in making the raising of high-grade stock profitable. The water rights in Fresno county for the establishment of many more stock farms, that can be made to pay well. The prices of the water rights are based on the returns the land will bring, and are no higher than they should be. The speculative value of these lands is the reason why the water rights under the cities as the interurban railroads are bringing all parts of the valley to its common center, which

INTERURBAN RAILROADS.

"In no other part of California," said A. L. Hobbs, late president of the Fresno county Chamber of Commerce, "is there a better opportunity for a syndicate of capitalists to secure the basis for a profitable system of transcontinental railroads than out of Fresno. The country is level in every direction, the land is being settled upon, and would be needed in many favorable directions for all kinds of roads. At present the demand is being done partially supplied. What we want is a railway company that will take up the business of the country, and the more developed business and not just what is in sight today: a company of capitalists that would inaugurate a service of one train each way in each direction, one train each day; a service that would give rapid transit. If twenty trains were departing each hour in as many directions from Fresno, there would be some too many, and they should reach out into the surrounding country for from thirty to fifty miles. One road in each direction would be the best. As Coalings says: 'But it should be done on a large scale. If this were done - Fresno would be among the most popular cities in the

CALIFORNIA OIL

Fresno county embraces the Coalinga oil district, which produced last year 7,938,205 barrels of oil, out of the total in San Joaquin Valley of 56,405,406 barrels, and of the whole United States 5,000,000 barrels. The value of this oil from the Coalinga field will approximate \$9,000,000.

RAILROAD OPERATIONS.

According to the records of building permits issued from February 10, 1910, to January, 1911, less than eleven months, there were improvements made in Fresno for the following: 1,275 permits for 287 new buildings, 1,275 for alterations and repairs. By months the amounts were: February, \$10,000; March, \$10,600; April, \$74,425; May, \$80,490; June, \$106,747; July, \$55,762; August, 101,045; September, \$92,490; October, \$100,000; November, \$100,000; December, \$91,862. Among the buildings whose cost was given as \$5000 or more, are the following: Ryan's store, \$12,600; American public building, \$10,000; Land & Holland Creamery, \$4000; Manana store and hotel, \$8223; F. H. Short livery stable, \$11,462; Unitarian church, \$10,000; J. H. Bix, residence, \$27,900; H. McKinnon, garage, \$8000; T. J. Hammond, warehouse, \$7900; R. C. Hays, residence, \$10,000; J. W. Laffinger, residence, \$7000; Stephens &

(Continued on Sixth page.)

**GROW WALNUTS,
APPLES, APRICOTS
and GRAPES Without
Irrigation. On
VAN NUYS and LANK
ERSHIM LANDS**

Lankershim and Nuys lands offer
en opportunities
prospective wal
growers, peach, ap

vineyardists, poultrymen, and truck growers; 12,000 acres joining these lands are covered with the finest peach, apple and walnut orchards in the State. And All GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION. The peculiar moisture-retaining character of the soil does away with the bothersome and expensive necessity of irrigation.

And non-irrigated fruits are better flavored, too! Now is the time to set out a dividend producing walnut, peach, apricot or apple orchard right at the gates of the city—while Lankershim and Van Nuys lands are offered at original prices. Buy before the new car line is in operation—cars will be running very short time.

Whether you intend to buy for an ideal suburban home, for fruit growing or plain straight land investment—buy NOW, before that car line is complete BEFORE the \$500,000 worth of asphalt boulevards (now under way) are finished. This is the last chance to buy a large tract of prime, fertile, irrigated land, proposition suburban to Los Angeles—the most rapidly growing city in the world; 10 to 20 acres purchased now in what will ultimately be Los Angeles' developed suburb will bring wealth and independence to you.

We have the best facilities for showing you Van Nuys and Lankershim Lands. Arrangements for a personally conducted visit, Automobile excursion leave office at 9:00 A.M. daily.

Los Angeles Suburban Homes C

F. P. NEWPORT COMPANY

Successors to Newport & Milner, Selling Agents
(By Authorization in Writing)

206-09 Central Building

NEWITT ADV. CO.

Good Farms for the Man Not Able to Buy

We mean exactly what we say---many farmers are leasing and renting who want to own and have never been able---Here is a chance and it is

Worth Your While to Inquire

Lands are good, level, rich, water all your own. These little farms are not remote, but near the County Seat, a thriving town of 3500 people.

Lands \$60 to \$90 Per Acre

Terms made so that almost anyone can own and occupy. Come in and see us about this

W. O. Huse Co.

407-8-9-10 Stimson Building

Member of Realty Board and Member Chamber of Commerce

UGAR COMBINE TO HAVE RIVAL.

Indian Millionaire Has Big Plans for Texas.

Immense Mills and Fields of Cane His Hobby.

Culture Story of Rapid Rise to Wealth.

Lon C. Hill, multi-millionaire Choctaw Indian who will fight the sugar trust.

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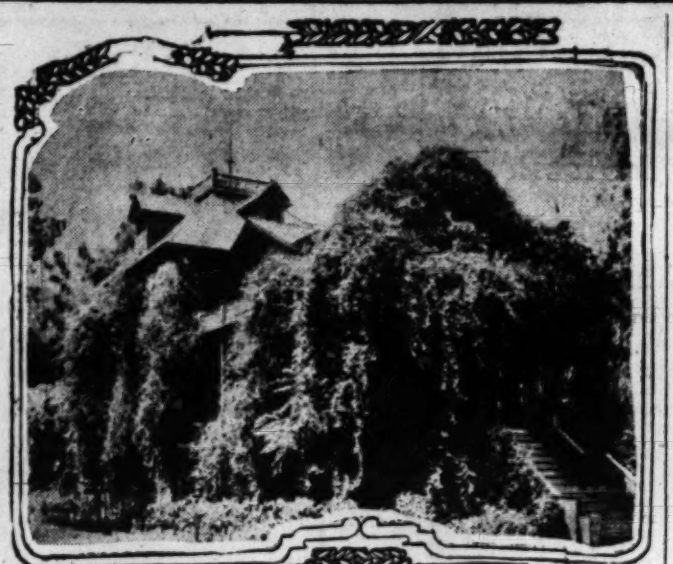
into the Gulf of Mexico, only a few miles away.

He had friends in the valley, and through their assistance, he was able to make a trip to the plantations.

TRANSFORMING DESERT.

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

One of the most notable growths in the history of American industry is the sugar industry.



A Vineyard Residence, Near Fresno.

PRESNO.

Bean undertaking parlors, \$16,500; Fresno Theater, \$8000; Masonic Temple, \$32,000; Mrs. F. J. Craycroft, residence, \$3500; C. R. Buckhaber, residence, \$5000; Western Meat Company, storehouse, \$12,500; W. B. Holland, residence, \$2000; A. E. Kinley, residence, \$5000; W. L. Crammer, store, \$6000; W. Parker Lyon, garage, \$7000; J. D. Morgan, garage, \$14,000; D. Yeaden, store, \$16,815; Fresno Hotel, \$199,500; W. J. Onell rep stores, \$18,000.

There were 1144 firms or individuals who were called upon last year to pay a license for doing business in Fresno.

PROFITS IN FIGS.

As an adjunct to the regular farming industry in Fresno county poultry raising forms a pleasant as well as profitable branch.

HOMESEEKER'S MECCA.

Our system of selling farm lands, said a leading real estate man, "has enabled the farmer to pay the expenses of the business."

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Fresno has a Chamber of Commerce which during the years of its existence has been an important factor in the progress and development of the resources of Fresno county.



Ramona Acres.

\$750 Per Acre and Up

Gas, Water and Telephones. Fifteen Minutes Ride from 1st and Main Sts.

Think what RAMONA ACRES means. The finest location for a country home.

HOW TO GET THERE: Take car marked "Covina Line" in the Pacific Electric Building, or anywhere on Main street to First and get off at Garfield avenue.

Janss Investment Co.

320 Pacific Electric Bldg. Sixth and Main Sts. Home 10345; Broadway 2468.

How About You?

Have you figured out just exactly what your money is doing for you?

Is it working as hard as you are? Are you really satisfied with the returns? Here's a tried and proven business paying a regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent. (at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum.)

This surely must interest you. And another thing to remember is that dividends have been paid for nearly 5 years.

\$1.15 a Share

buys stock now in this company on easy terms of 10 per cent. cash and 5 per cent. per month and insures you a steady income.

Why not investigate this now? Get advantage of the next increase in price to

\$1.20 a Share

Send for free magazine: "THE MAKER OF HOMES."

THE ORIGINAL HOME BUILDERS OF LOS ANGELES

418-19-20 Douglas Building. Phone: Main 3601, F3195. Corner Third and Spring Sts. No Branch Offices.

Bell Flower Acres -- And Freedom

James R. H. Wagner Co.

ING TESTS OF EUCALYPTS.

ing Experiments by Federal Government.

ing Adaptability of California Woods.

Results Obtained Various Lines.

BY F. J. DYER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—An interesting study has just been issued by the service of the Department of Agriculture on the utilization of eucalypts.

problem of utilizing eucalypts and without undue waste of money must be one of its tenets.

TESTS EXPLAINED.

straight-grained pieces, 2x2 section, were used in these tests.

compression parallel with the grain, 1500 lbs. per square inch.

of seasoning, air dry, 15% moisture, 15% shrinkage.

of other species, of eucalypts, gum, gray gum, etc.

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WORKERS' PAGE—The Great Campaign for Industrial Liberty in America.

THE SNOBBERY OF THE BOSSES.

It is really amusing to hear the laborites denounce the "snobs" and "snobbery" of the moneyed class. It has been our experience that the meanest "snobs" and the greatest exhibition of "snobbery" are to be found in the aristocracy of the union laborites.

The average union labor official, be he business agent of a local union or the head of an international union, is a "snob."

Once a laborite is elected to a union office that carries a salary, he immediately begins to show his authority and looks down on the members of his union as though they were his inferiors. He establishes narrow office hours for the transaction of business and refuses to deal with the unionists outside of "hours."

Usually he reports at his office about 10 o'clock in the morning and if he feels so disposed he remains there until noon when the office is closed for the day and he is free to do as he likes until the next morning. For this service he is usually paid far more than he would receive were he working at his trade and this fact may be one of the causes which lead him to feel that he is superior to his fellow unionists and treat them accordingly.

When a laborite is promoted to the secretaryship of a central labor council he is even more "snobbish" than the average business agent. He has from one to three stenographers, can only be seen by appointment and refuses to deal with any but recognized union leaders or employers who must approach him through military channels, as it were. His salary equals that of the average bank official and his friends in the union labor ranks are limited to the high-ups.

He lives in the best of style and all union officials of an inferior rank are considered by him as "shrimps," as we have heard more than one laborite "snob" term them.

In the meetings of the union the leaders rule as cads and only such propositions as are favorable to them personally are permitted to go through. If a fight is made in the meetings on any issue, the laborite "snobs" treat the rank and file with the utmost contempt, the only time "snobbish" leaders accord their constituents any consideration is when they are running for office and the rank and file stand for such tactics and permit the leaders to get away with it, too, although they are quick to denounce "snobs" and "snobbery" in the moneyed class.

It was with considerable amusement that we read recently of a well known laborite snob who, in addressing the annual convention of the State Building Trades Council of California, declared that if there was one thing in this world that he hated more than anything else it was the word "master," and yet, this same "snob" occupies an expensive suite of offices, has two stenographers, has a city and country home, wears expensive clothes and jewelry, employs servants, never sees a laborite unless he happens to be a "higher-up," and then only by appointment, draws a princely salary, rules the unions of the State with a high hand and talks about "whipping the wage-earners into line." He may "hate the word master," but he is a master and a "snob" of the meanest kind for he treats the people who enable him to live in luxury as though they were the dirt beneath his feet.

All down the line, from Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who is as much of a potentate and "snob" as the most despotic European monarch, down to the most insignificant walking delegate of a local union, "snobs" and "snobbery" predominate in the aristocracy of the laborites.

And the constant yearly growth, another form of snobbery, is the carrying trade. It is stated that many of the unions in the United Kingdom have joined (perhaps to make another "John Burns" a Cabinet Minister at a fat salary and court suit, or to salarize another Gompers.) and the project is now to be put in active practical operation. The unions which have joined the Federation represent between \$5,000 and 100,000 members, and each union will make a contribution (that's it, always the "contribution" out of hard-earned and (over their poor wages), to the necessary funds, in due proportion to the number of their members. When will labor have sense enough of its own interests to stop paying local dues, State dues and national dues, and the wages it works for in order to support a horde of people without work? What is there to show for the \$195,000 paid in to the American Federation of Labor last year, besides the much greater sum paid in to local unions? Every dollar of it had to be productive, it worked for and every dollar used for anything except agitation, inflammatory speeches and writings, and unrest.

Workers' savings in Great Britain barely reach \$20 per head of the population. In New York State, in spite of Gompers and his cohorts, the figure is \$1.4. That shows the true "wages and conditions" in this country. A writer in the Fortnightly Review, of London, says, "The superiority of the British industries, taken as a whole, is gone."

Summary of the number of wages (or moderate salaries) the same thing) "savers" in 1908, the last year of complete figures:

Industrial insurance holders.....\$3,827,675
Federal Reserve bank deposits.....\$1,753,183
Building and loan associations.....\$1,568,375

Total number of "savers" is 198,133,183.
Being some millions more than the third of the entire population (men, women and children—all the rich included) of the country in that year, 1908, and one-third of its present (three years later) population.

On this wonderful official exhibit of American savings, practically all out of wages in one form or another, and in spite of the admitted increase of cost of living, why should the labor-union leaders and agitators persistently and falsely assert that American labor in this country (it is much the other way in other countries) is not getting its "fair share?"

Wages in the Breux-Tepitz-Komotan districts of Austria, where 25,000 miners are employed, are from 80 cents to \$1 a day for the miners, and from 60 to 80 cents for the men employed about the shafts, etc. Fonder those figures, American miners?

In Vienna, Austria, the wages of a manual laborer range from \$1 to \$1.25 a day, and that his food is usually by common and fish, with meat meals, like angels' visits, "few and far between," or as scarce as hen's teeth.

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THE SNOBBERY OF THE BOSSES.

It is really amusing to hear the laborites denounce the "snobs" and "snobbery" of the moneyed class. It has been our experience that the meanest "snobs" and the greatest exhibition of "snobbery" are to be found in the aristocracy of the union laborites.

The average union labor official, be he business agent of a local union or the head of an international union, is a "snob."

Once a laborite is elected to a union office that carries a salary, he immediately begins to show his authority and looks down on the members of his union as though they were his inferiors. He establishes narrow office hours for the transaction of business and refuses to deal with the unionists outside of "hours."

Usually he reports at his office about 10 o'clock in the morning and if he feels so disposed he remains there until noon when the office is closed for the day and he is free to do as he likes until the next morning. For this service he is usually paid far more than he would receive were he working at his trade and this fact may be one of the causes which lead him to feel that he is superior to his fellow unionists and treat them accordingly.

When a laborite is promoted to the secretaryship of a central labor council he is even more "snobbish" than the average business agent. He has from one to three stenographers, can only be seen by appointment and refuses to deal with any but recognized union leaders or employers who must approach him through military channels, as it were. His salary equals that of the average bank official and his friends in the union labor ranks are limited to the high-ups.

He lives in the best of style and all union officials of an inferior rank are considered by him as "shrimps," as we have heard more than one laborite "snob" term them.

In the meetings of the union the leaders rule as cads and only such propositions as are favorable to them personally are permitted to go through. If a fight is made in the meetings on any issue, the laborite "snobs" treat the rank and file with the utmost contempt, the only time "snobbish" leaders accord their constituents any consideration is when they are running for office and the rank and file stand for such tactics and permit the leaders to get away with it, too, although they are quick to denounce "snobs" and "snobbery" in the moneyed class.

It was with considerable amusement that we read recently of a well known laborite snob who, in addressing the annual convention of the State Building Trades Council of California, declared that if there was one thing in this world that he hated more than anything else it was the word "master," and yet, this same "snob" occupies an expensive suite of offices, has two stenographers, has a city and country home, wears expensive clothes and jewelry, employs servants, never sees a laborite unless he happens to be a "higher-up," and then only by appointment, draws a princely salary, rules the unions of the State with a high hand and talks about "whipping the wage-earners into line." He may "hate the word master," but he is a master and a "snob" of the meanest kind for he treats the people who enable him to live in luxury as though they were the dirt beneath his feet.

All down the line, from Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who is as much of a potentate and "snob" as the most despotic European monarch, down to the most insignificant walking delegate of a local union, "snobs" and "snobbery" predominate in the aristocracy of the laborites.

And the constant yearly growth, another form of snobbery, is the carrying trade. It is stated that many of the unions in the United Kingdom have joined (perhaps to make another "John Burns" a Cabinet Minister at a fat salary and court suit, or to salarize another Gompers.) and the project is now to be put in active practical operation. The unions which have joined the Federation represent between \$5,000 and 100,000 members, and each union will make a contribution (that's it, always the "contribution" out of hard-earned and (over their poor wages), to the necessary funds, in due proportion to the number of their members. When will labor have sense enough of its own interests to stop paying local dues, State dues and national dues, and the wages it works for in order to support a horde of people without work? What is there to show for the \$195,000 paid in to the American Federation of Labor last year, besides the much greater sum paid in to local unions? Every dollar of it had to be productive, it worked for and every dollar used for anything except agitation, inflammatory speeches and writings, and unrest.

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SMOOTH SCHEME LEADERS PLAN.

Want State Inspectorships for All Trades.

If Bills Pass Legislature Unionites Get Jobs.

Courts in Full Control of Local Situation.

Local merchants are much disturbed over the evident attempt of the labor unions to capture all the State Inspectorships which are being established by the Legislature.

The creation of the offices of State plumbing, electrical, engineering and other inspectors is a unionite plan to get control of the various trades.

By securing the appointment of a rabid laborer as electrical inspector, for example, the unions will be in a position to harass power companies and the host of small concerns dealing in electrical fixtures, and the like.

The bill is under consideration by the Legislative Committee on Labor and Capital.

If this and similar bills creating trade supervision are passed, it will give the labor bosses their long-sought opportunity to harass the open-shop manufacturers of Los Angeles.

The electrical inspector bill provides that the appointees of the Governor can select as many degenerate and ill-disposed artisans who might be expected to do the bidding of the labor union as they like.

Means, declare local business men, that the trades would be at the absolute mercy of the labor-union bosses.

Indications of what may be expected, members of the local stationary engineers' union, have tried several times lately to secure criminal complaints against the owners of the buildings who employ non-union men.

The alleged ground upon which the City Prosecutor is asked to issue complaints is that unlicensed engineers have been employed in violation of the city ordinance.

Rather than appear in court to defend themselves, many hotel men and owners of buildings might discharge their independent men to perform the work.

At least this is the supposition of the labor-union leaders who are directing the mischievous work.

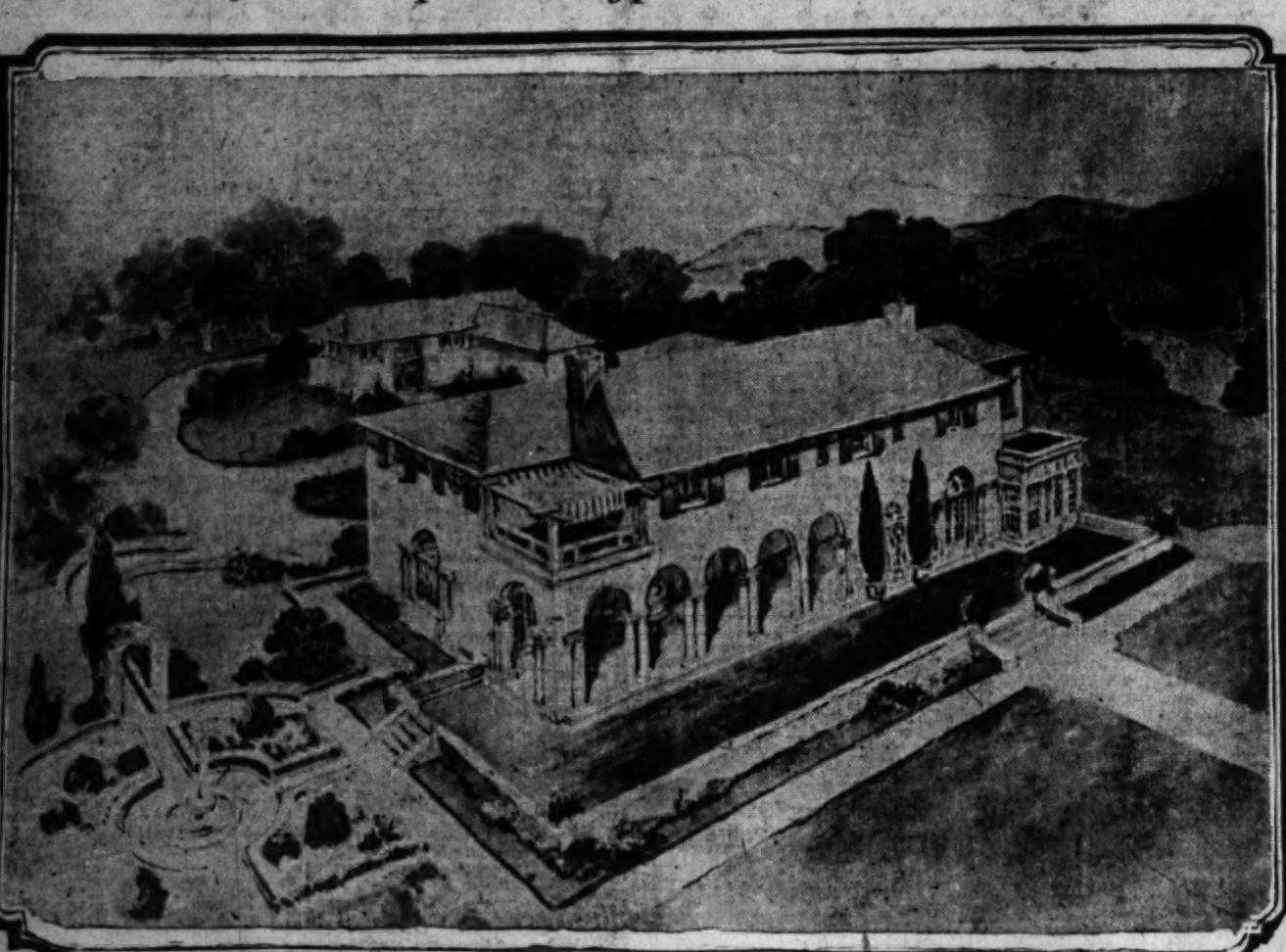
There have been no local labor disturbances during the past few weeks. The striking metal workers are hoping for some sort of a settlement, and their places were filled long ago by the principal foundries.

According to a recent report of the committee in charge of strike benefits, about \$15,000 has been disbursed here since May 1909.

The treasury is practically empty at present and the national laborers have been asked to continue their contributions in the hopeless attempt to unionize Los Angeles.

The local secretary of the metal trade union, in fact, is a gang of cowardly mob-inciters to feel the weight of the law. His companions have been sentenced for an attack upon the police and a non-union laborer.

Mansion of Pure Spanish Type to Crown Beaumont Mesa.



Home to Be Erected by Mrs. George Boulton After Plans by J. Martyn Haenke of Los Angeles.

Pasadena.
OLD BUILDING
RECORD BEATEN.January Permit Valuation Is
Hundred Thousand.February Gives Promise of
Being Big Month.Settling of Water Difficulties
Boosts Realty.

PASADENA, Feb. 4.—The new year started off with a rush in building permits, making a net gain of \$10,000. The total for January was \$106,188 as against the permits for a year ago of \$98,425.

For the first days of this month the permits totaled \$20,123, with indications of a big month. The large permit which started February off in good shape was for the beautiful new residence of Mrs. Helena Childs, which is to be built at No. 218 Arlington drive. It is to be a two-story, twelve-room frame building. Another fine home which will be built this spring is that of Charles Joannes at No. 885 South Madison avenue, to cost \$11,000. It will be two stories in height and will have nine rooms.

Sales of real estate during the past week have been very light for this season of the year, but the almost constant rains prevented buyers from getting out. Dealers report many excellent prospects which they expect to close during the next few days.

There are more buyers here than ever before and they are making considerable inspection of all the desirable property. The promoters of the Arroyo Park tract have started improvement work.

The building of the new Elk's clubhouse on West Colorado street will be a big improvement to that part of the city. The architect, Myron Hunt of Los Angeles, is working on the plans and it is hoped construction work will begin during the late spring or early summer.

The prospects of getting the water difficulties settled in the "dry tract" is boosting real estate prices and several transfers of property have been made in this locality recently. The proposed Arroyo Seco bridge to be built across the Arroyo Seco at the foot of West Colorado street is occupying the attention of many of the Pasadena boosters. During the past week the Board of County Supervisors visited the proposed site and took a very favorable view of it. Another meeting will be held this week when it is believed they will agree to stand half the expense of building the bridge, half of which will be in the county. Delegations from Santa Monica, Glendale and Hollywood visited the site during the past week and have promised their assistance in getting the matter before the Supervisors.

The change in the location of the permit ticket office of the Pacific Electric Company, which will be made March 1, is expected to change the business center of the city, three blocks east of the old depot and Fair Oaks to Colorado and Broadway. The old Southern Pacific depot is to be used by both companies for ticket offices and waiting rooms.

VERMONT SQUARE.

The Southwest Land Company reports sales in Vermont Square as follows: F. W. Taylor, lot on the south side of Forty-eighth, between Denker and Halldale, \$1150; E. John Nordstrand, east side of Western, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth, \$1000; Gustaf Dombrowski, north side of Forty-eighth street, between Denker and Normandie, \$1050; B. M. Jones, south side of Forty-eighth, between Denker and Halldale, \$1150; S. W. Nelson, south side of Forty-eighth, between Denker and Halldale, \$1150; S. W. Nelson, south side of Forty-eighth, between Denker and Halldale, \$1150.

FINE HOME TO CROWN HILL.

La Mesa Miravilla to Be Site of
Beautiful Mansion of Pure Spanish
Type.

BEAUMONT, Feb. 4.—One of the most attractive residences in the Southland will be started in the near future by Mrs. George Boulton on the crest of La Mesa Miravilla, Beaumont's picturesque hill suburb. The house, plans for which have been prepared by J. Martyn Haenke, of Los Angeles, will occupy a seven-acre site overlooking the Arroyo Verde.

For a background the property will have the beautiful San Bernardino Mountains. Situated in the midst of formal gardens, it will command a view of the entire cultivated valley of the Beaumont section. In its setting the architect has utilized to the best advantage all the natural contour and beauty of the grounds. A perpetual spring on the place will be made to supply water for the garden pools and fountain.

The house will be of the true Spanish Renaissance type, adapted to modern requirements. It will contain a large elliptical reception hall, from which the dining and living rooms will open. There will be six bed chambers.

A large arched loggia extending almost entirely across the front of the building and rising above a brick paved terrace will be one of the distinctive architectural features of the residence. The ground dimensions of the house will be 100 by fifty feet.

Outbuildings in keeping with the general scheme of the place will be erected.

MONTH LEADS IN BUILDING.

Present Year Starts Busily in Construction Circles—New Houses in Every Section.

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 4.—Building records for January show an increase of 44 per cent. in value and 28 per cent. in number over January, 1910. These figures are convincing proof of the rapid growth of the city. The greater number of the permits issued are for dwellings or apartments, showing conclusively that many newcomers are here to stay.

The total value of permits issued in January is \$219,450. The permits numbered 162. At the same rate of increase for the remaining eleven months the value of permits for 1911 will aggregate \$6,000,000, or almost \$2,000,000 more than last year. The amount for this year may even be for in excess of that amount, as it is probable that permits for several of the large buildings of the Panama Exposition will shortly be taken out.

New buildings continue to keep contractors busy and many mechanics are steadily at work. The Pacific Building Company has completed plans for a two-story mission residence to be erected on the west side of Twenty-fifth street, between Beech and Cedar, for B. K. Gillespie.

Since January 1, the Pacific Building Company has begun the erection of eighteen residences both in San Diego and at Coronado. John Burnham has begun the construction of a two-story bungalow on I avenue and Twenty-fifth street, National City. F. C. Winchester has started a fine bungalow on Palm avenue, Coronado. Within the last year Mr. Winchester has built at Coronado twelve fine bungalows.

JANUARY BUSY MONTH.

Whittier Realty Transactions Aggregate
Hundred Thousand Dollars.
Fine Groves Change Hands.

WHITTIER, Feb. 4.—More than \$100,000 worth of real estate changed hands in this district during the month of January and many large deals are pending. Building has been very active and at present there are more houses of the better grade under construction than ever before in the history of Whittier. The fact that many of the sales were made to local capitalists who have watched the land values increase from year to year is proof of their confidence in the continued prosperity of the vicinity.

The firm of Gregg & Caldwell reports the sale of sixty acres in the La Habra Valley to A. H. Dunlap, vice-president of the Whittier National Bank, and O. T. Mendenhall, a local capitalist, for \$35,000. The property was formerly the Schrott brothers' home-stand and is considered one of the best buys in the valley. The new owners will see to it that oranges and lemons are early in the spring.

The same firm reports the following list of sales: Ten acres, unimproved land in La Habra Valley, for Alice M. Rogers to J. M. Randall, \$10,000; East Whittier, consideration, \$10,000; 12 acres alfalfa land in the Perris Valley to Schrott Brothers, \$15,000; five acres homestead land in La Habra Valley to J. C. Sanchez of the First National Bank, \$5000; house and lot on North Pickering avenue, \$1000; lot on North Bright avenue, \$1200; ten acres at Yorba Linda for F. V. Burgle to the Y. R. Rancho Company, \$3000; ten acres for Mable Horby to the same company, \$1000; ten acres walnut land in East Whittier for G. W. Rutherford to W. H. Smiley, \$10,000.

The C. W. Clayton agency reports the following sales for the month of January: Twenty acres in the Baldwin tract to Mary A. Reynolds of Los Angeles, \$5000; lot on South Pickering avenue to John Shanker, \$600; five acres full bearing oranges and alligator pears on North Magnolia avenue, A. M. Ganter to H. A. Woodworth, a Denver capitalist, consideration, \$14,500; four lots on North Pickering avenue, Mrs. A. D. Clark to H. A. Woodworth, \$2200. Mr. Woodworth will erect an \$8000 house on these lots upon his return from the East.

MESA RANCH TRANSFERRED.

WORK BEGUN ON NEW CHURCH.
SAN JACINTO, Feb. 4.—J. J. Inwall has sold thirty acres of his home ranch on the mesa to J. H. Chordwell of Hemet, the consideration being \$200 an acre. A portion of the land is in alfalfa. Crow & Pyle report the sale of twenty acres in the Prudhoe district to C. McMillan of Pasadena for \$1200. Calvert & Eaton were the sellers.

R. Pointon has bought a building lot in the Estudillo subdivision from W. H. Sanders. In the Early & McLaren subdivision, William Silasson has bought a lot from Thomas Early. C. L. Emerson and F. H. Fowler have purchased of O. C. Tripp ten lots of the Estudillo lands.

This morning work was begun on the new Episcopal church. The building will be situated on Main street, near Estudillo avenue. It will be of the mission style of architecture. The structure will be completed by May 1. Plans for the new brick building are now in the hands of President Hubbard. Mr. Hubbard expects to be in San Jacinto the first of next week, accompanied by a contractor, and will then take the first definite steps to be taken toward actual work on the proposed building.

MANCHESTER HEIGHTS.

The J. M. Oswald Co., owners of Manchester Heights tract, No. 2, report the sale of twelve lots to the following purchasers: Margaret Moran, 45x125 feet, Eightieth street, between Budlong and Normandie, \$250; N. Detmers, two lots, 50x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, near Normandie, \$750; Al Diehl, 45x125 feet, Seventy-eighth, near Budlong, \$400; Miss Alvina Schoenbecker, 45x125 feet, Seventy-eighth, between Budlong and Normandie, \$400; M. A. Cowden, 45x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, between Budlong and Normandie, \$375; N. S. Downing, 45x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, near Normandie, \$750; P. E. Cowden, 45x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, between Budlong and Normandie, \$375; Margaret E. Ewing, 45x125 feet, south side of L street, between Budlong and Normandie, \$375; Mary Allen, 45x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, between Budlong and Normandie, \$375; Mrs. A. L. Snyder, 50x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, near Budlong, \$475; Leonard Burnett, 50x125 feet, Seventy-ninth, near Budlong, \$475.

ROBERTS MADE DIRECTOR.

C. Wesley Roberts has been chosen as a director by the "Home Builders," situated in the Mason Opera-house block. Mr. Roberts takes the place of G. S. Batty, who has resigned from the company. The "Home Builders" organization celebrated its third birthday last week.

BUILDING IS
AT ITS HEIGHT.No Other Year Has Started
Off so Promisingly.Architects Busy With Plans
for New Houses.Flats and Apartments Going
Up Everywhere.

The record-breaking building activity of January has set a standard for the whole year. February, though barely begun, is not lagging at all and there is every indication that other old records are in danger.

The ordinary routine business of the City Building Department is keeping the officials and clerks on the jump. No other year has started out so busily.

In the offices of the architects the report is that draughtsmen are busy with plans for houses, small stores and apartments. Nothing of exceptional size in the way of a building has been reported during the past week, but several big projects are in sight.

Following are building items reported in the columns of the Southwest Contractor and Manufacturer: C. Lepper is having plans prepared for a two-story brick store and apartment building to be erected at Seventh avenue and Washington street. The building will be 100x80 feet and will contain six stores and eight three-room apartments with private baths and wall beds. O. W. Warner has completed plans for a three-story, twenty-room flat building to be erected at 620 Stevens place for C. T. Martin. It will be erected by day work under the supervision of the architect, construction to start about February 10. The first and second stories will be divided into two flats each, the third story to be occupied by the owner as a residence.

Phillip Duffy is planning the erection of two three-story apartment houses, one on Estrella avenue, near Twenty-second street, and the other on Jefferson street, near Main. The one on Estrella street will be about 115x85 feet, and contain about eighteen two-room suites, each with private bath; the one on Jefferson street will be 120x80 feet, divided into thirty-two and three-room apartments. F. R. Greenleaf has completed plans for a two-story and basement frame apartment building to be erected near Berkeley square for James Comfort. The building will contain thirty-two rooms.

The Architectural Designing Company has prepared plans for a two-story bungalow to be erected on Flower street near Vernon avenue for William Cox. It will contain two four-room flats with baths. F. H. Redpath has had plans drawn and will erect by day labor a two-story, thirty-two-room frame flat building on the corner of Forty-second street and Grand avenue. It will be divided into eight four-room suites.

S. Tilden Norton is preparing plans for a one-story addition to the building at the corner of Forty-first street and Broadway by the Central Broadway Building Company. A new store front of special design, now being designed by Architect Norton, will also be constructed at the same place. W. J. Saunders has prepared plans for an additional story to be constructed on the Japanese pagoda type to be built near Sunset boulevard and Bryan street for Henry Levinson. It will contain eight rooms.

E. J. Borgmeyer has prepared plans for a six-room bungalow to be built at the corner of Forty-first street and Montana avenue for H. Despairs. Fred Brien is drawing plans for a five-room bungalow to be erected on Boyle Heights for Sam Bates.

NEW RESIDENCES.

Following are some of the new residences on the boards of local architects: P. M. Tyler has prepared plans for a two-story, nine-room residence to be built on Oxford square near Washington street, for W. W. Atkinson and for a one and one-half-story, eight-room bungalow to be erected in East Hollywood for E. C. Gates. The same architect is drawing plans for block. Mr. Roberts takes the place of G. S. Batty, who has resigned from the company. The "Home Builders" organization celebrated its third birthday last week.

During the month of January, we sold
\$30,000 worth of lots in Vermont Square.There are yet 95 of the choicest lots out
of the original 1300 lots in this great sub-
division, the largest ever placed on the
market in Los Angeles.You Must Act Quickly if You Want a Lot
at Present Prices in Vermont Square

Lots \$900 Up, Corners \$1050 Up

VERMONT SQUARE is on Vernon, Normandie and Western avenues. Take Grand avenue car on Broadway marked "Daiton Avenue" and get off at Forty-fifth street, or take Grand avenue car on Broadway marked "Forty-eighth Street" or "Normandie Avenue" and get off at Normandie or Denker avenue.

Southwest Land Company

Sunset Main 1340 416 Pacific Electric Bldg.

C. A. Wescheher, Tract Agent. Home 25399; Sunset West 383. Tract Branch Office, Sunset West

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PICTURE



Mill and W

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

FEBRUARY 5, 1911.

FIVE CENTS

PICTURESQUE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



Mill and Water Wheel, Busch Garden, Pasadena.

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind: They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!" And snuggled very closely to her stalwart, ardent hero.

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Los Angeles Sunday
MAGAZINE

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Volume Ends Jan. 1, 1912.

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Gardening in California. By J.
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A WORD FROM

HAVE you ever been away from home? It is scarcely applicable to us who have come to near mat-
ay from home.
Home is an English word and making people. The Spanish Frenchman is "chez lui," the person who speaks English. How much there is in these words to us the inner thoughts, people. They lay the heart palp-
real to us all its hopes and words peculiar to those who live, as much revelations of people, as home. The woman as her native tongue has a "mujer," the one who speaks a "femme," the German a "Frau," the same. The woman has a men and women live in a home have a home. The verb "to be" uses the word "to be" together.
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NEW HOUSES

PLANS

The Bungalow

Designed

reports new

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February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

163

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.
ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.

Illustrated in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Persons submitting matter for publication in The Times Magazine will invariably retain copies of their manuscripts. Manuscripts accepted by postage will be returned if not found available, and the return of others is not guaranteed.

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A WORD FROM HOME.

HAVE you ever been away from home? The question is scarcely applicable to Americans. Few of us have come to near mature years and not been from home.

Home is an English word and used only by English-speaking people. The Spanish speaker is "a su casa," the Frenchman is "chez lui," the German "zu Hause."

Person who speaks English is "at home."

How much there is in these forms of speech! They tell us the inner thoughts, the innermost soul of a people. They lay the heart palpitating in full view and tell us all its hopes and aspirations. There are words peculiar to those who speak English as exponents, as much revelations of the intimate thought of a people, as home. The woman blessed with this word as her native tongue has a "husband," the man a "wife." The one who speaks Spanish has an "hombre," the one who speaks French an "homme," the German a "Mann" or a "Frau." It is the same. The woman has a man, the man a woman. Men and women live in a house, the wife and the husband have a home. The verbs take color, too. The English tongue uses the word "wed;" in Spanish they say "marry," house together.

Home! It is one of the most pathetic allusions the heart can suffer from. The shrew in Shakespeare's play says that "men have died ere now, and worms have buried them, but not for love." Perhaps no one has died for home-sickness. But even if that be so there are

few aches that have touched more of us, or caused more pain, than longing for home.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder for persons and so it does for home. The child sent away from home on a visit is in an ecstasy of bliss—for a short time. The novelty of change has a strange charm. But how soon it wears away. The very young child's heart cries out for home and all its wealth of affection in a few hours. The half-grown boy or girl may find joy in a new-found freedom and the novelty of unaccustomed scenes for a day or two. But before the week passes, so does all the new-found pleasure of both freedom and new scenes. And when once the feet are turned homeward there is a rush of joy never found before that becomes more and more tumultuous until the paternal hearth is reached and the arms of accustomed affection are once more thrown around the truant who so lately thought so little of this home and so much of the novelty to which he was permitted to depart.

Youth passes with all its fresh capacity for new illusions, for new sensations. To the days of leisure, play and pleasure succeed those of duty, toll, effort, ambition, aspiration and achievement. The bloom may depart from the cheek, the bright gleam from the eye, the carmine from the lips. The thick hair may all depart, and the smooth brow be furrowed with the sharp plowshare of trouble, toil and care. But the child's heart lives on still clinging to home and still unsatisfied with anything the world may vouchsafe if it must be enjoyed away from the sacred precincts that we name with that clear Saxon vocable "home."

It was in far-off lands, amid strange scenes, with unknown tongues sounding in the ears. A few letters were handed to the wanderers. They were words from home. They meant nothing to any portion of the world except those whose names were on the envelopes. The contents were unimportant to those for whom they were intended in all their relations excepting that they came from home and told of home and those left behind there while the wanderers roamed so lonely in their unaccustomed places.

An accident was known to have happened in the home town. How the heart yearned, longed and fretted for a word to tell the extent of the disaster, to bring consolation in the fact that associates had escaped, or gloom in confirmation of the fear that it had not gone so well with others.

Early in the morning of October 1 the Times Building was blown up by a bomb, laid and fired by the hands of as diabolical miscreants as ever disgraced the image of the Creator in the form of humanity. It would be difficult to describe or comprehend what it meant to a member of the staff far away in a train in the tropics, almost at Vera Cruz, when the newsboy came through the car and on his arm were found copies of the home papers, the Sunday edition just a week after the outrage which made the world's heart beat loud in indignation. What a thrill of sensation there was in that unexpected word from home telling so many things so earnestly wished for, anxiously waited for!

A few days later in the harbor of Havana lay a German training ship with a class of boys learning the business of manning a ship in the navy of their country. A ship in the German merchant marine came into the harbor. The sun of a bright, warm morning was climbing the eastern sky as the merchant crew and that of the warship came within hailing distance. The Teuton is not given to gush. But these boys had been for months away from the Vaterland and the merchant ship had left home waters only a short time before the meeting. Here was a word from home. For home has a very expansive meaning. At home, it means the individual hearthstone, the particular roof tree. It embraces the single family and excludes all other abodes in the city. To the wanderers near Vera Cruz home meant Los Angeles and embraced in its scope all the city and its interests. Not all equally, but all in due proportion. To this party of young men on the training ship, home meant all Germany. It embraced in its scope all the Vaterland and all its interests.

What fraternizing there was between the two parties! Then as the merchant ship weighed anchor to proceed on her way, the band was called on deck and there national airs were given for an hour. There was an impressive solemnity about this. The playing was in the nature of a melody of the national airs, and the first was a familiar hymn tune to which in Germany they sing Luther's great psalm, "Ein' Feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Then as the steamer moved past the war vessel and down the bay a man on each stood and said many farewells and godspeeds in the language of the hands with which ships at sea speak to each other. What a vigor and sympathy, what unutterable heart throbs, were in the expressive movements of those two pairs of hands!

And home lay at the root of all this feeling. The young boys being taught to handle a great sea-fighting machine in battle were not going home for months. The

other vessel was off on her way to the home port. In this lay all the inspiration of the scene. The merchantman had left Germany lately and was going straight back to the native shore. The man-of-war men had been absent long and would still be away for weeks or months, perhaps for years. Home was in their hearts, in their mouths, in their eyes.

Nations, armies, fleets, industries, wealth! They are all nothing excepting as they symbolize homes, build up homes, protect homes, make homes such as all homes should be. The nation that is founded in its homes, clean, free, pure homes, is founded on a rock. The storms of battle, the winds of adversity, may beat on it. Floods may come. But all these pass by and leave the nation intact, safe and stable. The nation founded on any basis other than homes is on the shifting sands of chance, and must fall in the first storm that falls on it, and be swept into oblivion and nothingness by the first flood that attacks its unsafe foundations, and the flood need not be a deluge.

Sermons in Song.

The Dirge of the Sea.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

"Ye that go down to the sea, and are there, is therein."—Isaiah xlii, 10.

War galley, sloop and galleon—
I cradle them in quiet sleep;
Their days of stressful warfare done,
They slumber forty fathoms deep.
Armada, argosy, and fleet
That one day challenged half the world—
In their last haven sway and beat,
With flags among the seaweeds furled.

The clamoring of sword on shield,
The tumult of the crashing hulls,
The battle cries that one day pealed
Above me, now give place to lulls,
For swords, and shields, and ships, and men
Lie silent, while my billows run
In play, and break and break again
And toss their jewels at the sun.

The fighting men of all the lands—
The warriors of the centuries—
They rest now on my hidden sands;
Yet sometimes in their strident keys
Above the storm my voice I lift
And shout their battle songs for them—
Again to idle calms I shift,
And croon their whispered requiem.

Strange men, with strange hates in their eyes
That glittered with the battle light;
Strange men, who hoarsely gave war cries—
For, being strangers, they must fight.
But now, my billows slowly surge
And solemn winds bear on their breath
The echoed measures of my dirge
That chants the brotherhood of death.

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TO THE BOYISH DREAMER.

Dream on, thou boyish Dreamer,
Down where the seagull flies
O'er deck of ocean steamer,
Under the sunlit skies!
Dream of the voyage ended,
Of countries far away;
Of heaven's arches bended
Above the saline bay;

Of dead men 'mid the mosses,
Who sailed in other years;
Of sailor loves and losses
And widows' eyes in tears.
Dream of the cables broken
And ships that split in twain;
Of thought-words yet unspoken,
Hushed in the raging main;

Dream of the Dreamer waiting
Upon some distant shore,
Unmated and unmating—
Bereft for evermore;
Then from the dream awaking,
Know this, that Life is fair—
The moonlight now is breaking
And joy beams fill the air.

With Love and Hope together,
Nor fear of storms nor woes,
Let neither wave nor weather
Disturb thy mind's repose.
Dreamland is youth's dominion;
Within its vales abide;
Borne out on magic pinion—
It matters not the tide.

O. C. LUDWIG.

THE BEST.

Willis: What is the happiest moment of married life?

Gillis: When a man throws the pictures of his wife's relatives out of the family album and fills it up with photographs of his baby instead.—[Puck.]

The steersman, and young Chauncey to his lover. They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!" And snuggled very closely to her stalwart, ardent hero.

The Bazaars of Damascus. By Frank G. Carpenter.

QUEER FEATURES OF TRADE.

THE GREAT MOHAMMEDAN STOMACH AND HOW IT IS FILLED.

DAMASCUS.—Come with me for a walk through the bazaars of this, the oldest of all the world's cities. They are more oriental than those of Tunis or Cairo and more quaint than those of Constantinople. Take the street called Straight, up which St. Paul came to meet Ananias. It is a vaulted tunnel lighted only by a roof, which rises to a height of about 100 feet. Suppose you could cover lower Broadway at the top of its third-story windows, and in place of the doors and windows of plate glass have the walls made up of cave-like stores opening out on the roadway. Let each store have a floor about as high as a chair, and let it be filled with the most gorgeous goods of the Orient. Let each have its turbaned or fez-capped, long-gowned merchant sitting on the floor at the front, with workmen similarly dressed laboring away in the rear, and you have some of the outlines of the picture. The bazaars of Damascus are made up of many such vaulted streets so roofed that only a dim light comes in through the little windows high up overhead. The shops are mere holes in the walls, but they are packed full of goods, and they are making all sorts of wares. The walls between the shops are little more than partitions of boards, and there is hardly a business establishment which the typical bull of the china shop could turn around in without losing his hide. The customers bargain standing out in the roadway, or sitting on the floors of the stores and hanging their heels in the street.

Among the Saddlers and Cobblers.

The business is thoroughly classified. Each trade has its own section, and you can walk blocks which are filled with booths containing only one kind of goods. Take the saddle bazaar. It is 500 feet long, and the air is loaded with the rich smell of leather. Harness hangs from the walls, and inside are saddles for camels, donkeys and horses. There are gay trappings for Arabian steeds, and leather buckets in which one can carry water with him over the desert. There are also necklaces of blue beads to put on your horses to ward off the evil eye, and other charms for the journey.

The harness shops are twelve feet deep, each being a little factory where two or three saddlers sew at the back. In some places they are making harness of wool, and in others of leather beautifully decorated.

A little farther on is a bazaar making panniers for

chant. The women examine the shoe through the eye-slits of their veils, and guess at the sizes.

A very odd boot is that worn by the Bedouins. It is of goatskin, dyed yellow or red, and it has heels of camel hide with an iron strip running round them. It reaches half-way to the knee. It retails at about \$2 a pair. None of the shoes are made by machinery, and most of them are sewed rather than pegged.

Hats Blocked—One Cent.

How would you like to have your hat blocked, ironed and brushed for a cent? That is what you can do in Damascus. The hat bazaar has scores of stores for the purpose. The most common cap is the red fez, a round felt bowl which fits tight around the head without rim or brim. It is about five inches high, and must be pressed every few days to keep it in shape. The latter

The Louse Market.

There is one Damascus bazaar in which I walk carefully, and as far as possible keep in midstreet. It is called the louse market, and you may know why when I tell you it is devoted to second-hand clothes. The bazaar is just back of the citadel and not far from Straight street. It is filled with customers and dealers from morning until evening, and auctioneers walk back and forth through it, each carrying a garment which he holds up, asking for bids. He praises his wares and tells the crowd that the things will be sold for a song.

Fanatical Booksellers.

I spent a short time in the booksellers' bazaar, but my guide, Shammass, dragged me away, fearing that I might be insulted and mobbed. The dealers are so rigid Mohammedans that they do not wish to even see



Box-like stores.

camels and donkeys, and not far away is a street where they handle nothing but shoes. The cobblers are making foot gear of wood, wool and leather. They are cutting out sandals somewhat like the rain shoes of Japan. The finer ones are for the better-class women, and they are beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Such shoes are used at home, and when madame goes to the bath house. They are worn without stockings, and cost from 40 cents to \$5 a pair. In another place the merchants are selling shoes of red leather, such as are used by the country people and the poorer Damascans. They are of goatskin, camelskin or cowhide, and are without heels. The leather is not very well tanned, the shoes being kept on the lasts until sold.

The average shoe shop is about fifteen feet wide, ten feet deep and twelve feet in height. The stock is hung to wooden nails driven into the walls, both in and outside the shop. The men customers stand in the street, and try on the wares without the assistance of the mer-

chant. The women examine the shoe through the eye-slits of their veils, and guess at the sizes. He has brass frames or blocks, over which the caps will just fit, and shells of metal which may be clamped upon them to mold the caps into form. After this the frame is laid over one of the fires and in a moment the heat gives it the latest and most fashionable shape.

Other bazaars are devoted to the selling of silks and others to the finest of cloths. The richer Mohammedans have their long robes made of the best possible stuffs, and they delight in fine garments. The women shop in these bazaars. They go out so wrapped up in black sheets tied in at the waist that they look like gigantic sausages waddling along. They peep out through their veils as they examine the goods, and will bargain an hour in buying a needle. I am told they sometimes raise their veils to entice the merchants to lower their prices, but if so I have not seen them, and I have been told by my guide that if I wish to keep my head on I had best turn my eyes in another direction.

Peddling bread in Damascus.

to the Christians. The shops are near the gate of Great Mosque, and among their wares are many copies of the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible. I picked up one and asked the merchant the price. He scowled and grily exclaimed: "Put it down! That book is not for you. Put it down! Put it down! We do not sell holy books to the Christians!"

Thereupon, as I saw he was growing angry, I dropped it, saying:

"We Christians are glad to give or sell our Bible to any one, and as for your Korans, I can buy them by the ton in New York or London." The Moslems here noted for their hatred of Christians, and one of the bloodiest massacres of modern times occurred in Damascus about fifty years ago. The people are no better now, and they are almost as ignorant as they were then. The chief books sold are religious. There are some story books and copies of the "Arabian Nights" either in parts or as a whole.

The Great Mohammedan Stomach.

During our trip through the bazaars we find the hammedan stomach everywhere in evidence. The people like good food, and they eat, it seems to me, morning till night. Peddlers carrying candy, bread and cakes march through the streets crying their wares; bread men sit on the sidewalks, and these shops which sell nothing but pretzels. The most common bread is a flat, round cake as thick as the wafers which we use for breakfast, and a foot or more in diameter. These cakes are white or brown in color. They are so pliable that they can be doubled up without breaking. They are often used to pick the meat out of a stew. The orientals do not use forks for eating, and they claim that their own hands are cleaner. They have a saying that "every one who knows how he washed his own hands, but no one knows who washed the forks." Another kind of bread is like a gigantic shoe sole without the heel, and other is a round biscuit about an inch thick.

But here comes a man selling candy. Take a nut and your mouth will flow water like the rivers which feed this city and make fertile its plains. Damascus is noted for its sweetmeats, and its candies are sold far and wide over the world. The sweets are sold in the bazaars, some of the merchants having large shops for the candy bazaar, where you can buy nuts and fruit for the queen of the fairies. His sugared almonds, the joy of the tourist, and his Turkish delight, a sweet, transparent paste, with pistachios and small nuts scattered through it, is a dish for the

Begging for Custom.

Stop a moment and listen to the cries of the peddlers. Shammass will interpret them for us. Here a man selling bread hot from the oven. He yells:

"rezzak," or, "God send me a cake and saying: 'Other coming behind cries out bread, and the good God will send me light of tender and delicate goods.'"

Here comes a lemonade man, along to his back with a neck, tilt its contents into a cup. He which he holds in his hands a "Drink and refresh thy heart." cream, the coolness of which words: "Balak ananak," or, "meaning it is so cold that it is Fruit is sold the same way various kinds. There is one men cry out it is so tender that she will find herself young in the

Some such wares are bought given to beggars. This is so of also of drinks. Some even buying thereby to acquire merit a to the Mohammedan heaven.

Fat-Tailed Mutton.

Making our way through the gion of cook shops, restaurants where the butcher shops are. kinds of meat, including camel. The mutton is fine. The sheep, ety, and when skinned and dressed are left on. They hang in great lumps of fat, looking ready for baking. Sometimes the heart four or five inches thick. Such a tall will weigh fifteen sheep it hangs down at the rear and when raised looks like a mis- expanse of bare white skin beneath

The Grain Bazaar.

Another interesting part of composed of long streets of cement and divided up in high with grain, beans or flour. zaar. One of the compartment bushels of wheat and another a oats or lentils. There are bins and bins of caraway seeds. The and is scooped up and measured in bringing great bags of wheat other grains to various parts of about Damascus, which can be in rich and produces large crops. A brought from the plains beyond east of the Sea of Galilee, known this grain is shipped from Damascus and across the Mediterranean.

The Wholesale Establishments.

Indeed, the trade of Damascus makes wares of various kinds which the world. It is noted for its be ware, its inlaid woodwork and its an extensive caravan trade with of Turkey and long lines of came in and carrying out goods. There are kings or khans devoted to wholesale visited one of these. It was mosque, being lighted by nine gr which were at least 100 feet above some were upheld by stone pillars almost an acre, and it was packed in one part of it were bags of wheat the roof. In another were hundreds in others barrels and crates of bales of oriental rugs laid one of the bales were enormous, one two-horse wagon. I was told that Bagdad, and were left there for a number of these khans in Damascus, Christ, and there are several now them is rented out to merchants a general warehousing business.

The Silver Bazaar.

But come, let us go to the silver This, like the warehouse establishment. It is composed of scores of booths scattered over a large roof. Each merchant has his own its behind a desk or counter, in and has a rude old-fashioned safe right and left or still further back men who are working in silver and jewelry. Each has a little miniature furnace with a blow pipe and shapes the metal to the desired men wear gowns and fez caps, and heard everywhere. I asked some show us their wares. They bring silver and gold rings set with diamonds some magnificent pigeon-blood rubies of dollars' worth of jewelry on the customers are both men and sheets with veils over their faces. the buying and selling. There is a bracelet of gold. The jeweler weighs scales and then adds the cost of the the woman is not satisfied with him a thief, and demands that children of bread. It may be an bazaar is made.

What to Buy in Damascus.

I am frequently asked what one cr tal cities which is worth while tak as is a good shopping place for the what off the line of travel, and one c things comparatively cheap. I have

"Balak," or, "God send me a customer," and follows by showing a cake and saying: "All this for 2 cents." Another coming behind cries out, in Arabic: "Buy my bread, and the good God will nourish you," and a third says: "My cakes are food for the swallows and the delight of tender and delicate girls."

Here comes a lemonade man. He has a big glass jar slung to his back with a neck so shaped that he can dip its contents into a cup. He has two brazen bowls which he holds in his hands and rattles as he shouts: "Drink and refresh thy heart." Another peddler has ice cream, the coolness of which he cries forth in the words: "Balak suanak," or, "Take care of your teeth," meaning it is so cold that it will make your teeth ache. Fruit is sold the same way, and also cooked meats of various kinds. There is one kind of salad which the men cry out is so tender that if an old woman eats it she will find herself young in the morning.

Some such wares are bought by the charitable and given to beggars. This is so of the bread and meat and also of drinks. Some even buy bread for the dogs, hoping thereby to acquire merit and thus pave their road to the Mohammedan heaven.

Fat-Tailed Mutton.

Making our way through the crowds we reached a region of cook shops, restaurants and cafes not far from where the butcher shops are. The latter sell most kinds of meat, including camel, beef, mutton and lamb. The mutton is fine. The sheep are of the fat-tail variety, and when skinned and dressed for the market their tails are left on. They hang down over their backs in great lumps of fat, looking like a loaf of fresh dough ready for baking. Sometimes they have the form of a heart four or five inches thick and eight inches wide. Such a tail will weigh fifteen pounds. Upon a live sheep it hangs down at the rear like a woolly apron, and when raised looks like a miniature sail, showing an expanse of bare white skin beneath.

The Grain Bazaar.

Another interesting part of business Damascus is composed of long streets of cave-like vaults floored with cement and divided up into compartments piled high with grain, beans or flour. This is the grain bazaar. One of the compartments may hold a hundred bushels of wheat and another a like quantity of barley, oats or lentils. There are bins filled with Indian corn and bins of caraway seeds. The grain lies on the floor and is scooped up and measured to order. Camels come in bringing great bags of wheat and go out carrying other grains to various parts of the city. The country about Damascus, which can be irrigated, is exceedingly rich and produces large crops. A great deal of grain is brought from the plains beyond the Jordan and on the east of the Sea of Galilee, known as the Hauran, and this grain is shipped from Damascus to other parts of Syria and across the Mediterranean to Europe.

The Wholesale Establishments.

Indeed, the trade of Damascus is extensive. The city makes wares of various kinds which are shipped all over the world. It is noted for its beautiful brass and silver ware, its inlaid woodwork and its oriental rugs. It has an extensive caravan trade with Persia and other parts of Turkey and long lines of camels are always bringing in and carrying out goods. There are some great buildings or khans devoted to wholesaling and warehousing. I visited one of these. It was shaped much like a mosque, being lighted by nine great domes the tops of which were at least 100 feet above the dirt floor. The domes were upheld by stone pillars. The floor covered almost an acre, and it was packed with merchandise. One part of it were bags of wheat piled high toward the roof. In another were hundreds of boxes of dates, and in others barrels and crates of fruit and hundreds of bales of oriental rugs laid one upon the other. Some of the bales were enormous, one equaling a load for a two-horse wagon. I was told that they came from Baghdad, and were left there for storage. There were a number of these khans in Damascus at the time of Christ, and there are several now in use. The space in them is rented out to merchants, the owners doing a general warehousing business.

The Silver Bazaar.

But come, let us go to the silver bazaar.

This, like the warehouse establishment, is under one roof. It is composed of scores of silversmith shops or booths scattered over a large room of more than an acre. Each merchant has his own little quarter. He has a desk or counter, in which are his wares, and has a rude old-fashioned safe at the rear. At the right and left or still further back are his mechanics, men who are working in silver and gold, making all sorts of jewelry. Each has a little anvil before him and a miniature furnace with a blow pipe, by which he melts and shapes the metal to the desired form. The workmen wear gowns and fez caps, and the pounding can be heard everywhere. I asked some of the merchants to show us their wares. They bring out heavy chains of silver and gold rings set with diamonds and pearls, and some magnificent pigeon-blood rubies. There are millions of dollars' worth of jewelry under this roof. The customers are both men and women, the former in gowns and turbans and the latter in great black headscarves with veils over their faces. We stop and watch the buying and selling. There is a woman looking at a bracelet of gold. The jeweler weighs it on a rude little balance and then adds the cost of the labor. Nevertheless, the woman is not satisfied with the price. She demands that he do not rob her. It may be an hour before the bargain is made.

How to Buy in Damascus.

I am frequently asked what one can buy in these oriental cities which is worth while taking home. Damascus is a good shopping place for the tourist. It is somewhat out of the line of travel, and one can pick up oriental goods comparatively cheap. I have bought several

rugs which have come here by caravan from Bokhara, and two of them are at least a hundred years old. I will not give the prices except to say that they are much below those at which they could be bought in New York, and the merchant has agreed to pay the duties upon them and to deliver them to my house in Washington.

Among the many other things sold are silk shawls for the head, such as are used by the Bedouins, and table covers of red or black woolen cloth embroidered with silk. The shawls may be bought from \$3 to \$8 apiece and the table cloths cost from \$5 to \$15.

A great many Americans take home brassware from Damascus, and not a few purchase swords inlaid with silver, and the Damascus blades for which the city has been noted for ages. Some of these swords are imitations imported from Solingen, Germany, and other oriental wares come from Manchester, and are made for this trade. Indeed, one must keep his eye open if he would buy genuine curios in any part of the world.

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Col. Sneed's Advice.

WOULD TEACH THE BOY TO STAND UP FOR HIMSELF

By Casper S. Yost.

"HELLO! Hello!" cried the Colonel as he entered the room and found Mrs. Rollins in tears. "What's the matter now?" "Willie's been fighting," sobbed his daughter. "You don't say so!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Which whipped?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask him. His nose is all bloody. It's just awful!" "What was it all about? Did you ask him that?" "Willie said the other boy called him names and struck him."

"He did, did he?" snorted the Colonel. "And what did William do to him?" "He said—he said he plugged him one in the—tho'—coco. Think of it! My Willie!"

The old gentleman chuckled. "Well, now, honey," he said, "let's consider this calmly. What do you think William ought to have done? Turn the other cheek?"

"He should have come straight home and told his father," retorted Mrs. Rollins, with a flash of her eyes.

"Exactly," said the Colonel. "That would 'a' fixed his position in boy society for some time to come. I can see his playmates clapping their hands at his wisdom and electing him for their leader by a big majority. That is to say, I could see 'em if I shut one eye and put my hand over the other. Now, looky here, my dear girl, you've got the wrong point o' view in this matter. You're lookin' at it through the wrong end o' your op'ry glasses an' makin' a tragedy out of a vaudeville sketch. I don't mean to say that a boy's fight is funny; not a bit of it. But if nothin' worse than a bloody nose comes out of it, it ain't a very serious matter, and in this case it seems to me that instead of cryin' about it you ought to slap him on the back an' say: 'Bully for you, my boy; I glory in your spunk!'"

"Why, father!" cried his horrified daughter. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, siree; I mean exactly that. If he told the truth he did nothin' more than stand up for his rights, and if he'd done anything different I'd been mightily disappointed. When he hit back he showed that he had the right stuff in him, and I've got to admit that I'm a teeny little bit prouder of him today than I was yesterday. For you might as well understand, my daughter, that this is a fightin' world, and no man ever wins his way in it without fightin'. He may not use his fists or any other physical weapon—men nowadays seldom get to that point—but all the same, he has to fight and fight hard. He's got to stand up for himself; he's got to battle for his rights or he won't get 'em. That's the word with the bark on, my dear. Maybe it don't sound very nice, but it's the fact."

"Some of these days, I've no doubt, people will get to be so good an' generous an' charitable with one another that life will be as nice as apple pie. Everybody will be givin' all their time to helpin' everybody else and it'll be a case of 'After you, sir,' all along the line. But you and me, honey, and even little Bill, won't live to see it. It's a long ways off, and I'm sort o' glad it is, for it seems to me that kind of a world would be a little dull. But, however that may be, it's a mighty sure thing that it isn't that way now and we've got to take the world as it is, which includes, as I said before, considerable fightin' from first to last."

"Now, it won't do to bring a boy up in the notion that livin' is to be a perpetual tea party with nothin' but sweetness and soft words in it. It's an old sayin' that soft words butter no parsnips, and this boy of ours will have to spread butter over a whole lot o' parsnips before he gets through, which is but another way o' sayin' that he'll have to use good, strong hammerous words once in a while, and now and then he'll have to hit something—hit it with both fists. He can't avoid it, my dear. Why, you can't get to heaven without fightin' more or less. I remember an old hymn they used to sing at camp meetin' when I was a boy, which started out like this:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?"

"You see, it's recognized even in religion. It ain't wrong to fight when it's right to fight, and if standin' up for yourself or your family or your friends, even to the point of hittin' something or somebody—if that ain't right then John Sneed don't know right from wrong."

"But, father," protested Mrs. Rollins, "that doesn't mean fighting with fists."

"My dear girl," explained the Colonel patiently, "it's a mere matter of degree. A fight's a fight, whether you

use your tongue or your pen or your fist or a club. It's opposin' your power to somebody else's in order to get the best of the other fellow or to protect your interests. And it don't make a bit of difference whether you use a mental or a physical weapon, the principle's the same. And, again, no matter what kind of a weapon you use, it takes courage. There are as brave fights goin' on downtown right now, without any lettin' of blood or breakin' of bones, as ever were fought in the days of helmets and shields. And the boy who stands up for himself, with his fists if necessary, is the one who stands the best chance o' winnin' in the bigger fight he'll have to make when he begins to buckle up against the world."

"Now, don't understand me to say that I approve of boys fightin' just to be fightin'. I never said that, and I don't. The sight of a couple of little rascals pummelin' each other don't look good to me any more than it does to you, although—well, anyhow, I don't believe in encouragin' the use of physical force in man or boy except as a last resort. But the last resort comes pretty frequent in boy life. They haven't learned yet to control their tempers nor their tongues, and they say things and do things that in many cases can only be answered in one way—with the fist. A boy's honor is a real thing, just as much so as that of a man or woman, and he has the same right and duty to defend it. If he doesn't he's bound to lose caste in boy society where the coward is placed a little lower down than the thief. The good opinion of his friends is of as much importance to your boy as the good opinion of your friends is to you, and if he had failed in the test put up to him today he would have lost not only their respect but his own self-esteem. You can't always apply feminine ideas of ethics to the situations that come up in a boy's life. You've got to recognize the fact that boys have, and always have had, a system of ethics of their own. It may seem rather a rough one to you, my dear, but it bears the same sort of relation to the code of manhood that the framework does to the finished house. Don't you cry about little Bill. He's all right. His father might caution him about promiscuous fightin', but he shouldn't paddle the boy for standin' up for himself."

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THE ISLE OF IVIZA.

ONE OF THE BALEARICS WHOSE HISTORY HAS NEVER BEEN WRITTEN.

[Chambers's Journal:] With regard to Iviza, the third in importance of the Balearic Isles, which lie midway between Spain and Africa, its complete history has never been and never will be written. From the fragmentary records existent one gathers that from earliest days occupation of the lovely and fertile island was hotly contested. Chaldeans, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Romans, Greeks, Vandals, Saracens and Moors fought for its possession. Since the Aragonese invasion of the thirteenth century Iviza has belonged to Spain.

They say there are ten men for every woman in Iviza, and the aspect of the roads on a sunny April morning inclined us to believe the report, for from every direction came fine, strapping fellows moving in droves. In striking contrast to the expensive attire of the women the men's dress appeared designed to accentuate their natural slenderness.

The trousers of richly-colored velvet or plush fitted closely to the limbs except at the ankles, where they spread widely, while their further adornments were gaily-hued shirts or short full blouse jackets and bright sashes. The popular large felt hats were lavishly adorned with gold cords, and in addition to one necktie for use it was customary to add a second and even a third for show.

Some of the women rode mules, sitting perched high on a pile of sheepskins, their multi-colored petticoats billowing about their neat ankles; others were packed closely into open carts that had cushions placed low on either side of their sagging floor matting. With its flippant hues and staid cut the native dress was a bewildering combination of garishness and sobriety.

As the morning advanced a moving throng resplendent in color crowded the market place. Girls temporarily free from their chaperons were parading in decorous rows, their hands, holding pocket handkerchiefs heavily edged with crochet lace, sedately crossed over their short but voluminous green silk aprons.

It was perhaps only to be expected that wherever we saw a bevy of girls a corresponding cluster of men would be at hand. Yet we rarely saw them address one another. The modern etiquette of a rustic courtship in Iviza is clearly defined. A plentitude of suitors being assured, it is the maiden who makes the selection. The admirers of a marriageable girl wait for her outside the church door on Sunday, and when she leaves mass, the one who has the prior claim presents himself and walks beside her for the first portion of the homeward journey. Then at a given point, or within a stated time limit, he yields place to the second, and the second to a third until the number is exhausted.

If any suitor seeks to transgress the unwritten law pistols may flash and knives are apt to spring. In all other matters the people of Iviza are peaceable and on all points moral and virtuous. It must be admitted that certain of the more frolicsome spirits keep up the custom of saluting the maidens of their choice with a charge of rock salt aimed at the ankles, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the unwieldy masses of petticoats serve at least one useful purpose by shielding the wearers from the saline missiles of love's artillery.

GUARD YOUR THOUGHTS.

Guard your thoughts, as well as actions;
Utter not the unkind word;
Years may pass, but in the future
Echoes of it may be heard.
Echoes that may dim your pleasures,
Make some happy day less sweet,
Mar the harmony of living,
Leave the music incomplete.

ALMA E. CROMWELL.

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind. They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!" And snuggled very closely to her stalwart, ardent hero.

Mexico, reaching Havana in about sixty hours to find the harbor full of steamers, five of them waiting for coal, so we had to await our turn. We lay there nearly forty hours, and now out from there a little over two days I finish this chapter of accidents by flood and field just off of Cape Hatteras, two American cruisers in sight apparently making for Norfolk Harbor, while we are about to head due east for the northwest point of Spain and Santander. And comfortable and full of rest on sea, we have forgotten all our troubles.

"An Arab Still."

THE VERY PATHETIC LOVE STORY OF
IMRU MARINSKI.

By Edith Everett.

HE stood on the corner of Van Buren and State, and watched the hurrying crowd. It was a beautiful June day—his first day in Chicago. In fact, he had landed but three days before, from the steamer of the Adriatic. In his hand he held a slip of paper. He studied the address. It was a number out on one of Chicago's fashionable streets. "She'll help me." As he spoke aloud, a passer-by turned and looked at him curiously. He hesitated. He seemed to be studying the men who passed him. At the women he never even glanced.

"My hat is right—clothes like theirs, but—oh yes." Near by was a shoe store. He hurried into it. Ten minutes later he came out. New tan shoes replaced the coarse Arabian make.

Then Imru almost ran to the car the policeman pointed out. A half hour later he was ringing the bell of a large house on Monroe avenue. Jean came to him almost at once. She was evidently surprised.

"I never thought of your coming so soon, Imru, and you look quite like an American, too." She was inspecting him, from the gray traveling cap to the new tan shoes.

Imru smiled broadly at the compliment. "Miss Jean, you said my accent only a little. Now in America, I'll American be. Not so?"

He told the sympathetic listener of his trip—his struggles to get away, his mourning father, the various things which had happened to him since she saw him in Palestine.

Just two months before, he had been an ordinary Arab in Jerusalem. As Jean watched him, she marveled at the transformation. She smiled as she thought of the Arab who had guided them that week in Jerusalem—the Arabian ree-fez and long flowing robe, with sandals on his feet—the picturesque Mohammedan—and here he stood in American dress telling her that he was now an American.

Jean explained where to find her brother, who would furnish him work. Pleased as a child with a new toy, yet somewhat awed by the grandeur of the Montgomery home, Imru departed to seek Charles Montgomery. But he'd see her again Sunday, for he was to attend her Sunday-school class and learn her religion, too.

"I hope you'll not be lonesome, away from all your people. You must come to see me now." These were Jean's parting words.

"Of course I see you often." Then to himself, as he walked away: "I American now, for that." A few Arabian words followed, but as he noticed that he was muttering Arabic, he stopped abruptly.

To Imru, who spoke six languages, a clerkship in a large store proved a pleasant occupation. The only drawback was that he had to deal mostly with foreigners. He did not mind talking the different languages, but he feared that through contact with these people he might in some way fail to be real American.

The Sunday-school was his great delight. Here pretty Jean Montgomery labored to teach a mission class of boys. Her special protege was Imru. For she had been instrumental in bringing him to Chicago, and it was now her duty to teach him as best she knew. She went to her own fashionable church in the morning. Then came to the little mission in the afternoon. But Imru knew nothing of the fashionable church, and the society Jean. He saw only the sweet, gracious lady who had smiled on him in his own country, who had told him that he ought to come to the land where all men were free and equal. She had invited him, and he had come. She continued to smile and encourage. Sometimes she was home when he called, then she served tea and talked pleasantly of his progress.

So Imru worked and dreamed. He forgot home and native land in his vast new projects.

It was a hot evening in August. But the heat did not bother Imru. His ancestors had trodden desert sands. He stood before his little mirror knotting the new tie. He twisted and turned it, still the knot failed to please him. For the third time he brushed his smooth hair. There had been an increase of salary. He must hasten to tell Jean the good news. Then maybe he'd tell her the other thing. He took his new hat from the table. Under the hat lay a letter. He snatched it up with impatient gesture. It had a Jerusalem postmark. He broke the seal. As he read, his face grew dark.

"It's a lie, it's a lie! I have—I will—they'll see!"

He threw the crumpled sheet on the floor. With frowning face he left the room. Long before he reached the Montgomery mansion the letter had been forgotten, and he was smiling as he thought how he would tell her of his brightening prospects.

Soon he was in the tiny sitting-room where the maid always took him—waiting Jean's appearance. There was a new portrait of Jean on the mantel. His eyes were fixed on it. The black eyes sparkled, the lips parted as he looked. The lady herself entered the room and caught his fixed look.

"Do you like it?"

Imru felt that he knew the American ways. He had heard other men use flattery, so he began to tell her of her beauty.

"Like a Rose of Sharon, Miss Jean. It causes my heart—"

She looked puzzled, and interrupted him with ordinary words of welcome. He clasped the outstretched hand eagerly, and still intent on one thing, added: "It's all pleasure to touch the beautiful white hand." She drew it away abruptly.

He realized that in some way he had made a mistake. Yet she must like him. Had she not been heavenly kind? He began to tell her of his promotion. It would mean more money and some day a store of his own. Then he hoped to marry. As he talked, his face glowed; when he pictured his hopes, his language took on the vivid oriental touch.

Jean moved restlessly in her low chair. Suddenly she interrupted his flow of words.

"No question you are doing well, Imru—a few short months have done wonders for you. I am glad you are prospering. You will not need my instruction much longer. But," glancing at the clock, "I am going to the opera tonight. Oh no, you need not hurry—it's ten minutes till time. There is something I want to tell you. I know you will be interested. I'll show you my diamond first."

She held out her left hand. "It will be announced tomorrow."

"Announced?" Imru had risen and stood undecided by his chair.

"Why, yes; you my star pupil have first chance to congratulate me. Am I not kind to you?"

"The diamond says you will be married?" Imru groped for words.

"Yes, of course. Are you not glad?"

Jean laughed as she noticed his strange look. No doubt customs of engagements were still unknown to him. She had no thought of what was surging in the Arab's heart.

"You will marry a real American?"

"Indeed, what else should I marry? Now it's proper for you to wish me happiness. That's our custom." As Imru still seemed embarrassed, Jean continued: "Mr. Sheldon will be your friend, and can help you in many ways. He's interested in you already. I told him I'd converted you, but at heart I just think you are Mohammedan still."

Somehow Imru got away. As he stumbled blindly down the street, he murmured to himself: "I aspired to that. She was so kind. She would be to a dog or a dork. I believe you are a Mohammedan still."

People who passed the muttering, reeling man thought him drunk. All the three miles he stumbled along. Once a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he could find the way home.

"Home! I'm just an Arab—an Arab still," was his strange reply.

At last his hurrying, uncertain steps—blind though they were—brought him to his own door. He fumbled to find the keyhole, then flung the door wide.

Carefully he lit the gas. He took the black Fedora from his head and threw it on the floor. Deliberately he ground it under his heel and laughed a bitter laugh. "American shoes spoiling an American hat!"

He jerked savagely at the shoes and hurled them into the farthest corner. Slowly he walked to the bed. He drew out from under it the low foreign trunk and sat cross-legged beside it.

Several minutes passed. The key stuck in the unused lock. Then the lid was raised. Out came a red fez. Imru looked at it long, then placed it carefully on his dark hair. Next a pair of sandals. He jerked off the bright socks and tied the sandals on his bared feet.

"Sandals and fez—Arab stand forth!" As he spoke his lips quivered. He drew from the trunk a long purple robe and crimson sash. He threw the robe about his shoulders and knotted the sash around his waist.

Up and down the room he paced. "The leopard cannot his spots change. Behold the Imru she first saw, Arab once, Arab forever. Be it so."

His foot touched something that rustled. He stooped and picked up the crumpled letter. Carefully he smoothed it out, and standing under the dim gas jet read once more his father's words. No impatience now in the tone—only sadness. "I have chosen the proper wife for you—a good Mohammedan girl. By your American experience you can make much money here. Come home, son, for you are still a Mohammedan. You will always be an Arab."

"A Mohammedan and an Arab, in spite of all!"

He tore the letter into bits and cast them from him. He snatched off the robe. Then he knelt upon it. Perhaps he prayed—at any rate, his lips moved—till at last prone on the floor he writhed and tossed. About him lay American and Arabian garb in scattered medley—patent leathers and Turkish fez—oriental robe and sack coat—sandals and Fedora. In this medley fate and desire fought its battle.

The gas, unnoted, burned low. At home awaited the chosen wife and honor among his kind. Here was failure, for he was only an Arab in her eyes. "Free and equal"—he had misunderstood. He tossed and struggled the night through. Within the oriental heart the fierce conflict waged. When morning dawned a somewhat disheveled Arab arose, gathered together his belongings and left the house.

An hour later a drayman came for the queer little trunk. The next Mediterranean steamer bore on its second-cabin list the name of Imru Marinski. The leopard had acknowledged his spots, the Arab was returning to his own people; but the prospect of the homecoming brought no smile. The saddened face was turned oftener back toward the land relinquished.

Ahead were prosperity and honor; back there in Chicago was nothing now. Imru knew that he was doing right, and yet a gray, gray future stretched ahead, as the steamer bore him back to Palestine.

The steersman, and young... They started, "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!" And snuggled very closely to her stalwart, ardent hero.

An Ancient Trade.

WHAT GOVERNMENT EXPERTS ARE DOING TO IMPROVE BONELESS COD.

By Worth Harder.

IN Gloucester, Mass., the fishing fleet is putting out to the Grand Banks for the first codfishing trip of the year. For generations, literally for hundreds of years, the pursuit of the cod has been organized and conducted from the port of Gloucester. Since the foundation of that fishing village in 1623, the trade of catching, preparing and marketing the salt-water delicacy has been undergoing change and improvement at the hands of the generations of Gloucester fishermen and packers.

It seems a strange field for the resourceful Dr. Wiley of the government's bureau of chemistry to invade; but Dr. Wiley is there. Through his associates in the bureau that has struck terror to all evil doers in the field of food manufacture, Dr. Wiley has undertaken to help the codfishing industry overcome one of the greatest difficulties with which it has had to contend.

Ever since "boneless" and "absolutely boneless" cod-

and all the men that handled the cod from sea to factory should use improved sanitary methods.

Still the "reddening" would develop, and rapidly spoil the product of a catch that had occupied four or five months, and the work of a factory in putting up that catch.

A. W. Bitting, an inspector of the bureau of chemistry, was at last detailed to help the fishermen and the packing firms in trying to solve the problem. Mr. Bitting absorbed the Gloucester fishing lore, and the story of the codfish, until he has been able to write a report that is in the way of a classic upon the art of codfishing.

At last Mr. Bitting came to the conclusion that at the bottom of the whole trouble is a "coccus." A coccus, be it understood, is in scientific circles a form of bacteria. Mr. Webster—Noah Webster of the dictionary—describes it as "a form of bacteria shaped like a globule." The coccus was found present wherever the reddening occurred. It was found on the docks, in the salt, in the butts and kegs in which the cod was cured, and often on the ships. Wherever cod or salt was handled the coccus might appear.

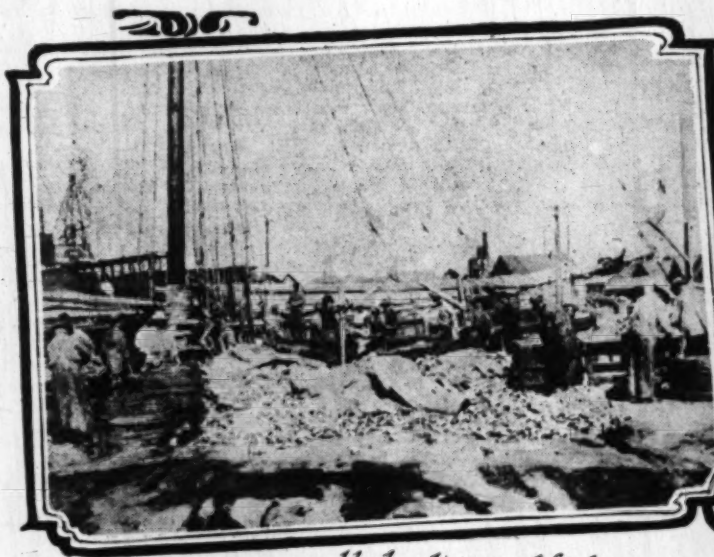
Where did it come from? demanded Mr. Bitting. The fishermen thought it came from the sea salt; but Mr. Bitting proved by long experiments made at Gloucester and at Lafayette, Ind., that it developed as well where other salt was used. Other fishing centers produced it.

ent, now appears to consist rather in the usual difficulty of preventing infection."

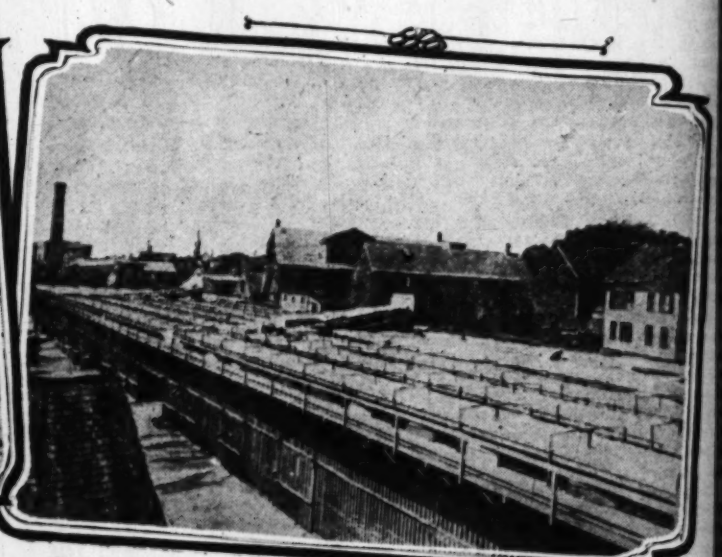
To accomplish this, Mr. Bitting urges upon the fishermen still greater strides toward absolute cleanliness and perfection in handling. The fish, he says, should not be thrown from the ships to the dock, as is now done, because the dock itself is usually infested with the coccus. The floors, dressing tables, scales, tanks and wheelbarrows should be cleansed more frequently and thoroughly. The fish should be sprayed and washed with water under force, instead of being thrown into a tank. All of the butts, tables, and apparatus used in the cleaning process should be treated frequently with sulphurous acid.

Most important is to prevent rough handling of fish by the workmen engaged about the docks and factories, or on the boats. The fish thrown on the docks are often walked over or trampled upon in the routine operations that follow the arrival of the fishing fleet. The practice is sometimes permitted, also, of letting men in their ordinary boots step into the butts upon the fish, and tramp them down during the preparation for the curing process.

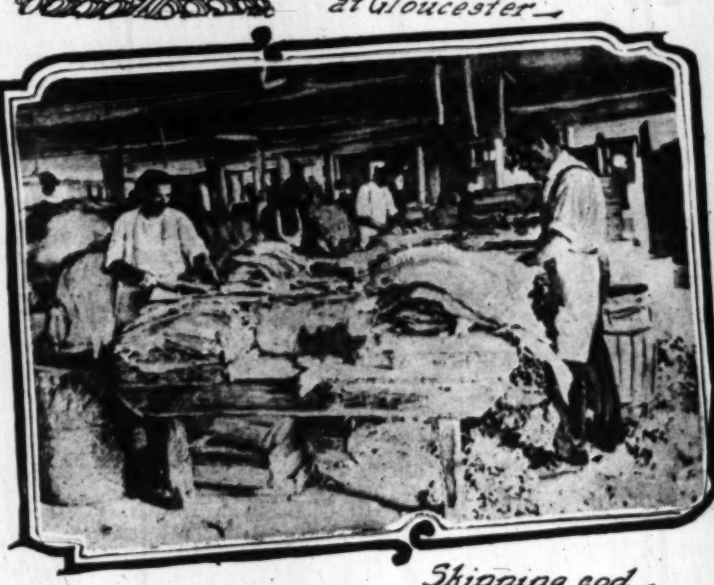
The elimination of these causes of infection, the use of more automatic contrivance to prevent the cod from being infected with the dread coccus, will do more to prevent the future reddening and



Unloading cod fish at Gloucester.



The new flake yards for drying cod.



Shipping cod.



Dressing iced fish.

fish became a delicacy on the American market, the troubles of the fishermen at Gloucester and other codfishing ports have multiplied. The advent of Dr. Wiley's experts into the field is at the earnest desire of the fishermen and packers; and the results already attained indicate that the cod industry will be able to better cope with its trouble in the future.

For years the cod shippers have been troubled with the spoiling, "freckling" and "reddening" of their carefully-prepared product. The work bestowed upon the "sacred cod," from the moment it is caught until it is ready for shipment in various fancy packages to the grocery stores of the nation, is surprisingly great. At every point the fishermen and packers have tried to guard their product against contamination or the danger of decay; but their best efforts have not succeeded in preventing the fish from developing the redness, the brown mold and the freckled appearance which presage decay, and which make the prepared fish unmarketable and a complete waste.

The fishermen long laid the blame on the salt they were using. Almost all the salt used by the Gloucester trade—and they import nearly 63,000,000 pounds of it a year—comes from the Mediterranean Sea, and is sundried from the blue waters about Sicily and the coast of Spain.

They changed the character of their salt, giving up the Spanish product and using the Sicilian salt almost exclusively. They changed their methods of preparing the fish for market, and demanded that the fishing fleet

The reddening could be found all along the New England coast, in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and on the Pacific Coast, and even in Europe.

The coccus that causes the trouble is now fairly well located. The organism is believed to be a native of the salt water and the lowlands along the ocean. It is always ready for work providing the conditions are favorable. It will grow on a dock or on the planks of a shed where salt and fish have been handled, until it makes a virtual covering for the wood. It will develop on almost any fish where the opportunity is at all favorable.

The solution, says Mr. Bitting, is greater cleanliness and greater care in the handling of the cod in the ships, on the docks, in the curing yards, and in the packing factories.

"With local conditions such that the infecting organisms abound naturally," says the government expert, "they may be carried into the boats, the butt sheds, the flake yard, the storerooms and the preparation rooms, by the wind, on the boots, clothing or hands of the sailors and factory employees, and by the use of water in making pickle and cleansing the buildings."

"The farther the bacteriological work on the cause of reddening of salt fish is carried on the stronger the evidence becomes that it is due to factory infection, to the use of contaminated water, and to the methods of handling. What at the beginning appeared to be primarily a problem of how to avoid spoilage in an infected product by preventing the growth of the organisms pres-

cay of the fish than all possible curative measures could do.

The industry of codfishing, and the art of preparing the product of the cod for market, constitute one of the most picturesque occupations in America. Gloucester has never lost her lead as the codfishing center of the continent; and the greatest development toward improved conditions has been within the confines of the city.

The troubles that now beset the fishermen were so important before the days of the "boneless" and "absolutely boneless," or before the discovery of the preservative qualities of a mild solution of borax. Then there was little codfishing in the warm months of the year, and no shipments to point far distant. The codfish from Gloucester and other fishing ports went to every part of the world. The fishing fleet goes out in January and early February, with from 15,000 to 20,000 pounds of bait, and 350 to 450 hogheads of salt cod. The return may not be until July, and the fleet leaves again in July or August, and returns with its second catch in October or November.

The loss that may come to a Gloucester fisherman through the development of such a scourge as "reddening" has been, can be appreciated only when it is known how really valuable the "absolutely boneless" codfish product is.

A catch of codfish weighing 1200 pounds as it comes from the fishing boat will weigh but 311 pounds when it comes out of the hands of the bone pickers, and

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for the market. Nearly 75 per cent. of its weight has been a dead loss, except for the by-products such as liver, and the amount realized from the sale of the fish is reduced to glue factories.

The 1200 pounds of fish weigh but 720 pounds when heads, viscera and backbones have been removed; it is reduced to 515 pounds in passing through the flake yards where they are pressed and given a "full pickle" for drying and sun curing, and its weight is further reduced to 465 pounds; and when it passes into the hands of the bone pickers, to become "absolutely boneless" codfish, it loses another 157 pounds of its weight.

The terms "boneless" and "absolutely boneless" are terms in the fish-packing business. To prepare "boneless" fish, only the fins are cut off and the rest of the backbone cut out closely, but small pieces of the fins, ribs and backbone remain in the fish. The "absolutely boneless," on the other hand, is all the name implies. The fish, in either case, go first to the skinning department, where men pull off the skin with a deftness that comes only with long practice, and that is made possible only by perfect curing. The skin is started at the neck, pulled in toward the head of the back, and then pulled toward the tail.

The fish goes to another table, where the operators separating the "absolutely boneless" pull out all parts of the fins, backbone and ribs, with forceps. From the bone pickers the fish goes to the cutting table, and from there the pieces go to girls who sort and weigh them. Two good pieces on the outside, some small pieces in the center, and sew or tie up the packages.

The Grand Bank fishing, or trawling, is productive of great catches of cod, but the fish do not rank so high as those taken by other means. The Grand Banker carries from eight to ten dories, and when the fishing ground has been located, each dory sets its own trawl and takes care of it. These trawls are set by affixing a dory and a float at each end of a line that carries hundreds of hooks.

A single dory will set lines aggregating 10,800 feet in length, and carrying 3200 baited hooks; so that the ship carries ten dories can set twenty miles of line, with 3200 hooks. These trawls are usually set once a week, and fish are taken off in the morning. From the time the fish are thrown up to the vessel with pitchforks called "pews," and as soon as the fish are all aboard, the work of splitting and removing their heads begins.

Three men handle the cod in this first operation. One breaks off the head, and splits the fish; the second removes the viscera; and the third completes the splitting process and removes a part of the backbone. He does this with extreme care, keeping his knife close to the backbone so as to prevent loss of flesh.

The fish are then washed and all blood spots removed. They are passed into the hold of the vessel, where two men are ready to thoroughly salt and "ketch" them. The last process consists in piling them up that they may be subjected to pressure and the curative action of the salt.

In some codfishing, ice is used in place of salt; and the catches unloaded at the Gloucester docks may consist of either salted or iced fish. The salted fish are packed out of the hold, onto the deck, and again onto the wharf. There the cod are separated according to size. If they have not been well salted on the boat, there will be immediate evidence of it when the fish are thrown out onto the dock, for they will show distinct signs of spoilage.

Good fish are thrown onto the wharf by baskets, rather than by the pitchfork method. They are sorted and weighed, and are then turned over to the "dressing" men; and the operation of cleaning that took place on the "salter" as soon as the fish was caught is repeated on the dock with the iced fish.

The "ketch cure," which the fish first receives, subjects it to both pressure and salting. The salt forces it to the water, and the pressure forces it out of the fish. Codfish is subjected to all the curative agents—the use of salt, pressure and air. From the time the fish go into the butts. Here they are piled up in hogheads, with salt between the layers, and subjected to the effects of brine for from eight to twelve days.

The cod is dried in the flake yards, where it is spread out under the direct rays of the sun, and with air spaces that a free circulation may be had all about the fish. The sun becomes too hot, canvas is stretched over the fish, to prevent sunburn.

As an evidence of the improved methods used by the fishers of codfish, the flake yards are now generally constructed above the butt sheds, and away from the water, so that no dust or impurities may be blown or blown upon the fish.

The change from codfish as a staple to codfish as a by-product of trade has been wrought largely by the change in packing methods, and the introduction of a preservative to keep the fish in good condition. The shredded codfish used so much in the household is made up of the trimmings and leavings after the codfish has been packed; but it is always of the same material, and in every way the equal of the "absolutely boneless" in quality.

The small pieces are run through a machine, that breaks them into small fibrous bundles. The fish is then again taken out all the water and make it into a paste, and is again run through the machine, and sifted out the small particles of bone.

Of the by-products of the cod, the livers are by far the most valuable. They are thrown into hogheads at the time the fish is dressed, and are saved for the use of cod-liver oil. The oil from fresh livers is worth about \$3 a barrel, for use as medicine, while the oil from old livers brings a lower price, and is used for making leather.

The livers brought in by one vessel on a single trip will bring \$100 for the vessel owner.

A Business Revival.

HAMLET'S FATHER PREDICTS A GOOD YEAR FOR SPOOKS.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

"WELL, sir, business in my line is certainly looking up," said Hamlet's Father, as he lit a Ghost's Delight 10-cent cigar at a spirit lamp and puffed psychic circles into the air. "Yes, sirree," he continued, as he crossed one translucent leg over the other and leaned back in his chair, "we have passed through a long period of industrial depression in our business, but the hard times are over now and it certainly does look as if we were coming into our own."

"To what, mainly, do you attribute this revival in your chosen field?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing," said the senior Mr. Hamlet, "look at the way Sir John Franklin, the celebrated Arctic explorer, came to the front with the real facts regarding the Cook-Pearry controversy. I guess you must have read about it in the papers? First, Sir John broke the news to Editor Stead and his group of true believers over in England, and then the same night he leaped nimbly across the broad Atlantic and whispered it into the plush-lined ears of a few earnest seekers at Washington, D. C. You'll have to give it to Sir John on that, won't you?"

"From where I sit, it looks as if the Amalgamated Association of Spooks had quit frivolous and come right down to cases. In the early days of the trade, most of our brotherhood devoted themselves to the job of going around handing out warnings and portents. We were the first stop-look-and-listen bunch. You'll remember that I appeared to my son and gave him the correct facts in regard to my own taking off. It is true that in attempting to hand out retribution to the parties suspected by the local police, he got the situation all snarled up, but that wasn't my fault. My boy Hammy was a whole lot like a lot of other young persons of genius—he needed a separator in his head to keep his ideas from running together and going to clabber. But, anyhow, I did my duty."

"J. Caesar, with his toga all marked up with cuts and covered with gore until his bosom looked like a cross-banded cranberry pie, paid a call to Brutus in his tent and caught Brutus's philopena for Philippi. On the night before the battle, Richard the Third was visited by a marching club of his own victims, and history shows that it put him in a bad humor right off. But then Richard the Third never had much of a disposition, anyhow. And Banquo's ghost had a little way of dropping in on Macbeth just as he was sitting down to dinner, and practically spoiling Mac's enjoyment of the whole evening. History is full of such cases—I'm only quoting you a few well-known ones. Those were the times when a former champion could come back—and frequently did."

"A little later on, our members began to figure extensively in connection with haunted houses and deserted castles. Battle fields and wayside inns were also favorite stop-over points when playing road dates. Just at midnight the belated traveler, sitting with bated breath, or baited, as the case might be, and his eyes bulged out on his pallid cheeks like a couple of electric-light bulbs, would hear stealthy footsteps and low, blood-curdling groans, and then would come the rattle of chains coming nearer and nearer—and at dawn the next morning the traveler would be thirty miles away on a straight line and still going strong. Sometimes his hair would turn snow-white in a single night, and sometimes it would merely acquire a permanent pompadour effect. I don't know why the rattling chains should have been a part of the regular regalia, but they were. It was uncomfortable, I should say, to go around jingling like a refugee from a Colored Chicken Collectors' Club in Georgia, but in those days no self-respecting ghost would have thought of going out on chilly evenings without his chains. He might have caught cold. It was just as much a part of his outfit as a white handkerchief is for a horizontal-bar performer to wipe his hands on. You'd no more expect to find a ghost without his chain than a dentist's office without a canary bird or a country barber shop without somebody learning to play the guitar in the back room."

"But there wasn't much real nourishment in the work. In time, haunted houses got to be almost as common as mortgaged houses are now. They were a drug on the real-estate market. It got so that when the tired business man of the Middle Ages heard the rattling of chains at midnight in the moated grange or the butler's pantry, he turned over and said to himself that the durned dog had broken loose again. And if he felt an icy touch between his shoulders, he only waked up long enough to ask his wife why in thunder she didn't do something for those cold feet. So that line of endeavor languished."

"Things went along that way for a couple of centuries more, and then, here about forty or fifty years ago, a new wrinkle was introduced. Some of the fellows began to frequent the same kind of a canvas edifice that is found in the rear of a barber shop when a citizen goes on election day to exercise the highest and most precious right of an American, if he doesn't forget it. The canvas-booth ghost came in along with the Australian ballot, and the old viva-voce styles of ghost and vote went out together. This variety was very popular for a time. So, also, was the kind of a spirit that would get inside a cabinet and start knocking the same as Secretary Ballinger. And then they branched out and began to send spirit messages and write on slates, saying her late Uncle Henry desired to send his love to his beloved niece Maud and was doing well, except that he'd found the heat trying until he got used to it."

"The business was mainly conducted through ladies called mediums. They were all of that. Many of

these mediums were stout ladies who were going to have neat Vandykes if they lived long enough. They were frequently addicted to onions on the hoof and they wore those black 'basques' that missed connections at the waist line. Their grammar had a quaint touch of originality, too. You'd think that if a high-class spirit intended to inhabit anybody of the fair sex, he'd pick out one of the steamer-basket sisters—a plippin or a peach—but the stout lady with the wen on her chin and a mustache coming on appeared to have the call. She'd hold seances in a back parlor down a side street where the atmosphere of brooding mystery was complicated with the atmospheres of wet umbrellas and somebody frying red cabbage, which are also brooding but not mysterious to any considerable extent. And thoughtful people in turn-down collars and gum overshoes would go there and pay a dollar each to hear the shades of the mighty blow tin horns and rattle tambourines and rap on a table and ring a bell, two rings for ice water and three rings for towels.

"But there was a drawback. The general public lacked a good deal of being converted by acclamation. A considerable number of people couldn't understand why a dignified statesman such as Thomas Jefferson would come all the way from the Hereafter to Brooklyn, N. Y., for the precious boon of performing an instrumental solo on the same kind of a horn that is used so extensively in the old rags and fresh fish lines. It seemed to them that Alexander the Great and Martin Luther ought to have something better to do where they'd gone than sitting in a cheese-cloth cabinet playing on the tambourine in a way that would excite the contempt and scorn of any end man in the minstrel profession. It occurred to them that maybe Sir Isaac Newton and the prophet Moses ought to be ashamed of themselves spending their evenings rapping with their knuckles on a kitchen table with all the insistence of Senator Lodge ordering a malted milk at the beginning of one of his most riotous evenings."

"But here lately a great reform has begun to develop along the line of plain and fancy spooking. Even the genuine Egyptian seersess with the South Bend accent and the Chicago Lake Front figure, who dresses up like a cosy corner and does seersessing under a tent at the county fair for 50 cents a throw, has caught the spirit of the hour. The fair predictor is no longer satisfied to run the cards, then pass the hand several times across the brow and inform the inquiring 50-cent guy that he will shortly take a trip and after that his life line will be crossed by a fair-haired woman, meaning by that, probably, that he's going somewhere to hire a new Swede servant girl—and that he should beware of a dark, mysterious stranger who will come to the door, with an eye in his head like a bill collector. No, sir, not any more for that cheap line of prophecy. Now the inspired prophetess shuts her eyes and claws with her fingers and, just as the customer decides that the lady has eaten something and is about to grab his hat and run for help, she gets a message from Rameses the Third, or some equally well-known and popular shade, that the customer ought to invest his savings in a neat line of mining stock. And at this exact moment the lady providentially comes out of the trance and the securities come out of her stocking, all of which, you must concede, is putting the ghost business on a sound commercial basis, where it ought before long to attract the attention of some of our leading captains of industry."

"But that's not all. Our friends go further than that. Prof. Howsloppy and Dr. Monsterbugg—correct me if I have the names wrong—and Editor Stead and the rest of the real scientific investigators are now getting out sporting spirit extras on contemporaneous events. They don't dig into the dim and cobwebbed past any more. They're as up-to-date as a jewelry drummer or a 5-o'clock edition. Take the Cook-Pearry row, now. There's an example for you. For a year or more, savants have been prying into the case seeking for truth in that trackless, frozen waste where so many dauntless explorers have left their toes and reputations. But what do Stead and the others do? They send out a psychic wave and get in touch with the best authorities. They get a message from Sir John F. nkin, who did exploring back in the days when exploring was done in dog sleighs instead of the 15-cent magazines. And what does Sir John say? Why, he gives them the right steer. He says neither gentleman got to the Pole. In the chill twilight of the Arctic dawn, but Cook, who'd had experience in traveling about in the cold before breakfast, having been raised in the milk business, got closer to it than Peary did. He says that while Commodore Peary was sitting in his little two-story and English basement igloo making his mustache fluff out further and thinking up a line of 15-cent-a-word words, Dock Cook was staggering on toward the Pole, being personally chaperoned by Sir John himself, who made a fine guide, he having been dead for many years and therefore able to stand any climate. Only, Sir John didn't go all the way, he says. Toward the end he turned Dock Cook over to some spirit Indians—Indians that he probably had a grudge against or something—and he came on back and at the first chance sent a psychic souvenir post card over Rural Spook Delivery Route No. 3 to Editor Stead and the rest of them."

"And, now that the way has been opened, people ought to be able to get the straight dope from This Side on all the burly questions of the hour. Will the Democrats in Congress really reform the tariff or will they put hot air on the free list and leave the other necessities of life where they are? How old is Ann? Will the Duke of Abruzzi, or won't he? When shall—"

"I wonder why Sir John only went a little way with Dr. Cook and then turned back?" I said.

"Ever meet the Dock?" inquired Hamlet's Father.

"Yes, once."

"Ever talk with him?"

"Yes."

"Then why ask such a foolish question?" said Hamlet's Father, severely.

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind! They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!" And snuggled very closely to her stalwart, ardent hero.

Passing of Royalty.

PATHETIC STORY OF CLOSING DAYS
OF QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

By D. L. MacKaye.

THE only royal family that America has ever possessed has dwindled down slowly through the past decade until there is now but one surviving member, one who is known from one end of the country to the other and yet in a way, not known at all—Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. The other day in a noble house, fronting the beach of Waikiki on the island of Oahu, Archibald S. Cleghorn, the son of a simple Scotch gentleman, died, and with his passing the old Queen became alone in the royalty of Hawaii.

Naturally, she is looked upon with different eyes in the islands she formerly ruled from those which hold a curiosity in the States, during her periodical visits to Washington to press her claim against the government. She and her claims together are there only the butt of sometimes gentle and sometimes coarse jests, but jests for all that. But she is a woman far different from the "dusky princesses of the cannibal isles" to which she is often compared for the sake of greater effect, for she and her race were the rulers of an integral nation, though a small one, and the Hawaiian Islands were civilized before western America.

Among the native Hawaiians she is an object of the deepest affection still, still their Queen and ruler to whom the allegiance of the ancient race of Hawaii is only her just due. Among the white residents of the

that the Territory pay her claims was dropped, though it does pay her a substantial annuity.

While owning an estate at Waikiki, where formerly she presided over luau, or native feasts, to her intimate friends, she now remains almost exclusively at Washington Place, attended only by her immediate servants and the highest of those who formerly had the entry to the royal presence. An ailment which has been growing upon her in late years is becoming more troublesome as the years pass, and now confines her to her home.

Col. Curtis P. Iaukea, formerly the royal chamberlain and once Hawaii's representative at the coronation of Alexander at St. Petersburg, is still the "royal" usher. Those desiring audience with the Queen must first see him, but her visitors are very few indeed.

She spends her time in what amusements come to her hand, reading and playing on the instruments at which she is an adept, particularly those which lend themselves most graciously to the sweet Hawaiian melodies. Although she now writes but little music, she is a beautiful composer, and few travelers over the lines which pass the "Paradise of the Pacific" are unacquainted with her "Aloha Oe."

In the Nuuanu Valley which spreads narrowly back for miles behind Honolulu, there is a little plot of ground where all the rulers and nobles of the Kalakaua dynasty are sleeping the last sleep. In the royal mausoleum where Archibald Cleghorn was laid to rest, there is but one vacant place which waits for the last of the Hawaiian royalty.

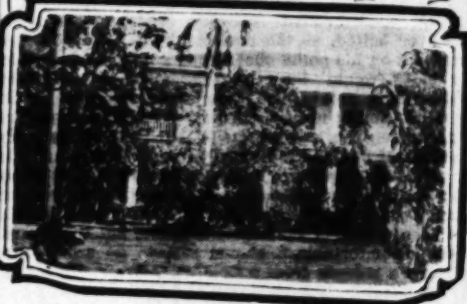
In it lies King Kalakaua, brother of Liliuokalani, and his Queen, Kapiolani. Likelike, the sister of Kalakaua and Liliuokalani and the wife of Cleghorn, is also there with her daughter, Kalulani, the "Sweet Girl of Hawaii."



Queen Liliuokalani.



Mausoleum of Kalakaua dynasty.



Washington Place.

islands, the same respect and affection are extended to her, though of course, for different reasons. As a high type of a lovable people, she receives from her white neighbors the gentle regard in which a thriving and extensive family holds its chimney-corner grandmother.

Up to a year ago the old differences and even hatreds engendered by the revolution that deposed the Queen in 1893 were burning more or less brightly in the breasts of those who figured in the many ways opera-bouffe war. Sanford B. Dole, now first judge of the United States District Court, but formerly leader of the revolution and the President of the republic of Hawaii, was one of those naturally personae non gratae to the old Queen. He was one of the last with whom she buried the ancient feuds, but one day at the opening of the Children's Hospital in Honolulu where he was a speaker he stepped up to her as she was approaching the ceremonies, doffed his hat, and with exquisite courtesy conducted her to her high seat above the audience, which lost its attention to the exercises to watch this burial of the last enemy of the revolution.

These exercises were among the last which the old Queen ever attended in public, though still at her birth-days all Hawaii flocks to Washington Place and pays court to her in that pretty home in the old, old way, with the allis, or nobles, wearing the ahueas about their shoulders and the khills standing solemnly in the corner in token of royal dignity. "Haele" and native alike then take delight in pledging the allegiance of affection to their old ruler.

She will probably never visit the mainland again. She has definitely given up all intention of pursuing her efforts to recover from the government the value of the old crown lands which formerly were invested in her and which now form the public domain. A proposal

who was made heir-apparent before the monarchy tumbled to the ground. Cleghorn never recovered from the death of Kalulani, and when the run of red fish commenced in the harbor and the electrical storm crashed overhead for the first time in years, the old Hawaiians said that he was going to join his daughter—and he did.

There are remarkable superstitions firmly imbedded in the hearts of the natives, some of them so beautiful that it is almost sacrilege to call them pagan. And so true do many of them prove that "Christians" feel awed before the simple instincts that are evidenced in them. This is one of them. There is a certain red fish which very rarely visits the waters of Honolulu Harbor, but when it does so, it does in great number. This is one of the tokens of the coming death of an "alii" or noble or one of royal blood. The other token is the electrical storm which, though harmless, seldom occurs.

Early in November, the Hawaiian fishermen caught red fish in the harbor. A few days later and the harbor was full of them and the old mariners about the waterfront caught the fever of superstition of the natives who swarmed from all over the island to catch these heralds of death.

Always filled with dread over the death of their Queen, the approach of these fish subdued and startled the whole Hawaiian population. Finally one night lightning began to play about the sky, and for the first time in a year thunder was heard above the summit of Tantalus and Konahuanui. As the thunder boomed and the lightning played there was a great wailing on Oahu for the Queen, but it was Archibald Cleghorn, Scotch gentleman, brother of kings and queens, husband and father of princesses, and royal Governor of Oahu, whom the angel of death called that night.

Invariably these portents are seen and heard. The

old residents still speak with awe of the terrific storm which swept up the Molokai Channel and over the island of Oahu on the night when the sweet Princess Kalulani died at Alahau. Princes Albert and died amid storms that threw the fishing sampans the reefs or sunk them. And now, when there is one left of the royal blood of Hawaii, the Hawaiians await sorrowfully the run of the red fish and the last great storm of fire.

ODD SKINS AND HIDES.

BROUGHT TO NEW YORK IN LARGE QUANTITIES FROM LATIN AMERICA.

[New York Sun:] Among the many curious to be found on the inward manifests of steamships sailing between this port and Latin-American countries are deerskins, of which many thousands are brought annually.

The deerskins thus imported are gathered in Central America and in the northern countries of South America, including Brazil. In these countries where deer abound, there are many natives who are living collecting deer hides, which they bring back or foot to the various places where the import agents are found. The supply is still large, but continued killing the deer in these countries is plentiful than they were.

Deerskins are shipped dry in bundles of a dozen each. They are tanned in this country and used in the manufacture of light and medium-weight shoes for men and women.

Boarskins come from Mexico, and the hide of a Mexican peccary, with fur or bristles of a peppery salt mixture in color, the beast being a savage animal alive. Like deerskins, boar hides are dried. The boarskin makes a heavier leather than skin and is used for glove trimmings.

Goatskins in large numbers are imported from various Latin-American countries, including the Indies; but the great sources of the world's goat skins are China, Russia and the East Indies, in order named. From those countries there are shipped into the United States annually millions of goats which are made into leather, 90 per cent. of which is used in the manufacture of shoes. Goat skins shipped principally dry.

From the countries to the south of the States are brought annually some thousands of hides, mostly from Mexico and the United States of Colombia, with some from Ecuador. These hides are shot or are speared from boats and are shipped wet salted. If they were not they never could be softened sufficiently to be made into leather.

To be kept in perfect condition in the hot weather the alligator must be skinned and the hide salted away. Alligator hides are shipped in packages of twenty-five. The supply is still sufficient, but countries from which the hides are now brought alligators are diminishing in number, as are too many hunters and too many young alligators are taken.

Formerly some alligator leather was used in boots, but now it is used chiefly in the making of handbags and suitcases.

Occasionally there are brought here a few or sea cow hides, which come from Mexico. These hides are shipped wet salted. The manatee is a very thick leather, cheaper than walrus, but used like it for the making of buffing wheels for polishing purposes.

From Mexico also come a few tiger cub skins which are tanned and made up into rugs.

BIG TROUT.

Among the biggest trout captured within the memory of man belongs to the monster Stennes, which weighed twenty-nine pounds and was caught on a hand line in 1889. It was one of the brown trout which have taken to salt or pure water ("slob" or estuarine trout,) and the fish it made by Mr. Malloch and now in the Fly Fishing Club shows that salt water agreed with it. The trout was caught in Lough Ennel in 1894. The twenty-six pounds and took a spoon bait.

The Irish lakes have yielded several fish of pounds or more in recent years. A trout of twenty pounds was caught in Loch Rannoch in 1904 by a lady, and in the same year a youthful angler caught one in the Test at Broadlands which weighed twenty pounds. The largest trout caught in the streams of late, however, was the eighteen-pounder from the New River, which fell a victim to a hook in 1908. The record Thames trout was caught in 1908 weighed sixteen pounds fifteen ounces.—(Journal of Salmon and Trout Association.)

DECOLLETE.

Mrs. X: I despise that woman; she tries to make a cloak of religion. Mrs. Y: Yes; and she has made it to make her a decent bathing suit.—(Boston Transcript.)

THE PIPES OF PAN.

Among gray ruins, grandeur now laid low,
Where the fragrant breath of flowers blows,
Near some still pool that holds the sunset glow,
Pan plays to you and me.

As we wander through green forests glad and free,
With the whispering of the leaves on every tree,
In the murmuring of the earth of things to be,
Pan plays to you and me.

In the violet twilight shadows, growing cold,
When the night and day each other closely hold,
In one last embrace, then on pipes of gold,
Pan plays to you and me.

PAULINE B. BARRON.

An Irrigation

UNCLE SAM HARNETT

IN MOST UNIFORM

By a Special

AMONG the many water engineering projects under the reclamation act, the one which is unique than the group of projects in North Dakota, by which means the Missouri River is harnessed and the water to make them fertile. Since the earliest days of settlement, the "muddy" has been looked upon as a curse of the farmers. The keel-lifters up the stream in the countless thrilling expeditions. Many a successful venture back to the St. Louis market, muddy river, or was through the eddy, and was the ranchers who have had their trout



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February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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An Irrigation Feat.

UNCLE SAM HARNESSSES "BIG MUDDY"
IN MOST UNIQUE MANNER.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the many wonders accomplished by government engineers in the redemption of arid lands under the reclamation act, there is nothing more than the group of pumping projects in North Dakota, by which means the hitherto uncontrollable Missouri River is harnessed and made to irrigate thousands of acres of lands that have needed only the touch of water to make them fertile.

Since the earliest days of western history, the "Big Muddy" has been looked upon as the most uncontrollable of streams. The keel-boatmen who poled many adventures up the stream in the days of the fur hunters and countless thrilling experiences with the erratic river. Many a successful trapper, floating his furs down to the St. Louis market, struck a snag in the boiling muddy river, or was thrown against a sandbar by a rushing eddy, and was heard of no more. In later years the ranchers who have settled along the Missouri have had their troubles with the giant among

about two acre-feet of water per annum. The principal crops grown in this locality are wheat, flax and oats, with alfalfa and sugar beets growing in favor.

Recognizing the possibilities of this neglected area of fine land if it could be brought under water, the government engineers, working under the reclamation act, devoted much time to a scientific study of the difficulties to be overcome. Finally the barge pumping plan was decided upon. The power problem was quickly solved. There are thousands of acres of lignite coal underlying the lands surrounding Williston. A power plant was built at Williston, and, from the coal at the very doors of the plant, power is quickly and cheaply generated. The electricity is conveyed to the pumping barges, which are anchored in the river. The water of the "Big Muddy" is pumped through huge pipes to settling basins above. So muddy is the water that it is allowed to settle before it is turned into the system of irrigating canals radiating from the settling basins. If the water were discharged into the canals directly from the river the silt would necessitate constant work in repair and cleaning.

One of the remarkable features of this project is that the coal used for generating electricity is mined and delivered by gravity to the furnaces at the power station. The initial unit of the Williston project includes about 8000 acres of the bench and valley lands surrounding Williston, but the system will be enlarged to cover about 12,000 acres. There is a State experiment

There is sufficient land under irrigation to prove the perfect feasibility of the barge pumping system. No doubt private enterprise will be quick to take the hint from the government, and it will not be surprising to see many barge pumping systems installed along the Missouri River and its tributary, the Yellowstone, which, like the "Big Muddy," has millions of acres of fine bench lands that hitherto have not been deemed possible to irrigate.

From the ancient water wheel, which was the first device used in Egypt to raise water to bench lands, this barge pumping system so successfully demonstrated by the government, is indeed a far cry. The unique method of harnessing the erratic Missouri River and making it do the bidding of irrigation engineers is to be taken as the last word in scientific agriculture.

G. W. S.

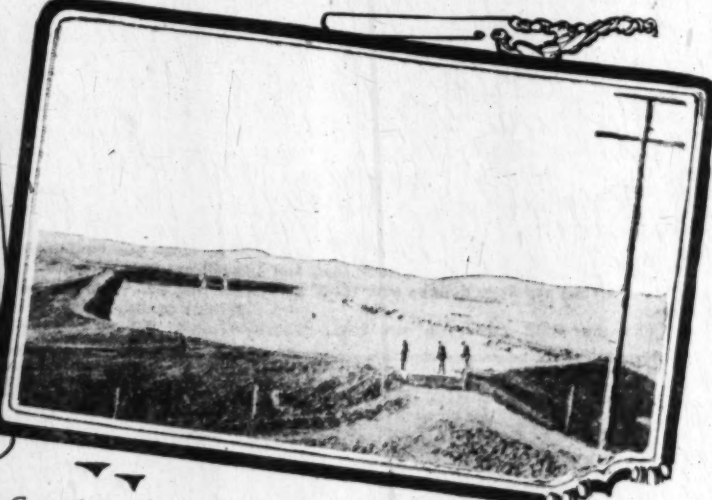
CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

The Chinese are offering stubborn resistance to the European doctors who are endeavoring to stamp out the plague. The authorities and the doctors, we learn from a French source, are at their wit's end, for the educated Celestials share with the common people a belief that the hygienic measures and clinical treatment advocated by European surgeons are designed to kill and not cure the people.

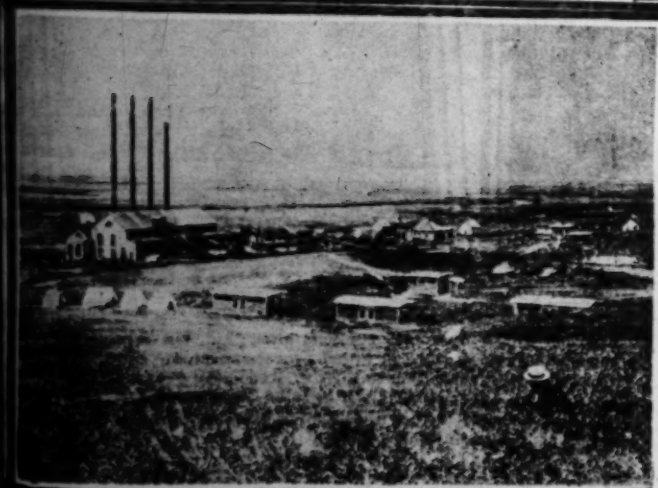
One of the legends which has a powerful influence



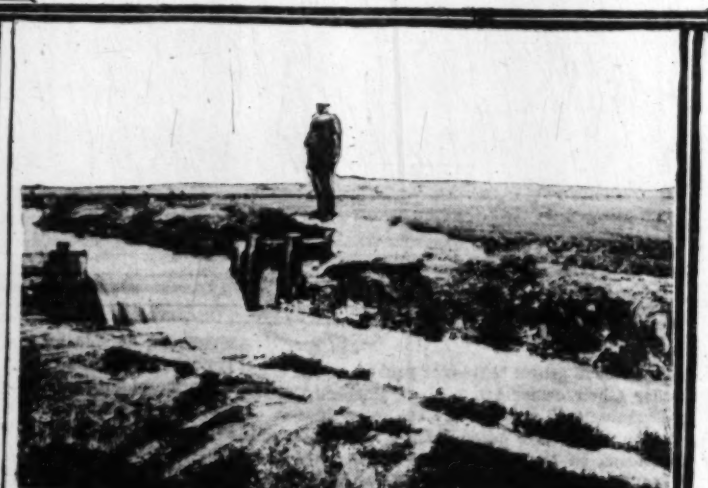
Pumping barge, Williston Project.



Settling basin where the water is clarified.



Power house and buildings, Williston Project.



The "Big Muddy" harnessed, Williston Project.

Sudden floods have come, wreaking untold damage. Then, too, the channel of the stream has constantly shifted. Owing to its winding course, and the nature of the soil through which it travels, the river is constantly changing its bed. It eats swiftly a neck of land and perhaps abandons its old channel for one miles away.

To harness such a stream as this has been considered impossible, but government engineers have proved otherwise. They have tamed the ferocious "Big Muddy," and the stream which hitherto acknowledged no master is now irrigating several thousand acres of land in North Dakota. Pumping barges in the stream carry a steady flow of water to huge settling basins, and from these basins many irrigating canals are filled when needed on the farms that are springing up on the bench lands. The vagaries of the river make no difference in the work, for the barges rise and fall with the river. Even if the river saw fit to change its course, it would not escape these new monsters that have brought it to subjection.

The government has several pumping projects in North Dakota, which raise water from the Missouri to irrigate bench lands which cannot be reached by other systems. The Williston and Buford-Trenton projects are the ones which have the unique feature that have been mentioned. The lands included in these projects are ideal for farming, but it has been necessary to get water to them on account of their position above the channel of the river. The general level of the land is about 2000 feet above sea level, and the bottom lands is a heavy clay, but the bench lands are a rich, sandy loam, requiring

farm near Williston which is of assistance in demonstrating the methods of irrigation to settlers. Land has been reserved for a government town site about eight miles north of Williston. The government's building charge on this and the Buford-Trenton pumping project has been fixed at \$38 per acre of irrigable land. An additional charge of 70 cents per acre is required for operation and maintenance, and 50 cents per acre-foot of water actually pumped and delivered in one year. The farm units in this and the Buford-Trenton project are from forty to eighty acres of irrigable land, depending upon location. Practically all the land is in private ownership, but farmers owning more than 160 acres are required by the government to sell their excess holdings, prices of land ranging from \$15 to \$25 per acre.

The Buford-Trenton project is similar to the Williston project, and in fact derives its power from the Williston power-house, twenty-nine miles distant. After being transmitted electrically that distance the power is used to pump water from the Missouri River. The Buford-Trenton project embraces about 12,500 acres of bench land bordering the north bank of the Missouri for about twenty miles east of the Montana-North Dakota State line.

In the recent report of the board of army engineers concerning the feasibility of the various reclamation projects undertaken by the government the unique features of these pumping projects came in for special praise. A generous sum was recommended to be utilized from the reclamation funds to carry out the projects to their fullest capacity. According to the latest report of the engineer in charge of the pumping projects, about 60 per cent. of the work has been completed.

over the people is that the Europeans want the bodies, more especially the eyes, for the preparation of different medicines. More horrible stories still are circulated, and it is said the native press is much to blame for not endeavoring to educate the people up to an understanding of European medical and surgical treatment.—[London Globe.]

PASSING OF THE MAINE COASTERS.

Of a fleet of 150 sail of coasting vessels owned in Rockland and Rockport in 1900, most of them engaged in the lime-carrying trade, not over fifty are now afloat, and most of them are having a very precarious existence. The Rockland-Rockport Lime Company sounded the knell of the lime fleet by building ten years ago half a dozen steel barges and an ocean-going tug, and now practically controls the lime business, the few schooners yet in the carrying trade being owned by the company.

Since 1909 there has been a steady decrease in the Rockland fleet, many being lost at sea, others sold away, and most of the few now afloat are engaged in carrying lumber during the summer months from Bangor and other eastern points to Boston and New York.—[Boston Transcript.]

STUNG.

"We keep our own cow," explained the hostess, proudly. "So we're sure of our milk." "Well," interrupted the small son of the guest, setting down his cup, "somebody's stung you with a sour cow."—[Toledo Blade.]

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind. They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

First Baron Brassey.

YOUNG VETERAN OF SEVENTY-FIVE
AND THE WORK HE HAS DONE.

By Warwick James Price.

WHEN "honestest Berkeley" announced that "years, in the matter of experience, amount to much, but as a measure of present capacity, no less than we are apt to think," he pictured accurately Lord "Brassey of the Seven Seas," who wears his "autumnal green" so lightly as he rounds out his seventy-fifth year. "Brassey Tom," as they called him at Rugby—probably because he wasn't—"Lord Tom," as the intimates who shoot over his pheasant coverts down in Sussex put it, but "First Baron Brassey," as Burke has entered him for a quarter of a century (since Gladstone raised him to the peerage,) will have achieved five years more than the Biblical three-score-and-ten on the 11th of February, but he looks no more than 60, acts as though the prime of life lay still in his broad palm, and feels even younger than that.

In all his sturdy figure as in his somewhat deeply-lined, smooth-shaven face, bronzed by long exposure to all weathers, in the keen but kindly gray eyes and in the mobile yet firm-set lips, there is a something, intangible yet definite, suggesting the habit of command; the man "looks like the quarter deck," as Lord Rosebery once said. This is natural, for no other living Englishman not a sailor by profession has done so much for the naval welfare of his country as has the present "Warden of the Cinque Ports"—an ancient and honorable title whose very sound falls fitly to the man who now bears it. Brassey was born with his fondness for the sea a very part of his nature. He has written of his childhood, when for a time his father lived at Rouen in a home overlooking the river: "I used to get hold of anything I could, barrels or boxes or what not, and set them up on our small lawn to represent the bulwarks of a ship, and any sticks or piles I came across would go to form my childish idea of the various rigs, and I can still recall vividly my huge delight with those make-believe craft."

Surely was the child father to the man. Those

brassey married Sybil de Vere, a daughter of Viscount Malden and a sister of Lord Essex.

Yet another ocean mystery, though not one of unhappy import, is suggested by one of the most interesting curios in the Park Lane mansion, where, among the Indian gods, Chinese porcelains, South Sea idols, and Japanese bronzes, stands a toy schooner such as one sees children sailing on the lake of some city park. It was picked up by the Sunbeam when she was in the South Pacific, hundreds of miles out of the usual track of passenger vessels, and with no other ship in sight then or for hours before or after. The tiny craft, when first sighted by the lookout, was lying becalmed, and how it reached those far-away latitudes unharmed has never been even partially explained. The cut of the little jib and the rigging showed it to have come from an English ship, and Lord Brassey advertised its finding in both the general and nautical papers in the various parts of the world, thinking he might discover that it had been dropped overboard from some liner in the Australian or Singapore services, but no clew has ever come to him of its wonderful trip of certainly not less than 1500 miles at shortest.

"Burke" says that the present-day Brasseys are descended in direct line from Robert de Bresey, a supporter of the Third Edward, the statement once on a time put forward that the family was sprung from a companion of the Conqueror, one Sieur de Bresle, having been abandoned. But, if the descent is authentic, some generation far less remote than the fourteenth century must have fallen on evil days, for the father of the present holder of the title started life as a common laborer. That he became the greatest railway contractor of his day in all Europe and died a multi-millionaire was, however, more to his credit than if he had sprung from the loins of earls uncounted, and it has doubtless meant more in this world's comforts to the three sons to each of whom he left an estate worth some \$500,000 a year. Certainly Lord Brassey himself seemed to count as the least part of his misfortune the immense money loss entailed last year when Normanhurst was badly wrecked by fire.

It must not be imagined from what has here been written that matters of the maritime sort (nor the hunting and tennis in which he takes so genuine an interest) occupy Lord Brassey's time to the exclusion of all else. When he was recently elected Mayor of Bex-

ham and jam them through, just as it is much easier to pull a rope than it is to push it. There are probably not many persons who have tried to push a rope, but very many have attempted things almost as perverse.

In many manufacturing establishments, for example, there may be seen numerous examples of men wasting a large part of their energy endeavoring to move heavy pieces of work upon small trucks, pushing and laboring in the exertion of effort, a small fraction of which goes to cause the actual progression. Even when such an effective aid to transport as an industrial railway is installed it is often used at less than its proper efficiency, because there is too much pushing and not enough pulling.—[Cassier's Magazine.]

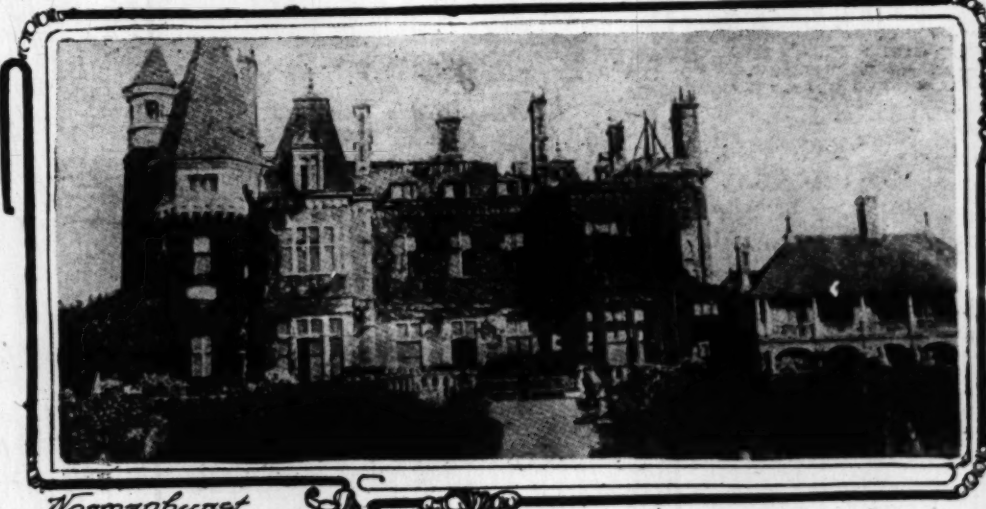
MANY BARONETS.

Among the celebrations to be held this year is the tercentenary of the institution of baronetcy. This is a rank which the country owes to the first Stuart sovereign of Great Britain, but it is denied that it was created in order to provide the British Solomon with money.

The celebration is a function in which the public generally will feel very little interest, but on the other hand those most interested are preparing to celebrate the occasion with befitting solemnity, for the baronets are very proud of their order and have recently taken steps to clear its ranks of unlawful intruders. There are



Lord Brassey



Normanhurst,
Lord Brassey's
country seat

make-believes have grown into eight yachts, at one time and another (their owner has held a "Master's Certificate by Examination" since 1872,) the most famous of them, the Sunbeam, now more than a generation old, herself carrying on her log book credit for more than 325,000 knots. The splendid clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Cowes, is as much home to Lord Brassey as his house at 24 Park Lane, West, in the British metropolis, or as Normanhurst, its turrets rising from the 40,000 acres which stand in the Brassey name near the ancient village of Battle; while his standing as an expert in all matters of maritime theory as well as actual practice has carried him into the admiralty offices, where he did yeoman service for nine years, has placed him on five royal commissions of various naval sort, has seated him in the president's chair of the Institute of Naval Architects and written him down an honorary commander of the Naval Reserves. "Brassey's Naval Annual," which he founded and of which he was the first editor, is today on every warship afloat, no matter what flag she flies, and his five stout volumes on the naval history of Great Britain are as "standard" as they are authoritative.

The Sunbeam's fame has been most widely spread by the first Lady Brassey (Lord Brassey has been twice married,) whose delightful account of their "round-the-world experiences enjoyed for years a vogue which it has not yet wholly lost, even in a day of travel books unnumbered. Anna Allnutt, as she was until her marriage in 1860, was a type of beauty widely recognized as English; tall and slender, with masses of brown hair clustering about an oval face of regular features, gentle in manner, sweet in all her ways. For twenty-seven ideally happy years that married life continued only to end in tragic mystery. Lady Brassey perished at sea midway between Bombay and Australia, without her husband, her children, or any one on the yacht having seen her fall or throw herself overboard. Yet she passed beyond the range of human ken one afternoon, in broad daylight, while the sea was as smooth as a mirror, and no sail or land in sight, leaving no written message or anything that would afford the slightest clew either to her fate or to the circumstances which might have led to it. It was four years later that Lord

bill-on-Sea he said he would pay strict attention to the business of the office, and he has. He has long sat as a Justice of Peace in his home district, has twice been returned to Parliament, and for five years (1895-1900) served as Governor of Victoria. Italy has recognized him with a Grand Cross of the Order of the Crown; France has made him a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and his own land has created him Knight Commander and Grand Cross of the Bath.

In adding to these honors mention of the fact that the man is president of two emigration societies, which supervise the sending to Canada or South Africa or Australia of veritable armies of England's unemployed, one suggests yet another interest which stands close to his heart. He is an economist of wide attainment, with an especial fondness for the statistical side of it all, as appeared only the other day in a way quite characteristic of his entire point of view. For at 73 he began the study of German, solely, so he said, to be able to get hold of certain economic facts and figures gathered by fellow-students across in the Fatherland and not translated into English. It is to be doubted if Cato, when he took up the study of Greek at something like the same age, was led on by a motive so practical.

The final word strikes a note in the Brassey make-up which is to be emphasized. The "practical" in the man is constantly appearing, even as it did in a brief interview he gave one of the London papers a year ago, when he said, apropos of his seventy-fourth birthday: "Really, you know, I never stop to think whether I'm old or not. That sort of thing amounts to nothing when a man has many keen interests and is happy in living one day at a time, as I try to do. You see, if you do that you save yourself all the worry of planning and all the possible disappointments of matters 'gang aglee.' As long as I'm here I daresay you'll find me keeping busy—and as long as I keep busy enough I'll help rather than hinder my staying here."

With this wisdom in mind, Lord Brassey is the kind of man one hopes to see kept busy.

PUSHING AND PULLING.

It has been wisely observed that most operations can be more efficiently performed by drawing them along through their proper course than by attempting to push

over 1200 baronets altogether, but even if they decide to have a grand procession of the order to call attention to their existence the public, in the light of cent events, it is to be feared, would be found more inclined to scoff than to admire.—[London correspondent New York Sun.]

A CONTINUED TEST.

As the thin man and the stout one were talking of and food in general the thin man said: "You can have an excellent dinner at Clapham's, the restaurant on my office, for 25 cents. Ever try one of his dinners?" "One of 'em! Yes. I should say I had!" said the stout man. "Why I ate four of 'em one day last week!"—[Youth's Companion.]

BILLING AND COOING.

In the days when I was wooing
All my time was spent in cooing,
Cooing blissfully.
First she cooed and then I cooed,
As the love chase we pursued
In a happy, dreamy mood.
Ne'er a coo from sweet Babette
But by me was promptly met
Cheerily!

Now we're wed, and 'stead of trilling
Little coos we twain are billing,
Billing constantly.
First I bill and then she bills,
Bills for grocers, bills for pills,
Ice and bonnets, duds and frills.
Ne'er a coo from sweet Babette
But must be instant met—
Woe is me!

There's no joy without its sorrow;
No today without its morrow.
With its pain.

Yet with all the woes of billing,
With results so sad and chilling,
And the debt chase swift and killing,
When Babette doth call me to it
I am ready still to coo it
All again!

—[John Kendrick Bange, in Smart.]

Life in a

OBSERVATION
GIRL FORME

By

I CAME to L—, a fresh, bright morning, the sun shining from the desert sky, the stone fence of the peons, their green my interest.

At L— I alighted and climbed into a street car, a creature and apparel book term. This car took cars that used and down the Temple trunk was hoisted on the driver lashed the over the narrow cobble if not lively, pace. So the incident of the trunk formed, rather stiffly, press car; but I know permissible to put on At the corner of La (doesn't that sound w the corner of St. Michael car, and were met upon his shoulders and the street with it.

If you have never a have enjoyed looking a private, for it suggests a perpetual grin. I stay for I had never seen such a situation. He wore a high short tight braid-trimmed, and shoes with unlearned later, was his dress. On week days he wore blouse waists, overalls, dais. All the peons wear foot. On the coldest of with their zarapes pulled effort to keep out the cold, perhaps for the hum like to be more comfortable don't understand the law.

There are many poor, gray and sick, and a common. The first I saw soon after my arrival. I ing on their shoulders, allowing them were a fe apparently uninterested. E are glad when there is a the death of a child, which once I saw a woman sit the side of a small blue b I cannot believe she wa will be, but she wasn't funeral is an occasion for works are an important suggestive as to the future. However, the only funeral subdued processions folk intend to introduce the su they naturally follow ppy.

The first week in L— strange that I suffered from to assimilate all that was to sit in our patio and wonder why, for this structure offended; for this structure was in shades of yellow, blue, but softened by time, wear harmonious and pleasing city from a tower one da been anything so charming effect produced by the bu on the outskirts, mountain, and over all the blu on my way home I had to dirty, sidewalks narrow a quite sternly forbidding, w heavy massive doors. I'm as a rule are open during t trance one may catch most with shining tiled floors, n plants, shrubs, and even there are birds of brilliant hanging in the patio. I alw door.

One day, in search of a passed through a cool dark patio. It had such a desert I stopped to ask myself wh I strayed on to "the ro tangled vine hung over the in the cool morning breeze, amine, and gathered a few are larger than those of our purple tinge. The fountain among the rocks were scarl at home. Heliotrope also le and neglected rose bushes.

Other plants, whose na happy care-free style about some time, enjoying the pe ing me from the balcony up might be trespassing. I went to the studio.

One is always finding the

February 3, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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Life in a Mexican Town.

OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE OF A
GIRL FORMERLY OF LOS ANGELES.

By Lucile Larkey.

I CAME to L—, a town in central Mexico, on a fresh, bright morning in October. With the exception of the desert stretches, I had found all the country fascinating from my train window. The many corn fields, the stone fences, the presas, the poor little huts of the peons, their gaily-colored dress—all appealed to my interest.

At L— I alighted from a perfectly modern train to climb into a street car drawn by mules, rather starved creatures and apparently well beaten, to use a cook-book term. This car reminded me at once of the old cable cars that used to groan and grind their way up and down the Temple-street hills in Los Angeles. My trunk was hoisted on the rear platform by a cargador, the driver lashed the mules, and we were off; rattling over the narrow cobble-stone streets at an interesting, if not lively, pace. Some time afterward, I mentioned the incident of the trunk to a lady resident, and was informed, rather stiffly, I thought, that there was an express car; but I know from experience that it is quite permissible to put one's trunk on the passenger car. At the corner of La Calle de Reforma y San Miguel (doesn't that sound well? Imagine it in English—"At the corner of St. Michael and Reform streets.") we left the car, and were met by the mozo, who took my trunk upon his shoulders and walked off down the middle of the street with it.

If you have never seen a mozo, I think you would have enjoyed looking at Hilario. His name is appropriate, for it suggests "hilarity," and this youth wears a perpetual grin. I stared, almost rudely, I'm afraid, for I had never seen such a figure except in book illustrations. He wore a high and wide black sombrero, a short tight braid-trimmed coat, very tight green trousers, and shoes with unmistakable pointed toes. This I learned later, was his dress for Sundays and feast days. On week days he wears what I've been taught were house waists, overalls and huaraches—translated sandals. All the peons wear these when they are not barefoot. On the coldest days they traverse the streets with their zarapes pulled almost up to their eyes in the effort to keep out the cold, but with their feet bare, except perhaps for the huaraches. No doubt they would like to be more comfortable; but they can't afford it, or don't understand the law of compensation.

There are many poor, miserable people, ragged, hungry and sick, and a funeral is a sight altogether too common. The first I saw, passed the house one day, soon after my arrival. First, two men appeared, carrying on their shoulders a small bright blue box. Following them were a few stragglers, very quiet, and apparently uninterested. Every one assures me that they are glad when there is a death in a family—especially the death of a child, which they call an "angelito." But once I saw a woman sitting on the street curbing, by the side of a small blue box, and crying so bitterly that I cannot believe she was glad. Perhaps in time she will be, but she wasn't then. They tell me that a funeral is an occasion for a general fiesta, of which fireworks are an important feature. This seems rather suggestive as to the future destination of the departed. However, the only funerals I have seen have been little solemn processions following a blue box. I didn't intend to introduce the subject of funerals so early, but they naturally follow poverty, ignorance and sickness.

The first week in L— everything was so new and strange that I suffered from mental indigestion, trying to assimilate all that was presented to my view. I used to sit in our patio and look at the house across the street and wonder why my artistic eye was not attracted; for this structure is salmon pink in color, trimmed with blue, the color of the sky. All the houses are in shades of yellow, blue, pink, lavender and green, but softened by time, weather and hot sun, to the most harmonious and pleasing appearance. I viewed the city from a tower one day, and thought I had never seen anything so charming in color combinations as the effect produced by the buildings surrounded by trees on the outskirts, mountains, purple ones, in the distance, and over all the blue, blue sky of Mexico. Yet on my way home I had to admit that the streets were dirty, sidewalks narrow and uneven, and the houses quite sternly forbidding, with their barred windows and heavy massive doors. I'm always glad that these doors as a rule are open during the day; for through this entrance one may catch most alluring glimpses of patios with shining tiled floors, macetas filled with flowering plants, shrubs, and even small trees. In one house there are birds of brilliant tropical plumaged, in cages hanging in the patio. I always enjoy looking in at this house.

One day, in search of a photographer's studio, I passed through a cool dark doorway into an unexpected patio. It had such a deserted sleepy air about it that I stopped to ask myself whether or not I had accidentally strayed on to "the road to yesterday." A great vine hung over the entrance, and as it swayed to the cool morning breeze, I caught the fragrance of jasmine, and gathered a few of the falling petals. They were larger than those of our jasmine, and have a slight purple tinge. The fountain was dry, but growing among the rocks were scarlet geraniums just like ours at home. Heliotrope also lent its sweetness to the air; and neglected rose bushes put out a few hardy flowers. Other plants, whose names I don't know, grew in a happy care-free style about the little garden. I stayed some time, enjoying the peaceful quiet, when, chancing to look up, I spied two shining brown eyes, watching me from the balcony upstairs. So, for fear that I might be trespassing, I went on to the stairs which lead to the studio.

She is always finding the unexpected. The possibil-

ity of it keeps me constantly on the alert in order to miss nothing. At the same time, one might live here for many years and still learn very little in regard to the real feelings and ideas of the people. It seems as though their politeness itself raises one of the barriers which it is impossible to cross. All, from the best class to the peons, are unfailingly polite. Their politeness never wavers, and is capable of the hardest strain that can be put upon it. When you turn a beggar from the door (and there are an appalling number to be sent away) he says "Esta bien." Of course, you know he really doesn't think so, but politeness in some cases transcends the truth.

There is one beggar that I can scarcely resist. He is very small, hardly 5 years old; goes barefoot, and has the most appealing brown eyes that can be imagined. His haunt is the Plaza, where we go on Thursday and Sunday nights to hear the band play the "Merry Widow Waltz," in Spanish, "La Vinuda Alegre" promenade and meet our friends. Sometimes we rent chairs and amuse ourselves by looking on. Here we are invariably discovered by the little beggar, who asks for centavos on every round. Although we see him make directly for the nearest puesto, and indulge his taste for dulces with our pennies, we are lenient with him, because it's a beautiful night, perhaps I should have said an especially beautiful night, the world seems a very pleasant place to live, the stars shine above us, we are happy and would like every one else to be. Of late, he has taken to the idea of advising us of the ultimate destination of our money. Holding out a small brown hand and gazing up at us with those gentle eyes, he says "Un centavito para dulces." Could you refuse?

The Plaza is the most interesting place in L—; in fact, in any Mexican town. On the nights when there are serenatas (that means just plain band concerts,) there is a continual stream of promenaders, still observing the old custom of the girls walking in one direction, the men in another. On the extreme outer edge of the paseo walk the peons, the men in big sombreros, zarapes, thin cotton trousers and huaraches; the women in all possible and impossible colors in waists and skirts and with inevitable reboso around their shoulders. On feast days they sprinkle confetti in their hair. The best class walk between the peons and the middle class. These latter walk inside the rows of chairs and benches. On a feast night when there is a crowd, it is rather bewildering to watch six lines of unceasing, untiring promenaders. The young people very seldom rest. It is the older ones, the papas and plump (to use a kind expression for obvious fat) mammas, who occupy the chairs. The paseo presents such possibilities for flirtation that no young person could be human and resist. It is such a thrilling moment when the "novios" meet and exchange glances, that I am sure they would gladly walk twice the distance of the Plaza square, for another such opportunity.

But, it is after the serenata that one sees the real love-making. We have, ourselves, encountered no less than five "bears" on one street on our way home from the Plaza. The bear paces up and down the opposite side of the street until the girl appears at her window. It seems as though she might be called "bear," for she is the captive in the cage. Thus encouraged, the man crosses over, and stands at the bars. Here the two carry on a most absorbing conversation for hours at a time; in all kinds of weather, cold, wind and rain. Perhaps he hopes to prove his devotion by keeping the girl standing at the window long hours and many; and she may reward him by allowing him to hold her hand, at any rate. This is their only opportunity for conversation; and as far as I can see, they make the most of it.

At the theater, a novio may, with all propriety, stare at the lady fair throughout the whole performance. In fact, that is why he goes to the play; and if all performances are like the few I have seen, I don't blame him. She either returns the stare with equal fervor, or pretends not to see it. In either case, it never disconcerts her. To be stared at is a compliment. That to an American is incomprehensible, I believe.

I haven't as yet been able to discover how a Mexican girl spends her time. Those of the better class do no work at home, very few take the trouble to study music; and their school days are over at the age of 15 or 16; so that their intellectual ability is not greatly developed. Of course, a novio would account for a great deal of time, but those that haven't novios, what do they do? Of one thing I am sure, they are all artists in the matter of killing time; not only their own time, but that of others as well.

They call at all the unseasonable hours—in the morning when one is busy, and at mealtimes, when the steak, perhaps, is ready to be served. Then one requires much fortitude of mind to manufacture conversation with the sad and certain knowledge that the dinner is spoiled. I enjoy listening, but am in despair when I find that I am supposed to say something. Making all due allowances for my meager knowledge of the language, it is a fact that they talk of nothing but dress and novios. When one is out of practice on this sort of thing in English it is tragic to be confronted with it in Spanish.

When a caller shakes her skirt, smooths her shawl into perfect folds, and says: "Ya me voy," you are apt to be deceived at first and give an inaudible sigh of relief; but after some experience, you will learn that this is only the beginning of a second visit. The caller rises, so do you, and if she is more than a mere acquaintance, you will be kissed on both cheeks, exactly as they do it in the moving pictures of Pathe. After this embrace, you proceed to the door, where you shake hands; from there at a leisurely pace to the gate of the zaguan, where you shake hands again, and again say good-by and send your respects to all the family, cousins, uncles and aunts, all that you can think of at the time. Then, you must follow the guest to the street door in spite of her protesting "No se moleste V." She is expected to say it, and you are expected to know that she doesn't mean it. Here, it is proper to remain any length of time, from two to three hours—never less

than one. At the last you shake hands again, and if you have any courage or ambition left, you are now privileged to eat your dinner or return to your former occupation. The standard of polite society has been maintained; and you should have a joyful sense of duty accomplished. But you don't—not always.

However, as strange as all this ceremony appears to a strenuous, energetic American soul, it is, after all, a duty to observe the customs as nearly as one can; even though in private one regards them as tiresome and senseless.

It is the inability of Americans in Mexico to adapt themselves to the customs of the Mexican people that has caused much of the feeling of distrust and misunderstanding that exists between the two people. If you are kind and considerate, which is really being only polite, the Mexicans will like you and say that you are "muy simpatica," which is about the most complimentary phrase they can use in speaking of you.

JOHN BULL'S THRIFT.

John Bull, unlike the French, does not hoard up his savings in a woolen stocking, but puts them out at interest all over the world, with results that are sometimes surprising even to himself.

In the last sixty years the United Kingdom has invested abroad on the average about a quarter of its annual savings. Last year the proportion appears to be nearer one-half. The Statist calculates that the total savings of the nation in 1910 have reached the unprecedented figure of \$1,750,000,000.

Of this, \$1,160,000,000 has been taken up by subscriptions to publicly-issued securities, and the rest by private investments. Of public subscriptions roughly \$626,000,000 has been in respect of home and colonial governments and enterprises, while foreign governments and undertakings have absorbed \$534,000,000. The United States comes first in the list with \$197,950,000, mostly for railroad bonds, and Argentina next with \$114,325,000, while Canada, among the British possessions, is responsible for \$184,410,000.

The first question that presents itself is, Where has all the money come from? By far the greater part has undoubtedly been provided by the British public, either directly or through banks or insurance and similar thrift encouraging institutions. The present time is remarkable for the confidence of the British investor in industrial and financial conditions all over the world, and the knowledge of this has prompted the flotation of all kinds of enterprises on the London market.

Is England exporting old accumulations or capital? The Statist thinks not. It argues that the large subscriptions to new issues must represent new savings. An individual investor, it says, can sell home securities that he has held for years and invest the proceeds of the sale in colonial and foreign securities, but for him to do this some other investor must purchase his home securities, and in such a case the capital invested abroad is the new savings of the person who has purchased the home securities from him.

That a larger proportion than the average of British savings is invested abroad arises from economic necessity, concludes the Statist, and results from the rapid increase in the wealth of the British people.—[London correspondence New York Sun.

WHERE MUCH TIMBER GOES.

The number of wooden poles purchased in 1909 by telephone and telegraph companies, steam and electric railroads, electric light and power companies in the United States has been reported by the Census Bureau. The figure is 3,739,000, compared with 3,249,000 in 1908 and 3,283,000 in 1907. These users in the year 1909 purchased also 3,509,000 cross-arms, 6,168,000 brackets and 18,463,000 insulator pins. Of the 1909 figures the telephone companies were reported as purchasers of 78 per cent. of the poles. This is 14 per cent. more than these companies purchased in 1908 and 26 per cent. more than they purchased in 1907. The steam railroads purchased 26 per cent. more poles in 1909 than in 1908, but 34 per cent. less than in 1907.

The purchases by electric railroads and electric light and power companies were 18 per cent. greater than for 1908, though 7 per cent. less than for 1907. The average cost of poles of all lengths and woods in 1909 was \$1.89, compared with \$1.82 for 1908. Cedar poles formed 65 per cent. of the 1909 total figures compared with 68 per cent. for 1908 and 64 per cent. for 1907. Chestnut formed 16 per cent. of the total for 1909, 16 per cent. for 1908 and 19 per cent. for the total of 1907. The number of oak poles reported was 300 per cent. of the figure of 1907. Nearly a sixth of the total purchases of poles in 1909 were given some preservative treatment, compared with a tenth of the 1908 purchases and an eighth in 1907.—[Engineering News.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my dear, that you were I,
And by your side your sweetheart sat;
Suppose you noticed by and by
The distance 'twixt you were too great;
Now tell me, dear, what would you do?
I know—and so do you.

And when (so comfortably placed)
Suppose you only grew aware
That that dear, dainty little waist
Of hers, looked very lonely there;
Pray tell me, sooth, what would you do?
I know—and so do you.

When, having done what I just did,
With not a frown to check or chide,
Suppose her red lips seem to bid
Defiance to your lordly will;
Oh, tell me, sweet, what would you do?
I know—and so do you.
—[Eugene Field, in "Poems." 1910 (Scribner.)

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not done.
They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

When Dreams Come True.

THE LOVE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL
OF SENTIMENT.

By May C. Ringwalt.

It was moonlight, and the prune orchard through which they strolled was white with bloom.

He wore his working-day clothes, his hair all rumpled where an overhanging branch had brushed against it, and he talked of commonplace things, the new incubator he had bought, the market price of grain, the fear that the mare had gone lame; but in Shirley's eyes he was the wonder prince just from fairyland, a pink flush rising and fading and rising again on her cheeks at the sound of his voice, at the joy of his presence.

Then came the miracle. In faltering, stumbling words he asked her to be his wife—awkwardly took her in his arms and kissed her.

That night, Shirley could not sleep for very happiness. Busy little housekeeper that she was, making a home for her father and the boys ever since her mother's death in her early teens, she had always been sentimental to her finger tips, the radiant, romantic bubbles that her fancy blew while she worked unpriced by any disillusioning contact with the outside world which she had no time to frivol with in the usual girlish way of playing tennis and going to dances and card parties. And now the dearest dream of all had come true, the sweet, shy dream that she had hidden deep down in her heart of hearts.

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon John Holland came to take Shirley out in his runabout.

It was their first drive together, for the Hollands were newcomers in the county, and all winter the roads had been in a bad condition—their first drive, and the California spring at flood tide, the soft air fragrant from blossoming orchards, a twitter with birds busy with lovemaking and the building of nests.

"I've been thinking a lot since I saw you last night," Holland began abruptly, as Shirley turned from waving a last good-by over her shoulder to her father and the boys on the ranch-house porch, "and I can't see any reason for our waiting to get married."

The pink flush stole over Shirley's cheeks and her heart beat pit-a-pat. Everything was as she had dreamed it, even to the detail of her lover's impatience. "I suppose every girl has some sewing she wants to fuss over beforehand," he smiled, "but you could be ready in two or three weeks easy, couldn't you?"

Her girlish laughter overflowed. "Why, John—the name was still tremulously new—it will take me that many months, at the very least."

"But that would bring our wedding at the busiest season—break right in on my work when every minute counted."

For an instant there was a surprised, hurt look on Shirley's face, then a bright flashing smile. How hard he was trying to seem indifferent! To hide his eagerness under the first foolish excuse that came to his mind.

"Yes," she said, assuming the same nonchalant tone, "a June wedding wouldn't do at all. Besides, Ben isn't to be married until September, and I couldn't leave father and the boys until Bess is here to look after them."

"But Sister Lizzie is poorly this spring," he objected, "and mother feels she must get back to the city so she'll be handy to help Liz with the kids. It will be pretty forlorn for me when she's gone, if I have to back it there alone. I calculated we'd be married and settled by the time she had to leave."

A mischievous light danced in the violet depths of Shirley's eyes.

"Now I've found you out!" she teased. "Your real reason for asking me to be your wife was because your mother couldn't stay and you wanted some one to keep house for you!"

They had turned from the county road to one that wound deeper and deeper into the woods. They were alone, shut in from the rest of the world by the green walls of trees and the blue patch of sky over their heads. One hand was enough to drive with—he would slip an arm about her and tell her that the reason he had asked her to be his wife was because he could not live without her.

The pluck of a little creek hidden among tall plumes of fern alone broke the silence.

Shirley gave him a swift glance—to read in his eyes the answer that perhaps his lips were too bashful to put into words.

"Well," he said with a little laugh, "maybe that is about the size of it. I suppose mother's going back unexpected did put me in the notion of getting married. But I ain't sorry something stirred me up. When a man's 20 and pretty well fixed, it's time for him to be settled in life."

Her face had turned white and the little mitted hands convulsively clasped on her lap went cold to the finger tips.

"John," she said, and this time the little word cut sharp-edged through her heart, "tell me honestly—do you love me or do you not?"

"Why, of course I love you," he answered in a level, emotionless voice. "You're the prettiest, sweetest little girl I know, and—"

"I don't mean just that," Shirley interrupted tremulously. "I mean, am I all in all to you? I mean, do you feel that I am the one woman in the whole world that could make you happy?"

"I like you a heap better than any girl I've met yet, if that's what you want to get at," he smiled, "and I ain't the sort of man who would meet a girl he liked better than his wife after he got married."

"It's not that. I'm not jealous of any one else. I only want to know if you really are in love with me."

He fidgeted uneasily, confused, disconcerted.

"Didn't we settle all that last night? I wouldn't

have asked you to be my wife if I hadn't wanted you, Shirley—if I hadn't thought we were pretty well suited to each other and would be as happy together as most married folks. But maybe we look at such things different. You've got a poetic nature and I'm just plain matter of fact. I calculate to take good care of you, little girl, and to give you everything in reason that you want, but you mustn't expect me to be very demonstrative—somehow that sort of thing always seemed to me kind of foolish in a man."

Crimson swept her cheeks, and there was an angry glitter in her eyes.

"It wasn't all settled last night!" she cried passionately. "I take back my promise right now! You're not worthy of my love. You don't know what love means. I would be wretched every day of my life if I married you!"

He looked at her, a dazed expression on his face.

"You're not in earnest, Shirley? Surely there must be some mistake to turn you against me sudden like this. I always was poor at explaining my feelings. You've twisted what I mean in your mind. You don't understand me."

Her anger had died as quickly as it had kindled, and there was a little sob in her voice as she answered.

"I do understand you—now. That is the trouble. I didn't understand you before. It isn't your fault—it isn't mine. But it's as you said—we look at such things differently. Please stop and let me out. I—we can't drive any further together."

"I will not stop," he said quietly, drawing the rein to turn his runabout, "and I will not let you out until I see you safely home."

The drive back—the silence between them—seemed endless; then at last they came in sight of the ranch and she felt with a stir of pain in her heart that the man who sat beside her and yet was so far away was going to speak.

"Shirley, won't you reconsider what you said—think things over before you give me a final answer?"

She shook her head.

"It wouldn't be any use."

"The folks are still sitting on the porch," he said quietly, as though dismissing an unimportant subject, "so I'll stop here at the gate. Maybe it would be awkward for you if I drive in and they ask me to stay to supper. As we hadn't told them yet we were engaged, they needn't know anything about what's happened now unless you want them to."

His hand outstretched to help her as she climbed over the wheel tightened into a grip, and while she was too overcome with the pain of parting to catch all his words, she knew he was bidding her good-by—in his matter-of-course voice as though they expected to meet again the next day.

The weeks that followed were a blank to Shirley. She went her accustomed ways in a daze, like one stunned by a blow. But she neglected none of her duties. She cooked, swept, mended, darned as of old. Even laughed and joked as usual with her father at the table and played rag-time for the boys after supper.

Ben alone noticed that something was wrong.

"Say, Pete," he began one evening as he dropped down beside her in the hammock under the trees where she was sitting apart from the rest on the porch, "have you and Holland had a scrap? He hasn't been here for ages, and his excuses lose color in the wash. Besides, you act sort of batty every time his name is mentioned."

She forced a laugh, grateful for the sheltering darkness cast by the branches overhead.

"Ladies don't scrap."

"Well, a little misunderstanding between friends, then?"

There was a catch of pain in her throat, and she wondered how long her voice would work.

"We understand each other perfectly, Ben."

He gave her hand a little squeeze as he got up.

"I won't bother you any more about it, Pete, but I can't help being disappointed. I thought things looked so promising, and there isn't a fellow I know that I'd rather trust my little sister to than Holland."

And with a woman's perversity Shirley thrilled with pleasure at his praise of the man she deemed unworthy of her love.

It was an exceptionally trying summer in the valley. The rains had stopped unusually early that year. The river ran low. Creeks dried up. There was alarmingly little water in the cisterns. Lawns became almost as brown as the scorched hills. The air choked with dust. And over all hung a haze of smoke from forest fires, evening after evening the sun setting blood red.

Everything went wrong at the ranch house. A jar of Shirley's preserves moldered. A whole batch of her jelly refused to jelly. A number of her pet chicks died of the pip. Trifles began to get on her nerves. Then came the real worry. An accident with the new harvester. The injury to her father's arm. Days and nights of anxious nursing.

The danger from blood poisoning passed, but the arm did not heal. The baffled doctor admitted he was working in the dark. Ben insisted on taking his father to the city for an examination with the X-ray.

The night of the day they left home, Shirley could not sleep in the house, and in final desperation brought out a comfort and pillows and made up a bed in the hammock.

But it was not so much a matter of heat as of anxiety about her father's condition and the outcome of the consultation, a nervous sense of responsibility at being left alone with the younger boys, and with a feverish restlessness she tossed about in the narrow bed.

The smell of smoke that had been growing stronger all day became a part of a nightmare, and she awoke with a start.

How queer the moon looked coming up over the hills! But the hills were in the east, and she rubbed her eyes. Sprang up to a sitting posture. Peered into space. Then with a cry she jumped out of the hammock and darted into the house.

"Boys!" she shouted, running up the stairs. "David, the hills are on fire!"

Down in the hall again after she had shaken the awake she snatched up an old duster of Ben's and lighted it over her night gown, then lighting the lamp that stood on the table she flew out to the barn, realizing that she was in her bare feet when a blast of pain made her look down and she discovered she had cut a toe on a stone.

Quickly as the boys got into their clothes, she had the two horses saddled by the time they appeared. "Ride like mad!" she cried as they excitedly mounted and galloped off. "David, take the upper road," called after them, "and leave the lower to Joey."

It was only 3 o'clock in the morning, but soon a blaze of the hillside lighted up the whole narrow valley.

For hours Shirley watched, fascinated, hypnotized by the beauty, the horror of it all—the fierce, relentless assault of the leaping flames, the puny, persistent resistance of the pigmy specks of men that swarmed the defense.

Never had she so longed for companionship, the human being to discuss the danger with, to reassure about the safety of the boys, but not even the Mexican laborers on the ranch put in an appearance, every man and boy in the valley had gone to fight the fire.

The air fanned hot against her cheeks, a loose strand of hair blew into her eyes. Her face grew white to the lips. The rising wind was blowing her gale.

Suddenly, there was a flash, a flare of light in a place, lower, nearer. Had they kindled a back fire at the foot of the hills? She ran up the drive and climbed to the top of the gate. The Darcy grain fields caught fire from the flying sparks.

Until then the possibility of danger to their ranch had not entered her mind, but now a panic horror took possession of her and she ran wildly to the house and began to pack a couple of trunks.

Instantly, the task steadied her nerves, and never she thought more clearly than when she went to gathering together the family's greatest treasures—things of intrinsic value and trinkets that no one could replace.

The smell of smoke crept in through the cracks of the closed doors and windows, permeating the house, and when she went out to the gate again, the swish of the wind in the trees snapped the falling of flames.

Surely the boys would come back, bring help, they saw how rapidly the fire was spreading! When she waited she must do all she could. She had let the chickens out of their yard, and one by one caught them and shut them up in the small coop; earlier in the season had housed the mother hen with her pet rabbits and guinea pigs—to trundle out in the express wagon and to have the harness in readiness. But in summer only the two horses the boys had taken were kept in the barn. While she was waiting whether to try to catch one of the others in the fire, something stung her cheek, and a burst of light fell on her hand. She could wait no longer. She ran to the pasture bars, giving a low chirping call.

There was no answering neigh, and to her despair discovered a break in a corner of the fence, the gate gone.

She went breathlessly back to the house, a terror, of utter helplessness overwhelming her.

Above a low distant roar, the nearer crackling came the clatter of hoofs.

"The boys!" she cried out loud, running toward the gate; then suddenly faint she staggered and clutched the trunk of a near-by tree.

Only one horse galloped toward her, and the rider neither David nor Joey.

His scorched face was so blackened, the light over one of his singed eyebrows gave him so strange a look that at first she did not recognize him, but sprang from the saddle, she ran to him with a loud little cry.

"John!"

"Thank God," he answered, "you're safe!"

As he put his arms about her and drew her close she forgot the fire, her fright, her fears for the safety, everything except a strange, sweet sense of shelter, of tender happiness.

"We must be off at once," said Holland. "I'm getting a horse. There's not a minute to spare."

A detaining hand trembled on his arm.

"David—Joey?" she faltered.

"They've ridden to the Westlake hills to catch alarm to the scattered ranchers," he hurriedly explained. "They're perfectly safe, but they can't back. The fire cuts straight across the upper valley. Of the fifteen of us who tried to fight through I was the only one that made it."

Again his arms were about her, and as she looked radiant face to his kiss, he whispered:

"And I could never have done it, little girl, hadn't been on the other side."

THE SPIDER CURE.

The request for a "nut to put a spider in a baby's whooping cough" which has just startled the earnest shopkeeper recalls the spider "cures" of the past. There was, and indeed is, for instance, that belief in the web as a remedy for cuts, warts and warts, and that superstition of the eastern countries credited it with power to cure fevers. The web, too, was looked upon as a doctor of medicine.

A note from an ancient Notes and Queries illustration: "One of my parishioners suffering from ague," wrote a Somerset vicar, "was advised to take a large spider and shut him up in a box. As he lay away the disease is supposed to wear itself out, a similar belief prevailed in the south of Ireland, but treacle had to be substituted for the box as the spider would not stay."—[Westminster Gazette.]

February 5, 1911.

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February 5, 1911.

Prof. Swugdom, D. H.

THE TALE OF THE DETHRONEMENT OF A SWEDISH MONARCH.

By Katherine Boynton.

"W, he's a Holy Roller!"

Olsen's mastodontic face contracted into a look of disgust. It was not the ordinary disgust one sees on the face of ordinary mortals. It was expressive, for Olsen was a man of extremes—both as well as emotional. He had come to America 4 years old, but the start of those four years was no wise mitigated by his change of environment.

He was six feet five in his bare feet, and it was only automatic conditions that ever forced him to don any kind of footgear. The other men of the mine marveled at the toughness of his feet. He could walk over stony ground which more than once would cut the leather of heavy rawhide boots. And the endurance of the parts of his body was not far behind that of his feet. One day when the cage had dropped and stuck in the shaft, there was a call for volunteers to carry a box of bread and other edibles to those below. Without hesitancy he tucked the wooden box under his arm, and grasping the cable with the other, went twenty feet into the blackness. Why his hands were not torn from his arms nobody knew, and for weeks he was gazed upon by the other miners with a look that had no little wonder in it.

That was many years ago. The physical feats of the past had been so many and so astonishing that long ago the men had ceased to wonder at him. He was the most respected man in the camp, not because he was particularly interesting or deserving of respect, but quite to the contrary, he was given to bullying no man, applying opprobrious epithets to all those he took a fancy to. But no one in the camp was afraid to incur the ill-will of this 230 pounds of Swedish masculinity, for they had seen him more times than often, through a stubborn donkey bodily and throw it into the shaft where it belonged. It was indeed a sight to respect into the onlookers, although fear was the help, which their attitude.

When dominated the other miners through the sheer force of his strength. They fought among themselves. They had their differences, and flung their anathemas at one another; but as far as the gigantic Swede was concerned, they held their tongues and were usually agreed with him on all subjects—whether it was politics, cooking, or brand of tobacco best suited to the taste of a connoisseur.

It was the situation when Hiram Swugdom sauntered into the foreman's office of the camp and carelessly arranged himself in the best chair available. The foreman, a red-faced, burly Irishman with a bad cold, was about to leave the room and descend the shaft. On seeing Hiram he spat on the wall above the table which served for his desk, and viewed the newcomer in a half-critical, half-sarcastic manner.

"Well, who are ye?" It was a command more than a question.

Hiram seemed not to be impressed. He was tall and wiry, and his hair was a silver blond. He had the deep intense eyes of a fanatic, and his mouth was thin and nervous. He wore a tight tweed suit, and his small hands were covered with black kid gloves. He looked calmly into the foreman's glowering eyes, and smiled compassionately.

"Hiram Swugdom—Hiram Hildegard Swugdom," he informed the Irishman, and lapsed into a smile. "I've never heard of ye," his questioner replied.

"Probably not," Hiram Hildegard Swugdom went on. "What do ye want?" The Irishman's voice was not loud.

"I want to see the foreman," Hiram Swugdom said carefully into his pocket and produced a card. He handed it to the other man. The foreman looked at it. The card read:

PROF. HIRAM HILDEGARDE SWUGDOM, D. H.

On the right-hand side of the small pasteboard the following titles were enumerated, the one below the other:

Psychicist.
Medium.
Hypnotic Specialist.
Hypnotist.
Crystal Ball Gazer.
Astrologist.
Esoteric Transcendentalist.

The Irishman studied the card a long time. He grew more and more disgusted every minute. When he had looked through the column at the right of Mr. Swugdom's card, he handed the soiled paper back to its owner.

"What ain't got no use for them kind o' goods in this camp," he said. "There ain't no high-brows here."

Hiram's query was sweet and pleasant. "Let me tell you, me man," the foreman went on, "there's no place for you or any other traveling salesmen. Ye might sell a few sets of overalls, but as for anything on yer card, we ain't got no use fer 'em."

Hiram smiled soulfully. "Evidently you don't understand, Mr.—Mr.—" What did you say the name was?"

"Thank you. Of course. Probably you do not understand."

"I know the way you fellows sell all alike. If ye've got any shoes to sell ye might as well do business with Olsen—"

Then a thought struck Hiram. "I know a man who'll talk to ye."

"Hiram's grin began to get on Hogan's nerves. The latter felt a violent hatred for the nervous little man before him. He was so serene, so cock-sure, so exasperatingly polite.

There was a spirit of vengeance in Hogan's suggestion to Hiram to interview the big Swede. In his mind's eye he could see the giant pick little Mr. Swugdom up and shake him till his teeth rattled.

To his surprise Hiram seemed somewhat taken with the idea. He agreed to wait for Mr. Olsen.

"Come over to that shack at lunch hour, in about thirty minutes," said Hogan, chuckling and pointing to a rough log cabin at the end of the long line of low buildings which constituted the refining end of the mine.

Mr. Swugdom bowed politely and passed out.

An hour later, Hiram Hildegard Swugdom, D. H., strolled into the cabin indicated by Mr. Hogan. The men had finished eating and had hung their palls around the walls. There were nearly 200 of them lounging about, smoking and talking, when Hiram entered and stood beaming in the doorway. They were big, gruff, dirty men, hardened by the incessant routine of manual labor. They were practical men who gloried in strength and who had no use for the weaklings of life.

So, when Hiram appeared that day and stood before them—a thin-chested, hatchet-faced stripling, with his tight tweed suit and his black kid gloves—a unanimous burst of laughter went up.

But Hiram's smile did not fade, nor did he withdraw through the door he had just entered. To the contrary, he took a step forward and removed his brown derby, letting his silvery hair fall down into his eyes.

"One moment," he said calmly, holding up a gloved hand in a restraining attitude. "I am looking for Mr. Olsen."

At this a startled silence fell on the men. What could this puny creature want with Olsen? How did he dare call for the unofficial but recognized boss of the camp? The situation was promising. It would be worth witnessing.

Olsen, glowering and fierce, arose from the floor, removed a huge pipe from his mouth, and blew a gigantic trail of smoke for many yards in front of him.

"I'm Olsen," he announced gruffly.

"Ah!" The newcomer half-tripped and half-walked to where the enormous miner was standing. Producing the card with which he had introduced himself to Mr. Hogan, the small man handed it to the Swede.

Olsen read it sullenly amid an expectant silence. "You're nutty," was Olsen's sole remark as he flung the card in the professor's face.

The small man smiled politely and picked up the card, carefully replacing it in his pocket.

"Then you don't care to have your fortune told, or to communicate with any of your departed relatives, or to be advised concerning your business transactions?" Prof. Swugdom asked pleasantly.

"Naw, I should say not," Olsen's tone was both definite and final.

"I'm sorry"—the professor was very docile—"I am sure I could be of great service to you. There must be some of your family in the spirit plane with whom you would care to communicate."

"Aw, mush, you faker!" and Olsen raised his hand threateningly.

The professor did not flinch. "By which remark you mean that you would like to have me leave?" he asked quietly.

The Swede brought his hand down limply. He was temperamentally unfitted for the situation.

"That's what I mean," he said, though somewhat subdued.

Hiram turned and walked to the door. He was about to pass from sight when Olsen turned to the man next him and exclaimed disgustedly:

"Aw, he's a Holy Roller!"

The professor turned. The smile had gone. The fanatic intensity in his eyes increased.

He looked at the big Swede for a full minute, and for some peculiar reason the uncrowned king of the coal camp permitted the little man's attentions. The air immediately became surcharged. No one made a sound. Something was about to take place.

At length the voice of the professor broke the silence. "So you call me a Holy Roller, do you, Mr. Olsen?"

He waited, but got no response. Every one looked at the Swede, who was standing nonplussed. "I'll take the customary insults from you, but when it comes to casting aspersions on my character, I want it thoroughly understood that I am Prof. Hiram Hildegard Swugdom, D. H., a scholar, a gentleman, and a clairvoyant, and if it requires physical force to impress the fact on people, I am not altogether averse to resorting to such methods of enforcement."

By this time the terror of the coal camp had established to a certain degree his equilibrium, and when the little man had finished his short but earnest speech, he lumbered forebodingly in the direction of the professor of things metaphysical.

Then a peculiar thing happened. The professor drew his head down into his bony shoulders, fastened his intense eyes on the approaching giant, extended a rigid arm in the Swede's direction—the fingers spread—and commanded in a feverish voice:

"Look me in the eye, Olsen!"

The burly Swede caught the professor's eyes.

"Stop!" cried the little man.

Olsen stopped. But he did not take his eyes off the man before him.

The professor stepped forward to within three feet of his antagonist, and, without winking an eye, began to make curious gestures with his hands almost touching the giant's countenance. At the end of thirty seconds the professor turned to the wondering onlookers and smiled his benign smile.

The Swede did not move from the position in which he was left.

"Now," began the professor, "I do not particularly desire to thrash this—this—" He pointed to the de-

jected Olsen. "But if there is any one among you who has any grudge against him, kindly step forward and punch the stuffing out of him. I'll vouch for Mr. Olsen's inability to retaliate."

The professor waited, but no one volunteered. "Very well," he casually remarked, "then I'll do it."

And without removing his gloves, the little man flew at the Swede and walloped him for a full two minutes. The men who were watching the performance were too petrified to interfere.

Finally, out of breath, the professor rested. Olsen's face was hardly recognizable, one of his wrists was sprained. He sat in hopeless and bloody silence just where the little man had placed him.

The professor donned his hat. "Good day, gentlemen," he said.

He turned to Olsen, and looking him straight in the eye, snapped his fingers in his face.

Olsen staggered to his feet and looked about dazed. "What happened?" he demanded sullenly.

"Wot 'appened!" repeated a fellow-miner. "W'y, you rummy, this 'ere gent beat you up somethin' 'orrible."

The astonished Swede looked at the professor in bewilderment, unable to speak. Then he limped away.

Hiram Swugdom took this opportunity to retire from the scene.

He walked swiftly down the road leading to the railway station; but before he had got fifty feet, Hogan overtook him.

"Scuse me, sir, but would ye mind telling me what that there D. H. stands for after yer name?"

"Doctor of Hypnotism," replied the retreating man without looking back.

VALUE OF A GOOD MEMORY

ITS POSSESSION NOT ALWAYS PROOF OF A GREAT MIND.

The trouble with old men usually is that their memories become overloaded with actual and psychic facts, among which they are unable to distinguish those that have a value for the present and those that have become obsolete. Generally speaking, an old man knows a great deal more than a young man, but, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, it does not necessarily follow that he is wiser. While, therefore, a strong memory is a great convenience, it is not necessarily an advantage.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose memory for words was so retentive that he never forgot one after hearing it once, and which enabled him to acquire more than a hundred languages, was in most respects a very ordinary person. Pliny relates that Mithridates, King of Pontus, had so excellent a memory that he was able to speak fluently twenty-two languages native to the provinces of his vast empire. Yet he was a cruel barbarian.

A well-known peripatetic elocutionist and reciter still living declares that he can repeat without further preparation about 3000 selections in prose and poetry. He probably tells the truth, since he has been training his mind in this particular direction for many years.

On the other hand, such men as Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay and Gladstone were not only the possessors of excellent memories, they were also men of good judgment.

Among human beings children have the most remarkable memories. Under favorable circumstances they will learn three and even four languages, so as to be able to express their thoughts with equal ease in any one of them by the time they are six or seven years of age.

And they accomplish this remarkable feat without any aid from the mnemonic devices to which adults are compelled to resort when they undertake a similar task. They learn words and phrases unconsciously, and rarely forget them as long as they live. On the other hand, grown-ups rarely acquire an accurate pronunciation of a foreign language, although they may be able to use it with entire correctness.

It is a common belief that the memory is more tenacious in early life than in later years. That seems to depend almost entirely on the individual.

HISTORIC HILL SOLD.

The famous Hill of Tara, once described by James Bryce, British Ambassador in Washington, as "the most interesting and authentic monument of early civilization in northwestern Europe," is about to be sold, says a report from Dublin.

Today Tara Hill looks much like any other hill, but on it once stood the royal palace of the Ard Righs, or High Kings, of Ireland for many centuries. It was there while a great national assembly was being held that St. Patrick converted the Ard Righ Leary to Christianity, an event which is celebrated in many old Gaelic poems.

The glories of the place came to an end in a curious way. The Ard Righ, grandson or great-grandson of Leary, sent his representative out through the provinces to collect the usual annual tribute. This particular representative of the High King was a little bit injudicious, for when he arrived at the palace of King Guare of Connaught he insisted on entering it with his spear across his body under his arms.

The spear was too long, or the door was too narrow, to admit of entrance in this way. So in the name of the Ard Righ he ordered the door to be pulled down so that he could enter in the way he desired. King Guare refused. Hence the feud that ultimately laid Tara low.

The clerics championed the cause of King Guare, and in due time a deputation of them went to Tara, and one of them solemnly cursed the hill, with the result that it became gradually deserted, that the immense palace fell into ruins and that it ceased to be the seat of the High Kings of Ireland.

Some years ago the owner of the hill, who died a short while ago, got the idea that the Ark of the Covenant was buried there and had excavations made, but all that was found were a few old coins and weapons.—[London correspondence New York Sun.

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind! They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

Sun a Variable Star.

CURIOUS RESULTS OF RECENT OBSERVATIONS BY SMITHSONIAN.

By Rene Bache.

THE secret is out! At last we know the cause of our frequent changes of weather. It is the sun's fault.

Recent observations made by Smithsonian astronomers have proved that the sun is a "variable star." There you have the whole trouble in a nutshell. From month to month, and even from day to day, the amount of radiant energy it gives out is constantly varying. Whence it comes about that some summers are much

find out about our own orb of day must shed some light upon the problem of the suns in general.

One of the oddest points about our own sun, as newly ascertained, is that the fluctuations in the amount of heat it gives out are, or seem to be, due in large measure to the "corona." If it be asked, what is the corona? the answer must be that nobody knows. It is never seen except when the sun is eclipsed by the moon, and then it appears as a mysterious and ghostly veil, whitish of hue, which streams out in an irregular fashion to a distance of several millions of miles from the great fiery disk. The supposition is, however, that this veil is a cloud of meteoric particles—such stuff as comets are made of—and that, interposing a thicker barrier between sun and earth at some times than at others, it shuts off more heat at certain periods than at others. But the fluctuations, doubtless, are mainly attributable to the alternation of convulsive outbursts and relative quiescences on the solar surface.

During the last fifteen years astronomers all over the world have been engaged in photographing the heavens with the help of telescopic cameras. The job was a big one, but it is nearly finished now, and the pictures, when put together, will make a complete map of the universe as viewed from the speck of star dust on which we are privileged to dwell. Incidentally, a rough count of the stars has been made, and it seems that there are about 1,000,000,000 of them. This fact becomes more impressive when it is considered that every one of these glittering orbs is a full-fledged sun.

Recent investigations go to show that our own sun is a rather particularly hot star. But, on the other hand, it is not very bright, as stars go. Algol, in the Head of Medusa, though only a little bigger, gives out sixty-three times as much light. Proportionately to size (with one-third more radiating surface,) it is forty-seven times as brilliant as our orb of day. Seems humiliating, does it not? And yet, perhaps it is just as well. How should we endure the glare if we were living on a satellite of Algol's?

It is a curious fact, by the way, that Algol is twins. That is to say, it is paired with a dark and extinct sun, almost exactly the size of our sun, which eclipses Algol every sixty-nine hours, causing the light of the latter to glare and fade alternately, like the beam from a light-house with a revolving lamp. But even more odd is the case of the bright star Castor, which revolves about an immense dark globe—the spectacle presented being that of a gigantic world with a sun actually circling around it!

The Smithsonian folks, with the help of an ingenious

Vega itself, however, is dwarfed by Arcturus—Star of Job, largest of all the suns, and the greatest of radiant energy the universe contains. Five and a half times as much light as is emitted by this, the mightiest member of the shining multitudes that throng the Milky Way.

So it would seem that our sun, while a right hot star, is not much to brag about, as heavenly bodies go. It is, in fact, a star of only the fifth magnitude, and inferior brightness. As well as the astronomers make out, it occupies a position not far from the middle of what we call the universe—or, in other words, of the Milky Way. The universe has the form of a disk; when we gaze at the Milky Way, we are looking through it edgewise from the center—which is the reason why the stars look so thick.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the stars which are closely huddled together in the Milky Way are separated from each other by an average distance of six and a half light-years. In other words, a ray of light, which travels 180,000 miles a second, would require six and a half years to pass from one to another of these celestial neighbors.

My, but it is lonely in the midst of space! The only one near neighbor star—Alpha Centauri—is four light-years away. Too far, one fears, for visiting purposes; and a pity, too, for in all likelihood Alpha Centauri has a flock of planets of his own, at least of them inhabited.

But, if one were to have an opportunity to pilot other system to live in, surely it would be jollier most interesting to become a dweller on one of the "lites" of "1830 Groombridge." That is the astronomical name for it, but it is more familiarly known as the "Way Star." A giant sun, many times as big as our sun, is traveling through our universe at the astronomical speed of 200 miles a second. Nothing anywhere in nature was ever seen to move so fast. No force we know of in nature could have set it going at such a pace. No force of which we have knowledge could bring it to a pause. The likelihood seems to be that it is a wanderer from some other universe, inconceivably distant, that eventually it will pass out and away into the space—perhaps to reach eventually still another equally unknown, universe beyond.

Meanwhile, what is to become of ourselves? The Prof. Simon Newcomb, greatest of modern astronomers, declared that we might expect to reach the neighborhood of Vega within 500,000 years or so. Perhaps earth may become a satellite of that great sun, in



Dr. C. G. Abbot, of Smithsonian Institution.



Throwing image of sun into camera.



Electric thermometer measuring heat of sun.

hotter than others, and some winters much less cold than others.

Indeed, the difference in the amount of heat given off by the sun at one time and another is in excess of 15 per cent. No wonder that we feel it, inasmuch as the orb of day (so the weather bureau says) absolutely controls all atmospheric phenomena on the earth.

To get at this important fact, the Smithsonian has made a long series of observations covering the last half-dozen years. It has measured the heat of a sun ray day by day throughout that period—the most notable work in this line being done on the summits of two high mountains in California. One of these peaks, Mount Whitney, is the loftiest piece of territory in the United States—14,500 feet above the level of the sea.

On the other peak, Mount Wilson (near Pasadena) was set up, not long ago, a reflecting telescope unapproached in size by any other instrument of the kind in the world, its most conspicuous feature being a disk-shaped mirror over eight feet in diameter. The duty of this huge glass is to gather as much light as possible—a matter highly essential where a study is to be made of rays from distant stars and of the amount of heat they deliver upon the earth.

For it should be understood that the work done at Mount Wilson consists not merely in studying the sun as a star, but also in observing the stars in their character as suns. It is desirable to know not only how big these distant suns are, but also how hot they are, and how bright. And it is obvious that everything we can

electrical thermometer, have made accurate measurements of the amount of heat delivered upon the earth by a good many of the stars—among them, Sirius, Arcturus, Alcyone, and Alpha Centuri. This is accomplished by catching a ray from a selected twinkler upon a mirror, and throwing it through a tube in such a way as to make it fall upon a thread of platinum. Inasmuch as the electrical resistance of the metal varies directly with its temperature, the amount of heat carried by the star can be exactly determined by a delicate galvanometer.

To measure the brilliancy of a star—i. e., the amount of light it emits—is a problem altogether different, of course. In this case the Pole Star is taken as a standard. By an arrangement of mirrors, the image of the Pole Star is thrown upon the object-glass of a telescope, side by side with that of the star whose brightness is to be determined. Then the two are compared, and, by certain mathematical means, the matter is determined with absolute accuracy.

Thus, as above stated, it is known that Algol gives out sixty-three times as much light as our own sun. But what does that amount to? Why, Vega, in the Constellation of the Lyre, is 1000 times as brilliant as our own orb of day. And this is a fact of special interest to us, inasmuch as the entire solar system (to which we belong) is moving directly toward Vega at a speed of ten miles a second. The reader is already many hundreds of miles nearer to that giant sun than when he began to peruse this article.

to save us from freezing to death by reason of the ing out of our own solar luminary, which, as we are, is already showing alarming symptoms of old age and decrepitude.

QUEEN MARY'S TROUSSEAU.

Queen Mary is following the example set by her mother, the Duchess of Teck, who at the time of her daughter's wedding with the present King decided for the trousseau "not a yard of cambric or lace or flannel or tweed, of lace or ribbon should be used to flatter the kingdom," and who kept to her word. Mary is having her coronation robes and gowns made by a British firm of all British material. She has ordered eight dresses so far, and work on them is well advanced. [London correspondence New York Times.]

THE NEW CAPITOL DOORS.

Representing the apotheosis of America, and designs which bring the history of the nation to the present time, magnificent bronze doors to adorn the west entrances of the United States Capitol and House of Representatives. The prize of the design, offered by Congress seven years ago, was awarded to Louis Amato of Washington. Before being placed into position, the doors will be on exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery of Art for several months. [Popular Mechanics Magazine.]

A Real C.

CALIFORNIA W.

ALL BENE

By Harri

THE man who pr every woodpecker this act he was forest of a pest, was at the forest itself and

Saving the red-breasted sapsucker found in California such should be given papsucker whom the E trees by tapping holes off in patches, for which considered more harmful than the pest, only, in the rare at that that I believe than offset by his gorge seen one of these birds and breast against the beautiful that I felt that girdle a tree or two in have him about.

The little Gairdner, w tive of the Downy w our best conservators. seven days in the week, stroying harmful insect little fellows measuring length. Their plumage stripes and bars, the chi that the male has a friendly, attractive bird.

One June I visited Sy of watching, and perh Gairdner woodpeckers tree for their nesting a most grotesquely-shaped named for them. A prater grew at right angle from the ground. When six or seven feet it turned in a rounded stump about this decayed stump, scar the ground, the birds w lowed out a nest. The across, was placed at t was an almost perfect ch

The queer thing about particular limb for a nest w ported a swing which w hourly, use because of th picnic parties.

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The ropes to the swing ing place for the birds a food. Nearly always the climbing up it for a foot the short intervening spac ing into its interior. Of below the hole, his head female nearly always we liminary.

As the season advanced most daily at the park, an convenience they chose tree for their lunches. C swing, and while it was come to the tree. From full of food, they gave the young they would ing to see that they came number were watching the back a little way. They w fellows. Some one in ever the hole and many were th stuck down in an attempt most fortunate for the latt in their hollow. No one co purring noise that came fr were several youngsters, b not tell. Sometimes, b quisitive finger was pok by a strong bill, not in a ery one.

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A Real Conservationist.

CALIFORNIA WOODPECKERS NEARLY ALL BENEFICIAL TO TREES.

By Harriet Williams Myers.

THE man who proudly boasted that he had shot every woodpecker in sight, and who felt that by this act he was benefiting mankind by ridding the forest of a pest, was, in his ignorance, striking a blow at the forest itself and doing man a great injury.

Saving the red-breasted sapsucker, all the woodpeckers found in California are conservationists, and each should be given protection at all times. Even this sapsucker whom the Biological Survey tell us "injures trees by tapping holes in the bark and by stripping it off in patches, for which reason this sapsucker may be considered more harmful than beneficial," is a winter migrant, only, in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and so rare at that that I believe the harm he might do is more than offset by his gorgeous plumage. Only once have I seen one of these birds, and then his brilliant red head and breast against the gray tree trunk made him so beautiful that I felt that I should be willing to have him gnaw a tree or two in my own yard, if only I might have him about.

The little Gairdner, which is the western representative of the Downy woodpecker of the East, is one of our best conservators. From early morning till dark, seven days in the week, they are searching out and destroying harmful insects which infest trees. They are little fellows measuring only six or seven inches in length. Their plumage is made up of black-and-white stripes and bars, the chief difference in the sexes being that the male has a scarlet nape. They are very friendly, attractive birds.

One June I visited Sycamore Grove for the purpose of watching, and perhaps photographing, a pair of Gairdner woodpeckers who had selected a sycamore tree for their nesting site. The tree was one of the most grotesquely-shaped ones which grow in the park named for them. A branch more than a foot in diameter grew at right angles to the tree, about ten feet from the ground. When it had grown straight out for six or seven feet it turned and grew downward, ending in a rounded stump about five feet from the ground. In this decayed stump, scarcely more than six feet from the ground, the birds with their strong bills had hollowed out a nest. The opening, scarcely two inches across, was placed, at the top of the excavation and was an almost perfect circle.

The queer thing about the birds selecting this particular limb for a nest was that its horizontal part supported a swing which was in almost daily, and often hourly, use because of the popularity of this park for picnic parties.

At the time I first visited the birds there were young in the nest which the old ones were industriously feeding. They seemed not to mind my watching them, and, seated on a near-by bench, I noted their comings and goings.

The ropes to the swing seemed to be a favorite resting place for the birds, as they came to the nest with food. Nearly always they rested on it, sometimes climbing up it for a foot or more, then hopping across the short intervening space to the branch and disappearing into its interior. Often the male rested a moment below the hole, his head bobbing from side to side; the female nearly always went right in without any preliminaries.

As the season advanced there were picnic parties almost daily at the park, and all too often for the birds' convenience they chose the tables nearest the nest for their lunches. Old and young swung in the swing, and while it was occupied the birds would not come to the tree. From near-by branches, their bills full of food, they gave their shrill alarm note, but feed the young they would not. It was rather surprising to see that they came to the tree even when a large number were watching them, if only the watchers stood back a little way. They were really very friendly little fellows. Some one in every picnic party always found the hole and many were the youthful fingers that were stuck down it in an attempt to feel the young. It was most fortunate for the latter that they were safe down in their hollow. No one could touch them. The hoarse warning noise that came from the tree told that there were several youngsters, but just how many we could not tell. Sometimes, as they grew older and an inquisitive finger was poked into the hole, it was seized by a strong bill, not in an angry way, but rather a hungry one.

For the fourteen days that the young were in the nest after I found them, I made almost daily visits to their home. One of these occasions when a particularly large Sunday-school picnic was there some of the children refused to feed the nestlings. Though I told them that the young birds could not feed themselves, nor could the old birds feed it to them, two of the girls dropped crumbs, and one of them a good-sized piece of bread, in at the hole while the old birds were away. When the male came with food and disappeared into the nest, shortly afterward his head appeared in the opening and in his bill he bore the piece of bread which the children had dropped in in an effort to lighten his task of feeding growing babies. Though their intentions were of the best, quite evidently they were not appreciated by Mr. Woodpecker. He was quite able to find his worms for his offspring would they but go away and leave him in peace.

Because there were so many people about the nest so much of the time that I feared the young would not get the food they needed and that in some way someone would come to them, I asked the superintendent to take the swing down until the birds had left the nest. This he gladly did, for he, with all of the other workers as well as a number of Mexican workmen, watched the progress of these interesting birds and

knew how much they were disturbed. He must, too, have realized how much the woodpeckers were doing to rid the park of noxious insects and have felt that the more of these birds he could have nesting there the better.

At first the woodpeckers minded my camera which was placed about six feet from their nest, but they soon became reconciled to it, and even went in and out while I stood beside it. The female was always more shy than her mate, but even she became accustomed to it, and my best photograph was obtained of her.

When I had watched at the nest for about ten days one of the young birds began to bob up in the nest so that we could catch glimpses of him. A few days later he was plainly visible as he peeked out. He looked like his parents with the exception that a red patch adorned the top of his head. The day before he left the nest he boldly stuck his head out of the hole and begged for food. I shall always regret that I missed being present at the time the young left the nest. To have seen the fluffy birds making their exit from their dark hole into an unknown world full of sunlight and leaves would indeed have been a treat. I have noticed that young birds, instead of staying about the nest tree as one would naturally expect, usually wander away and are not seen again in their home tree. The little Gairdners proved no exception to this rule, for although I visited the park several times soon after they left, they were nowhere in sight.

A student of bird life often sees exhibitions of gallantry among the feathered folk which are quite human. Many acts of this kind I have observed. In the case of the little woodpeckers, twice I saw the male come to the tree with food for young and before he had a chance to go into the hole, the female alighted beside him with her mouthful. Though the male was just about to go into the hole, he politely hopped away from the opening and to one side, waited until madam went in with her load, fed, and came out again. It was a pretty act, and one not always done in a like circumstance by all birds. I have seen species that seemed to vie with each other in reaching the nest first, the male having none of this politeness which was manifested in the Gairdner woodpecker.

The following April I visited the old sycamore tree on purpose to see if these woodpeckers were again nesting in it.

Soon after quitting their nest the boys had cut into it so they could not have used it again had they so desired. I thought that probably the bother they had endured would keep them from again considering the tree, but to my delight I found they had been at work.

On the opposite side from where their nest had been they had started three holes, none of which was very deep. Under the tree, scattered about on all sides and over quite an area, lay chips about the size of the little finger nail, which the birds had hewn out.

While I watched, the male flew down upon the limb. Torn by conflicting emotions, I watched to see which of the numerous startings he would approach. Would he continue working on the largest, most auspicious-looking one, and could it be possible that I was to have my nesting history of these interesting birds completed by seeing them build their nest and brood the eggs? I hardly dared hope for such good fortune, and down in my heart I really hoped that they would not use the old tree, for, anxious as I was to continue observations, I knew that it was too conspicuous and accessible a place for a bird's nest. After hopping about on the limb as if undecided what he had better do, the little fellow, inspecting one of the smaller excavations, then approaching the one which was already a symmetrical round hole about two inches deep, began working away for dear life in the dead wood. How the chips did fly, falling in a shower about him! I had no idea he could work so fast. If he continued for only a short time the nest would be completed so far as chiseling was concerned. But after a few minutes' hard work, he changed his mind and flew away. In about half an hour the female came and hopped about inspecting holes, made one or two jabs with her bill, and left. That was the last I saw of them, but they must have worked farther on the nest, for a few days later when I visited the park, after watching for over an hour and finding that the Gairdners were not going to use the hole, a perky little wren came flying along and popped into the hole, which was deep enough to conceal him. Presently his little head appeared in the doorway, from which he calmly looked out unmindful of the mortals watching him. I wondered if he might not be the same jolly fellow whom the year before had been building in a hollow pepper tree near by and had kept me entertained with his jovial melody.

I never knew where the woodpeckers nested that second year. One of the gardeners who was "keeping an eye out" for me reported that he had not been able to locate them. It is quite likely that they had gone back among the trees of the Arroyo Seco, just back of the park, there to raise their family under less trying circumstances. Let us hope that never a picnic party found them out.

NON-SINKABLE FISHING DORIES.

A fisherman's dory which in case of capsizing becomes a life-saving apparatus, is described, with illustrations, in the February number of Popular Mechanics. Four water-tight compartments, located under the bow, stern and cross seats, keep the staunch little craft afloat and provide receptacles for the storage of clothing, food and water.

Water-tight portholes in the tops of the seats give access to the interior of the tanks. The bow and stern tanks alone are sufficient to keep the dory afloat, and at the same time provide receptacles for the storage of a limited supply of dry clothing, while one of the cross-seat tanks is partially filled with food, and the other with water. The flat bottom of the boat also has portholes giving access to the stores, and is provided with handholds for the men to cling to should she overturn. The dories are coming into use on the Newfoundland fishing banks.

ON MAKING AN AQUARIUM.

PLENTY OF WATER AND OF AIR SURFACE NEEDED BY THE FISHES.

[New York Sun:] "When a woman comes to me to ask how to make an aquarium I advise her to use about three times as much water and a third less fish than she has in mind," said one of the men in charge of the experimental laboratory on the roof of the Aquarium at Battery Park. "As a rule, people who make aquariums think more of the appearance than of the life of the fish. As a consequence in a few months there are no fish."

"Fish cannot live if they are overcrowded. I never recommend globes. They are pretty, much prettier, I suppose, to people who do not know about fish than the straight-sided jars, but they have not enough air surface. Plenty of air surface is essential if you want to keep fish alive."

"After getting sufficient air surface put a layer of sand or gravel in the bottom. I believe down here we use the gravel almost exclusively, because we can get it easier. The next point, and perhaps it is as important as any other, is getting the right proportion of plant and animal matter. Down here we figure on about eight gallons of water to four small fish, with enough plants to give out the oxygen the fish will use up. It is much better to have more water and plants than the fish require than too little."

"Where there is enough plant matter to keep the water fresh and you are careful to keep out all decaying matter there is no reason why your fish should not live years instead of months. Light is also an essential, but not the direct rays of the sun. If there is not enough light the plants will not supply the oxygen."

"For fresh water fontinalis, sagittaria and duckweed are all good. Duckweed is used as a floating plant on the surface. For salt-water fish there are the various kinds of seaweed."

"As for the variety of fish to be used in the aquarium, that depends on taste as much as anything else. The goldfish is bright in color and cheap in price, but it is very stupid. The Chinese paradise fish are much to be preferred from my point of view. They are cuter, brighter and much more democratic."

"Sunfish and little minnows are much more amusing than goldfish to me. Then there are solaris, with their bit of blue. We usually put some of these in each of the school tanks we get up. Of course they are not so cheap I mean in price, as the goldfish, but I had rather pay the difference."

"The question of feeding is not very complex. Down here we give the fish chopped raw meat three times a week. They all like this diet very much and thrive on it provided the right proportion is maintained in the aquarium. Some salt-water fish get chopped clams, while others get small snails."

"Some of the fish down here in the aquarium have been here healthy and apparently happy for years, while in other tanks they are always slipping in newcomers. We have our failures as well as the women who come down here asking for advice. Ours are not from overcrowding, however. That is the great mistake of amateurs."

DONIZETTI COLLECTION.

A valuable collection of musical manuscripts belonging to Donizetti has recently been discovered at Bergamo, in Italy, and purchased for a small sum by a firm of antique dealers. The collection includes the entire score of one of Donizetti's operas, "Gabiella di Vergy," which was supposed to have been irrevocably lost, as no trace of it could be found, despite the fact that its existence is attested by the composer's early biographers.

The opera is in one act and it is entirely written in Donizetti's own hand, with several corrections and a few alterations. The music covers 344 pages and has no words to it, as evidently the composer did not transcribe the libretto when he wrote the music. The libretto is lost, but as the score contains a few passages from it written on the margin of one of the pages, it is hoped that these will afford a clue that will lead to its discovery.

The collection contains the draft for another opera which Donizetti intended to compose, but never finished. On eight separate pages headed "Sancio di Castiglia" Donizetti wrote down the principal themes of the composition. There is also an autograph copy of the symphony of Donizetti's well-known opera "L'Elisir d'Amore." The symphony is written on twenty-four pages and it is different from the published one.—[London correspondence New York Sun.]

ELECTRICITY GUARDS TREASURY VAULT.

The United States government is now in possession of the largest and finest safe in the world, declares Waldon Fawcett, in the February Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is located deep underground below the United States Treasury building at Washington, and in this huge strong box it is the intention to keep in storage at all times not less than \$500,000,000 in currency. Of course, this new governmental depository of wealth is not a "safe" in the ordinary interpretation of the word, but rather a vault nearly fifty-four in length, close to twenty feet wide and about sixteen feet in height.

The exterior walls of the new vault are of the heaviest steel construction and the door and the portholes provided for ventilation are closed by heavy steel doors fitted with the latest approved locks of the heaviest and most intricate construction, but the main safeguard for this subterranean wealth lies in an electric protective system that cost \$9000, and which enmeshes the entire vault in a close-drawn network of electric wires—more than seventeen miles of wire in the aggregate—which sounds alarms at any interference. This system is tested every fifteen minutes day and night. The only means of reaching the new vault is by a secret elevator, guarded by Treasury watchmen.

The steersman, and young Chaucery to his favor was not done. They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

When the Gods Guffaw.

THE VERY TRAGIC LOVE AFFAIR OF
AN IDEALIST.

By Philip Scott.

WHAT I am going to tell you is really no story. I don't know what put it into my head to write it; but the afternoon is dreary—it is raining hard—and the twilight has already begun to fall. A day like this always puts me in mind of the incident. I am not going to make any apologies for the tale except to say that I put forth no claims for it, nor have I any intention of creating a piece of literature. I am not even going to adhere to the rules of short-story writing; I am going straight against the canons of fictional art, and at the outset I give you warning that you do not have to read this story, and may pass on to the next article without giving me the slightest offense.

What put it into my head to write it I do not know, except, as I have said, it is raining and dreary. Even this does not account for my desire to go over the details, for on the day they happened it was bright and fair. The noonday sun was pleasant—it was early spring—and a buoyant gladness seemed to be over the entire earth.

But the mood is on, nevertheless, and when the mood is with me—it comes many times during the year—I have to go through the whole story. It was one of those slight episodes which comes to one, and which, with no particular reason, clings to one's mind long after many of the more important things of life have been forgotten.

Across from me as I write sits Tommy, who, though he does not know it, is a part of the incident I am about to relate. Tommy and I have been together ever since our student days in Paris where we went to snatch the fire from the stars and set the world ablaze. Somehow the fire evaded us; that is, it evaded me. Tommy got more than his share of it, but his pictures have not yet made the world uncomfortably warm, although the time will come when the name of Thomas Wallington will be known.

But that is neither here nor there. The story happened when we were both struggling for recognition. We were poor, wretchedly poor. Two meals a day were our limit, and one of them consisted of two buns and a cup of coffee. A petit déjeuner is longer in title than in nourishment. The other meal was eaten on soap dishes which Tommy gathered from the rooms of the other students and washed while I soaked spaghetti in hot water and sliced the cheese.

The story began at a ball to which Tommy and I were invited through some relatives of mine who were "doing" the continent, and who had halted in Paris for a week before attempting to "do" Italy. We borrowed the proper clothes and went. It was there that Tommy met her.

Of course, the story has to do with a woman—her picture is now on the mantle in a weathered-oak frame which Tommy made himself. I have asked him several times to take it down, but he staunchly refuses to do it. There is something almost pathetic in Tommy's sentiment. For six years the picture has been there, and it probably always will be there, for there are no signs of any change in Tommy's heart. For six years he has never been out alone with another woman. He has lived the life of a woman nater. I have tried to get him interested in women, but he is impervious to any coercion on the subject. Over a year ago I gave up trying to reform him, although I think now as I always did that a good wife would be the finest thing in the world for Tommy.

As I said, it was at the ball in Paris six years ago that he met Elise. I at once saw the effect she had on him. He danced with her three times, and when he came home that night, there was a new look in his eyes. Tommy was in love—undeniably, unmistakably in love. I said nothing. I pretended I did not notice it.

Pretty soon he began going out alone. At first I questioned him, although I knew well enough that he was calling on Elise Dessault. He did better work and seemed in higher spirits than theretofore. I was glad to see it, and I hoped it would end well, for if there was ever a fellow deserving of the very best woman it was Tommy Wallington.

This went on for several weeks, at the end of which time I began to notice a change come over him. He got despondent and gloomy. There were long intervals in which he spoke to no one. It was easy to see that something serious was the matter. There was something on Tommy's mind.

One day when it had grown noticeable even to the other students in the building, I asked him to tell me his trouble. I can see him now just as he looked as he approached me without a word and pointed to his bare lip. There was something tremendously pathetic in the gesture—why I do not know. Under any other circumstances I would have burst out laughing; even then I at first was inclined to take it as a joke, but the look in his eyes restrained me. In that slight bifurcation of Tommy's upper lip there was for a moment following his gesture a world of tragedy.

The significance of it, however, I didn't understand. Tommy had often joked about his slight deformity; he never even seemed sensitive on the subject. At a "jinks" we gave one New Year's Eve, he made a cartoon of himself with this facial characteristic accentuated. No one ever thought of it; it was not obtrusive, and it did not even cause an impediment in his speech. But that day when he pointed to it, it suddenly became tragic.

After a moment I said: "I don't understand." "Of course you don't understand, old man," he replied, sadly. "You have never been in love."

Even now I did not understand. I tried to think what

he meant, but gave it up as hopeless, and asked him to explain.

"Even if I told you I don't think that you would appreciate the situation." He sat down and buried his face in his hands. "You don't know what it is to love a beautiful and sensitive girl. Had I known what it was all coming to I wouldn't have gone on with it. I thought at first that it was merely a fine friendship, but a week ago when she told me she was going away—to America—I realized for the first time that I was hopelessly in love."

"But even now I don't see what you mean. Doesn't the girl care for you?" I broke in. Suddenly Tommy's unknown tragedy got hold of me and affected me.

"I don't know—I think she does, though; but oh, I wish she didn't!"

At this I got up and walked over to the dejected figure opposite me. Putting my hand on his shoulder I shook him good-naturedly.

"Come, come," I said, "tell me all about it. Maybe it isn't as bad as you think. And if she loves you—"

"That's just it," he interrupted. "If she only didn't—if I was only sure she didn't!"

I was becoming exasperated. "Look here, Tommy," I said sternly, "tell me what this nonsense is all about. Why don't you propose to the girl and find out?"

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't understand!" he exclaimed. "A man with a bare lip can't propose or make love to a beautiful girl."

I dropped into a chair and surveyed him, unable to speak. I had always known Tommy was an idealist, but I didn't know his idealism would ever be carried as far as this. Of course there was something in what he said, but I confess I was not a little astonished at the attitude, even though it did come from Tommy.

"Don't you see?" he went on passionately. "When I have a deformity like this I haven't the right to try to win the affections of a sensitive girl." Again he pointed to his lip. "Although I might make her love me to distraction, it would always be a sorrow and an unpleasantness to her. In time it would become repulsive to her—I know it. It even gets on my nerves a little, as I look at myself in the glass. And she would have to look at it all the time and sit across the table from it at meals. Oh, I know what it would mean to her. I haven't any right to inflict such a thing upon her. It wouldn't be altogether honorable." He lapsed into a dejected silence.

I pleaded with him for an hour. I told him that if the girl really cared, it wouldn't make any difference, but my pleading did no good. He said that he would never forgive himself. It would always be a continual source of self-reproach to him. He would never get over it; every time he looked at himself in the mirror he would think what a dog he was to take advantage of a lovely girl. Every one would talk about the beautiful Mrs. Wallington whose husband had a bare lip. A man with a bare lip is always the subject of jests. At the theaters the comedians imitate people who have his affliction, he contended. He asked me to think what an awful thing it would be for his wife.

I must admit that it was not a pleasant picture which Tommy painted for me. He made a strong case of it. When he had finished he had almost won me to his way of thinking—he was so terribly in earnest, so tragic in his determination to give the girl up because of his deformity.

And it was tragic—the way Tommy put it up to me. His sorrow was intense, and when he got up and left the room I felt as though I had been witness to some inevitable tragedy.

In a half-hearted way I remonstrated with him the next day, but it did no good. I knew it wouldn't; and three days passed without either of us mentioning it.

He did not call on Elise again. He kept close to his studio and brooded over his work, although he made no progress. He tried twice at one picture, and both times painted it out. On the fourth day a garcon brought a pink note to him. I watched him read it. A look of pain crossed his face, but at the end of five minutes he looked up and said:

"No reply." He even forgot to give the boy a pour-boire, so I did it for him.

Two days later another note was brought to him. He received and dismissed it as he had the other one. This time the look of pain on his face was even more intensified than before. That night he didn't go to bed. He sat till dawn in the alcove window looking out over Paris.

At 6 o'clock the next morning he came to me and woke me up.

"It's all over," he said gently. "She has sailed. The boat went at 6. Thank God I was strong enough to brave it through to the end."

In spite of his extreme sorrow there was a light of victory in his eyes. I sat up in bed.

"I think, after all, you did the right thing." Somehow I had gotten to believe this.

After that the subject dropped between us. Gradually he took a renewed interest in his work, but he was never the same. He put her picture on the wall and kept it there. He went out but little, and worked like a slave.

Once he said, as he paused to mix a new color:

"It was for the best."

And that ended any ethical discussion on the subject.

Two years later we returned to America. Tommy had advanced in his work, but he was ever the recluse he had always been since the episode. The first thing to appear when we had chosen our quarters in New York was the picture of Elise Dessault. I thought the way Tommy clung to the memory of this girl was morbid, and I tried to get him to forget it, but it was no use.

It was only a short time after we had returned that the thing occurred which made me write this story. It seems almost incredible, but it was true, and I have never ceased to wonder at it.

One day in early spring when the sun was high and the spirit of gladness seemed to be over the entire earth, Tommy and I had gone down to the docks to paint a seascape in the sunlight. We set our easels on the

dock, having first arranged for it by tipping the keeper, and had begun to lay in our colors when the great ship above us, which had been waiting for the tide, began to heave. People thronged the deck, and the usual good-bys were being said.

Tommy was too much interested in his work to pay any attention to the outgoing vessel, but I paused long enough to watch the people.

As I looked, a strange feeling swept over me. I grabbed Tommy suddenly by the arm and told him hurriedly that we would have to wait under cover till the boat had gone. I told him I had received a commanding gesture from the man in charge of the wharf.

Tommy obeyed reluctantly, and it was with a sigh of relief that I saw the boat put out into the sound far enough so that those aboard could not be recognized.

For, when I had looked up at the people aboard, there, leaning over the rail was Elise Dessault, and, with his arm around her, stood a man. They were waving adieu to a gay party of young people who were showering them with rice.

And the husband of Elise Dessault had a bare lip!

NAMING INDIAN CHILDREN.

INTERESTING CHEROKEE LEGEND ACCOUNTS FOR SOME STRANGE TITLES.

From the Red Man

A Cherokee legend gives an interesting account of the origin of the tribal custom of naming children. Long ago, when all Indians belonged to one great family, the children were not named until they were old enough to kill a certain number of the animals after which they wished to be called.

The bear, wolf, eagle and hawk were considered good names, and those possessing them were supposed to have great skill and powers as hunters and warriors.

During this time there lived a young chief, Eg-wah Wi-yuh, whose ambition was to be the father of a brave son. At the birth of his first child he was greatly disappointed to find that the boy was born blind and therefore could not hope to earn the name of some fierce animal.

The father neither ate nor drank for five days, and on the fifth night he became unconscious. While in this condition a huge bird came into his tepee and carried him off on its back. He soon found that they were approaching the moon, which, to his surprise, proved to be merely a big hole in a black crust.

After passing through this opening, he saw on the other side men walking about, but they had no eyes, only the empty sockets where their eyes had been. When he asked the bird what it all meant he was told that his spirit was being carried to Guh-luh-lau-eeh, the Happy Hunting Grounds, to be judged and sent back to the place of the eyeless men.

He was told that this place had been built by the Great Spirit for the spirits of animals and birds, but owing to the cruel custom of killing animals for their names, the Great Spirit had sent a curse upon the Indians. He had given the animals the real Happy Hunting Grounds and driven the spirits of the Indians to the place which they had just passed, to have their eyes eaten out by the birds, and tormented by the animals they had wantonly killed on earth for the sake of assuming their titles.

He was informed that they were on the way to Guh-luh-lau-eeh, the real Happy Hunting Grounds, where the chief of the animals and birds dwelt, which was reached by passing through the sun. The moon, he said, was for the wicked spirits of the Indians to pass through during the night, and the sun for the spirits of the animals to pass through during the day. The Great Spirit covered the earth with the black sheet long enough for the evil spirits to pass into the torment, and the white one long enough for the spirits of the animals and birds to pass into Guh-luh-lau-eeh, thereby producing day and night.

On passing through the sun he was amazed at the beauty of the place. He was carried to the large wam of the Great Chief of animal and bird kingdom. On discovering that his subject was not dead, but merely fallen into a stupor, from which he had already recovered, he was greatly annoyed and ordered the bird to carry Eg-wah Wi-yuh to be devoured and his spirit sent to the land of evil spirits to be tormented by the animals and birds.

Wi-yuh asked if there was anything he could do to save himself. The Great Chief told him yes, there was one thing he could do to save himself, and that was to go back to the earth and abolish the custom of slaying innocent animals and birds for their names. He told Wi-yuh that if he accomplished this one task he would make him ruler of the animal and bird kingdom and would give back to the spirits of the Indians Guh-luh-lau-eeh, and allow them to hunt as much as they wanted among all the animals and birds in that kingdom.

He promised that if the young chief would name his blind child after the first animal or bird he would see on looking from his tepee the next morning after returning to his home, instead of adhering to the old custom, and thereby set an example for the other Indians to follow, he would cause the child to gain its eyesight. On returning to the earth, Wi-yuh told his people all that had happened and they did not believe him, but the next morning when he named his child for the first animal he saw when he looked from his tepee his son instantly gained his eyesight. Every one now believed him, and from that day to within recent years the Indians have named their children after the first animal they saw on looking from their tepees when a child was born.

UNPLEASANT SUGGESTION.

"I've called my new song 'Falling Dew.'" "Then a boy, it will never be popular. It is too strongly suggestive of household bills and commercial notes."—(Bos Transcript.)

s. George Boulton Aff

E TO CROWN HILL.

Miravilla to Be Site of

Mansion of Pure Spanish

T, Feb. 4.—One of the

live residences in the

will be started in the near

s. George Boulton on the

Mesa Miravilla, Beau-

resque hill suburb. The

for which have been pre-

Martyn Haenke, of Los

occupy a seven-acre site

de Arroyo Verde.

ground the property will

autiful San Bernardino

situated in the midst of

na, it will command a

nire cultivated valley of

section. In its setting

has utilized to the best

the natural contour and

grounds. A perpetual

place will be made to

for the garden pools and

all be of the true Spanish

type, adapted to modern

It will contain a large

tion hall, from which the

living rooms will open

six bed chambers.

ded loggia extending al-

across the front of the

rising above a brick

will be one of the dis-

trictural features of the

ground dimensions of

be 100 by fifty feet.

in keeping with the

of the place will be

OS IN BUILDING.

Starts Busily in Con-

struction—New Houses in

0, Feb. 4.—Building

activity show an increase

in value and 38 per cent.

January, 1910. These

convincing proof of the

of the city. The greater

permits issued are for

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many newcomers are

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for almost \$2,000,000 more

The amount for this

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probable that permits

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many mechanics are

The Pacific Building

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1, the Pacific Building

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struction on I ave-

—fifth street, National

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in Palm avenue, Cor-

the last year Mr. Win-

at Coronado twelve

City Building Company

two houses on Second

National and B ave-

ity.

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than for several

Painter has sold to

40 by 100 feet by Upas

Heath, with a six-room

J. R. Oglesby and

to Arthur J. Perry, 50

K street, between

and Twenty-fifth, J. D.

to Clinton and Emma

s on Georgia street,

Howard, University

Budlong, 45x135 feet. Seventy-eight,

between Budlong and Normandie, 440;

M. A. Cowden, 45x135 feet, Seventy-

ninth, between Budlong and Norman-

ditional story to be constructed on an ad-

three-story reinforced concrete ware-

house of the Braun Chemical Com-

pany on Stephenson avenue, near

Avery street, of which J. B. Rinford

Lavy. A. J. Acker has prepared

sketches for a two-story bungalow of

the Japanese pagoda type to be built

near Sunset boulevard and Bryan

street for Henry Levinson. It will

to be built in Fifty-fourth street

tract; seven-room bungalow for W. J.

Bushard, to be built on Darwin ave-

nue, near Eastlake Park; two five-

room bungalows for J. W. Bangerman,

to be built on Fifty-fourth street.

NEW HOUSES

The Bungalow

reports new home

Five-room bungalow for

Miller, Santa Monica, 1100.

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February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

179

The Homeland.

ITS STRANGE, UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY IN A CRUCIAL HOUR.

By E. D. Ewers.

SOMEHOW, Fate had blundered for Margaret Downing. For five years she had been planning her home in the West; she never had doubted that she would like it. Through all the long months of waiting she had been reading of the West—everything she could acquire on the subject—and in her impetuous way she had resolved to open her heart to its people and their ways when she should become a part of it.

And no time had come, and she hated it—despised it—loathed it! What a relief it seemed to pour out some of the revolt and bitterness of her soul in these blighting words. Gradual disillusionment of one's dearest dreams is cruel enough, but when it falls in one blow, the catastrophe seems to blind reason and rob one's sense of proportion.

Perhaps it was the grilling ride across the desert, and the cruel disappointment at the journey's end. "Forty miles west of Magdalena," the young husband had written of their new ranch home, and Margaret had dreamed of the ranch of her books of western fiction. She had looked forward to a ride of forty miles through sandy roadways, past green fields dotted with cattle and sheep—indeed, a pleasant honeymoon adventure. And the ranch she had pictured in her day dreams, the gray walls of the rambling house sheltered by vines and the shade of great trees; and the Mexican employees which he had mentioned in his letters—how often she had seen them pictured in the magazines with peaked sombrero and curious jackets and skin-tight trousers.

He had met her at Magdalena with a buckboard and a team of gaunt, diminutive ponies. All day they tramped through an endless succession of cactus-studded dunes. The wind and blinding glare of the sun blistered her face, and by night her eyes were swollen nearly shut. When she reached the ranch she was too ill to eat or sleep.

And then the cruel disappointment! The house was of two rooms of unplastered adobe, dry and comfortable, but repulsively unattractive. Not a tree nor vine even a spear of live grass showed in the meager courtyard. A gnarled cactus stood at one corner of the house, the footpath swerving discreetly beyond its farthest tentacles. Evidently no one ever had thought to move it.

She had tried to bear it all philosophically, but the disappointment would not down. If only he had told her—prepared her for this. But men do not think of these things when the day's duties are pressing. She tried valiantly to be cheerful, and to hide her reddened eyes from him. She felt ashamed and humiliated.

And then the awesome depression of the desert had seemed to grip her soul. Stouter hearts than hers had quailed before its haunting mystery, but she did not reason of this. The problem was individual, a constantly recurring day and night ordeal of nerve-racking intensity. Her husband saw and understood, but his forced quiet rang hollow to her tortured senses. Vague fears and an unreasoning prejudice against the dusky ranch helpers—the humble, self-effacing little men, so different than she had pictured—possessed her. The blue haze over the far mountain range grew on her imagination to a pall of doom brooding over a stricken land.

Day after day she endured in silence, until one night her pent emotions burst in a mad appeal—for home. He had acquiesced, gently but reluctantly. She knew what it cost him and the sacrifice it meant to them. He had loved the desert land, and fortune had smiled on his first season's efforts.

"I must stay a while and sell the ranch," he said simply. "I will take you in to Magdalena—tomorrow?" His voice faltered a little at the question.

"Tomorrow," she answered, a great relief in her heart.

Beyond the Black Range dark clouds were rolling upward against the blue dome of the sky. A cold wind cut suddenly across the mesa, settling to a low whine among the scrubby cedars and pinons. Downing sensed the air apprehensively, and turned to his wife. He attempted to force his old jovial manner, but somehow it failed him. "Shall we wait another day? It is one of those cold rains coming."

From her seat in the buckboard Margaret Downing listened to her husband's words with a sinking heart. She realized suddenly how much her going meant to him. She could not endure the thought of waiting one more day. "No," she answered hurriedly, "let us go now!" He did not remonstrate, and there was no censure in his manner. "Perhaps we can make it all right," he said. She did not turn her head as they started from the corral. Already her face was to the future; she wanted to forget as speedily as possible.

A mile below the ranch house the foothills ended abruptly and the broad mesa stretched away to the horizon. As they swept into the open the wind seemed to have died out and fitful sprinkles of cold rain spattered among the cactus.

Suddenly Downing pulled the ponies to a halt. "Did you hear that?" he asked. Margaret strained forward in the direction he indicated. From somewhere, out of the hush of the impending storm, came a faint Babel of voices like the cries of innumerable children.

"What is it?" she asked in bewilderment. A frown had settled on Downing's face. He studied the rumbling clouds behind them before answering.

"It is that Mexican, Martinez, that you dislike so. It is lambing time for his flock of sheep. The sound you heard was the bleating of a thousand lambs—all born in one day." Again the strangely human cries came faintly across to them. "They are over there," said Downing, pointing toward the arroyo to the south.

"A thousand little lambs," mused Margaret; "it must

be an interesting sight. I wish I might see them before I go."

Apparently Downing did not notice his wife's words. "Margaret," he said abruptly, "you must give it up. We must go back at once. This means ruin for Martinez, unless we can help him." He turned the ponies quickly and let the long lash fall sharply across their backs. In a moment they were scudding swiftly along the homeward trail.

Margaret did not protest. Something in her husband's words checked her resentment. "Tell me what you mean," she said, as the ponies settled into their swinging stride.

Downing waved his whip in the direction of the arroyo behind them. "This rain, coming now, would kill every lamb he's got—understand? When it clears to-night it will be stinging cold—their wet fleeces—chill them to death—understand?" His words came to her indistinctly above the rattle of the buckboard.

"But what can we do?" she questioned.

"There's our covered corral. If we get them in there before night they will be safe. It will mean hauling them on the hay wagon."

Margaret leaned forward impulsively. "Oh, I understand. Can't we hurry faster?"

When her husband had hurried away down the trail with the broad-topped hay wagon, Margaret turned to the house. As she stepped into her old room a cast-off wrapper she had discarded earlier in the morning caught her eye. Mechanically she exchanged her traveling suit for the soiled garment. She did not notice the bare walls and meager furnishings; just now her mind was busy with other things.

She hurried out, past the horse stables, to the covered corral, noting with satisfaction its generous dimensions. For the first time she found the tang of the barnyard unrepulsive. Somehow, it seemed this mad scurrying to save an army of little lambs was an oddly refreshing adventure. She was impatient for the first load to arrive. She went to the feed shed and dragged a heavy bale of straw into the corral. She spread evenly in one corner of the enclosure. Some of them would be too ill or too weak to stand, she reasoned. So she would have a place prepared for them.

A sudden clatter outside warned her that the first load had arrived. She stepped to the doorway as the team came lunging swiftly alongside the wall. For a moment she stood in wonder, a little awed at the strange sight. Heaped on the broad deck of the wagon a mass of fluffy white objects tumbled and struggled, some prone on their backs, their thin, ungainly legs waving awkwardly; others, wobbling on a precarious footing, clambered over each other, surging helplessly against the barriers along the sides of the wagon. And above it all, the plaintive, almost human cries she had heard from the roadway seemed increased in intensity until they rent the air.

The men pushed their bleating charges hastily into the corral and dashed away at breakneck speed down the roadway. There was no time to lose. If the lambs received further succor than a dry roof it must be Margaret's work. And Margaret was strangely glad that no one could be spared to help her. An appeal such as she had never known before seemed to come to her from these weak, crying creatures. She herded the tottering little flock into the farthest part of the corral, pushing the leaders, and carrying the stragglers in her arms. A number she found were too weak to stand, and these she carried to the corner she had prepared. When her husband returned with the second load he found her feeding the stricken lambs from a spoon. She did not note his approving smile. She was bending over her ungainly charges, crooning a foolish little lullaby.

All morning and until late in the afternoon the wagon hurried back and forth. Before evening a steady downpour had set in, and the last loads were protected by a tarpaulin cover.

At nightfall, Margaret realized that she was very tired and very hungry. She prepared their simple meal and they ate in silence. Occasionally her husband regarded her furtively, but he did not speak.

When Margaret awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly and the sky was clear. Her husband was perched on the side of the bed smiling into her eyes.

"The rain is all gone?" she asked wonderingly.

Downing swept his hand in a comprehensive gesture. "Clear as a bell. Isn't it fine? Girlie—I wish you didn't have to go back!"

Margaret smiled across the counterpane. Her voice trembled with eagerness. "I am not going back," she said soberly. "I knew it last night, but I wanted to be sure, so I slept over it. Now I know it—I could stay here always. Listen, Boy," she went on; "sometimes it's a little thing that turns the trend of one's life. I guess if anything will lift us out of ourselves it's a call for help, even if it's only the cry of dumb animals. Yesterday I had no choice; I had to help. But I didn't think about it's being my duty—I just wanted to do it. It seemed strange to have a spontaneous emotion again—to do something because I was just impelled to it—and to leave out thought of myself. It seems to me I did more thinking out in that corral than I have for years."

"Boy," she went on a little shamefacedly. "I have found out what's been wrong. It wasn't the fault of the country at all; it was just me. I think I have learned the lesson that the West teaches most folks. I think I know now why they love it; why, when they go away and try to live somewhere else, they always come back. I had come to think that sort of talk was all a foolish sentimentality. It isn't, is it?"

"No," said Downing soberly.

"When I found the country wasn't what I expected, I guess I didn't try to see the other side. Somehow, I couldn't revise my old standards. I didn't realize that I must give up something to the West if it was to give me something in return. I just went to pitying myself, and that always makes things worse."

"All the time I had been cherishing my little, narrow views, out here in the land of breadth and liberality; I

had been selfish in the land of tolerance and generosity; small in the land of bigness. I was fettering myself where everything is freedom. All the time I had been looking at the ground. I saw the cactus, and the adobe walls, and all the creepy little reptiles, but I never looked up at the sky. I never saw the changing lights and shadows of the mountains, nor caught the beauty of the great splashes of color that spread across the mesa at sunset like some gigantic painting. I didn't catch the spirit of all those western books I had read because the people who wrote them had learned to love the West, and when they spoke of its beauties I didn't know they meant some of the very things I thought repulsive."

"I hadn't learned. But now I believe I understand. I thought I was letting down the bars of selfishness and intolerance—and I opened the gates of the Homeland."

Downing smiled into his wife's eyes. "I guess, Girlie, you have been very, very homesick. You will be all right now."

"Yes, I will be all right now. But somehow I have a feeling—of course we will go back on visits—but, Boy, we won't ever want to live where we can't have that out there—where we can't see the mountains, and the sunsets over the mesa, and the trail winding away into the cactus, will we?"

MADE EVERY SHOT TELL.

MARKSMANSHIP OF EARLY KENTUCKY HUNTER WITH OLD TIME RIFLE.

It was when the cap and ball rifle with the hair trigger was in use as a squirrel gun that Kentuckians shot as straight as the Boers did during the war with Great Britain and for the same reason. The modern repeating rifle encourages carelessness of aim and waste of ammunition.

When it was necessary to ram home a bullet surrounded with packing and to mould the bullets by melting lead over a log fire in a log cabin the bead was drawn so that each shot would tell. No hunter cared to throw away his powder and lead or destroy his reputation for marksmanship by shooting to hear the noise of his shooting iron.

The cost of bar lead and black powder was also to be considered, and game as a change in the bill of fare was an important item when there were no butcher shops in the neighborhood and fresh meat must be supplied by slaughtering an animal, drawing upon the poultry yard or turning to woods or water with gun or rod and line.

In the days when squirrels were plentiful in the heavily timbered sections of Kentucky, the hunter who could not, with his long rifle, go out at the break of day and kill a score of squirrels before the hour the urbanite's breakfast is served was an exception to the rule. Many crack shots prided themselves upon shooting them through the head only. There were epicures who held it vainglory to demonstrate marksmanship in that manner when the brains scooped from the skull of a well-broiled squirrel constituted a delicacy at a backwoods feast comparable to a dish of nightingale tongues at a Roman symposium.

Those whose aim was unerring, but whose indolence forbade them from shooting at the easier targets when the squirrels were feeding in the hickory trees between dawn and sunrise, hunted them in the late afternoon when they were frisking in the trees and barking so that they attracted the attention of the dullest hunter to their whereabouts. There were pot hunters who used shotguns, but sportsmen considered it as unsportsmanlike to fire a hard rammed scattering load of large shot at a squirrel as it would now be to shoot quail on the ground.

Squirrel hunting—unless tramping all day for half a dozen can be called sport—is a thing of the past in the larger portion of the State because no serious effort to protect game of any kind has been made until recently, and shooting in season and out of season has been the rule. One result, from the point of view of the householder, is that squirrels are now rarely seen upon the home table and are served at half a dollar or more at restaurants.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

IT DIDN'T RUN.

A well-known Kansas banker told a story the other day about the statute of limitations.

One day an old Southerner walked into this banker's office. The Southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.

"Well," replied the Southerner, "about thirty-five years ago I loaned a man down South some money—not a very big sum. I told him that whenever I should need it I would let him know and he could pay me the money. I need some money now, so I shall let him know and I would like to have you transact the business for me."

"My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. The statute of limitations has run against that loan years and years ago."

"Sir," replied the Southerner, "the man to whom I loaned that money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman."

So the banker sent for the money, and within a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a courtly gentleman at the other end of the transaction, also.—[Kansas City Journal.]

GRANITE OF THE SOUTH.

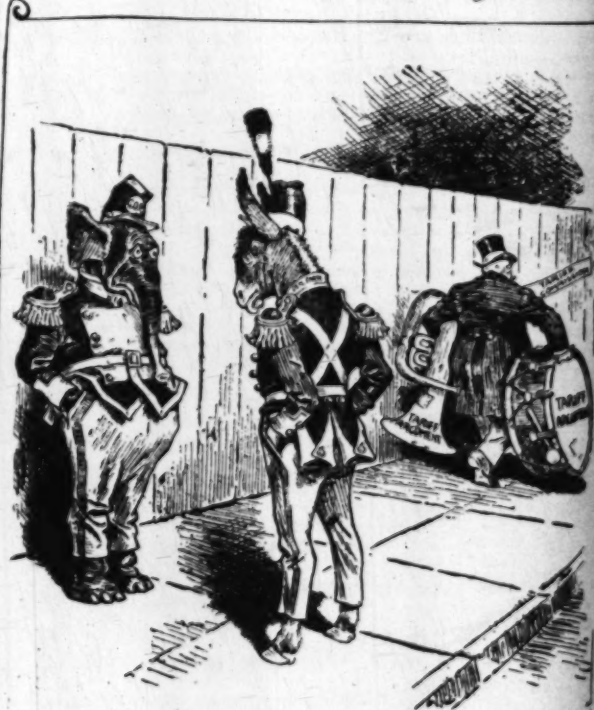
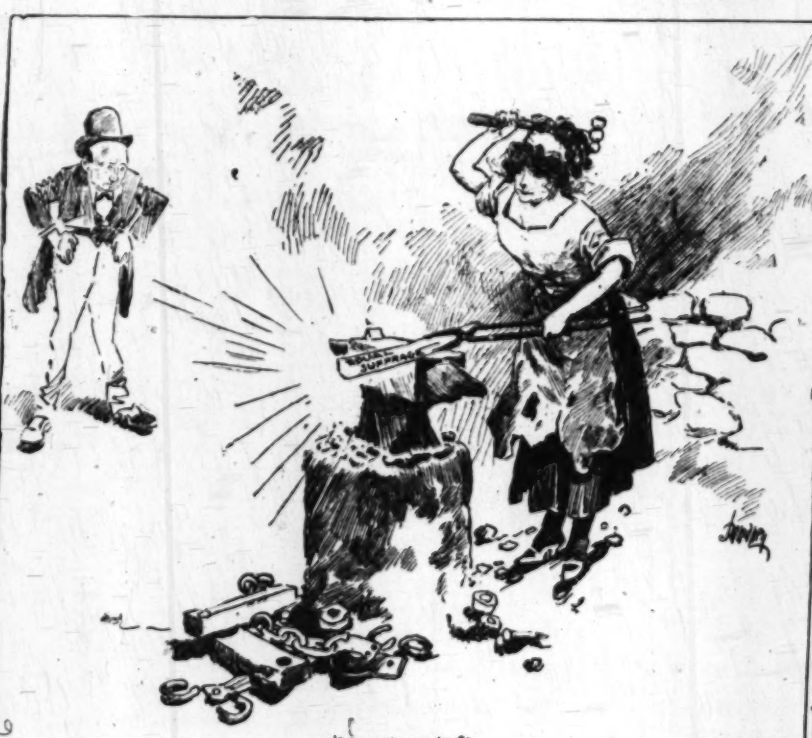
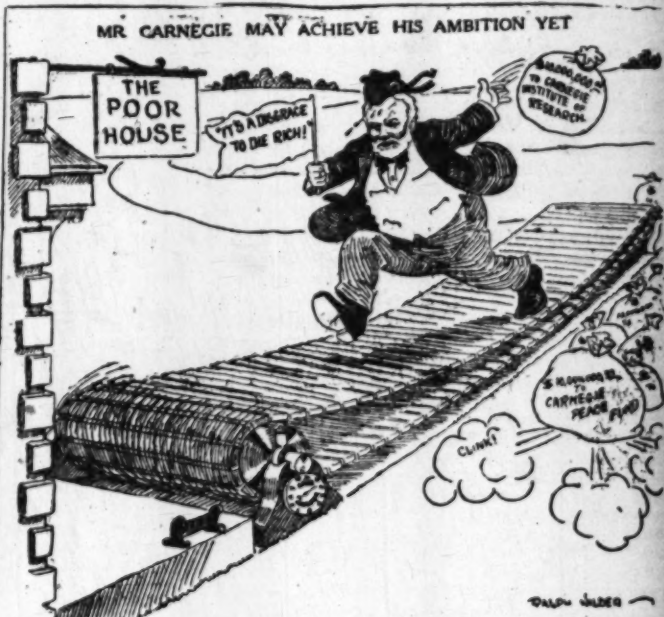
When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England, yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the South that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the South a place in the market at any rate.

The annual output is now worth about \$3,500,000 and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about \$9,000,000 worth of stone annually.—[Chicago Tribune.]

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind:

They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.



February 5, 1911.

Good Sho

BRIEF ANECDOTES VARIOUS

Compiled for

Let a Long While.

IGNOR PUCCINI, altho world for his operas, is subject of his early success in New York:

I have been very lucky. Ark comes so often after I remember one of my who, had he died before 70, his operas produced. I age that he received for deserved. Naturally en- ist regretted his years of frequently spoke bitterly. Once, at the very end of an entered his box at the carefully:

"I have traveled all the world over in the author of my favorite opera," he said. "The veteran composer, Verdi, said: 'Well my friend, I have been here.'"

Estate Guy

VETERAN Philadelphia
Lincoln's birthday, said at the
Lincoln used to joke me
ried, you know, a rabbit.
'Look at this,' he said
pocket a potato.
'What's that for?' I asked
'For rheumatism,' he
age of rheumatism since
'Wonderful!' said I.
'Yes,' said Lincoln, with
more wonderful is the fact
I never had a twinge

Tribute to Emerson

POOR washerwoman in hurrying her work and robbably before her usual hour "I'm going out," she informed and rather consequent where are you going, Brice? To hear Mr. Emerson lecturing. Why, he is very deep, Emerson said him very well." "Oh, I don't understand him," stand up there and talk was as good as he was." "The great philosopher was he made his hearers realize" — [Unidentified

Grasping

HE late Eli Perkins," said an apt way of driving home the point. Perkins once offered me a sketch of the sketch eagerly accepted the same figure. Perkins, laughing soundly, said I reminded him of a lady gave a nickel, saying, "Here, my good man, take it in a glass of beer." "Thank you, ma'am," said the firm, hadn't I better drive

y Wash.

PRESENTATIVE LIVING
 disgusted at the bath-tub
 y, proposed that a little
 ing the bath tubs out, said
 et:

we are now a good deal
morning.

ll's valet entered his bed
and said with a shiver:
Will you take your bath?
Thank you," said Bill. "I'll

W100

HARVEY W. WILEY, the
rt, said at a recent din
t in our search for pure
a lady entered a grocer's
ave you got any currants
e clerk, a college gradu
es, madam, we have ver
grapes from the Greek
you know, is the corrup
ou have?"
one at all if they're corrup
ing to a pure-food league

Hatch a Chicken

HAVE two fantail pigeons noticed one day that they were sitting on it alternately, and eggs.

NEW HOUSES PLAN

The Bungalow Designer reports new home plans. Five-room bungalow for Mrs. Miller, Santa Monica, \$1500; a

February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

A Long While.

HONOR PUCCINI, although celebrated all over the world for his operas, is still a young man. On the day of his early success the Italian composer said recently in New York:

"I have been very lucky. Recognition for artistic success comes so often after one is too old to enjoy it. I remember one of my countrymen, a centenarian, who had died before 70, would never have seen any of the operas produced. Luckily he lived to see great things that he received for many years the admiration and respect of his countrymen. Naturally enough, though, this splendid old man regretted his years of obscurity and neglect, and frequently spoke bitterly of his bad fortune."

"Once, at the very end of his long life, an Englishman entered his box at the opera in Rome, and said respectfully:

"I have traveled all the way from London to see the last of my favorite opera."

"The veteran composer, with a malicious smile, replied: 'Well my friend, I have given you plenty of time to see it here.'"

Potato Cure.

VETERAN Philadelphia soldier, apropos of Lincoln's birthday, said at the Union League:

"Lincoln used to joke me about my superstitions. I told you know, a rabbit's foot for luck."

"Look at this," he said one day, and he took from his pocket a potato.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"For rheumatism," he replied. "I haven't had a touch of rheumatism since I began carrying it."

"Wonderful!" said I.

"Yes," said Lincoln, with his whimsical smile, "and it's wonderful is the fact that it's retroactive, too; I never had a twinge before I began carrying it."

Tribute to Emerson.

POOR washerwoman in Concord was seen to be carrying her work and rolling down her sleeves considerably before her usual hour for leaving.

"In going out," she informed her employer, with a proud and rather consequential air.

"Where are you going, Bridget?"

"To hear Mr. Emerson lecture."

"Why, he is very deep, Bridget. Most of us can't understand him very well."

"Oh, I don't understand him, mum, but I like to see him stand up there and talk as if he thought everybody was as good as he was."

The great philosopher was absolutely free from pride, and he made his hearers realize his perfect democracy of feeling.—[Unidentified.]

The Gramping.

"THE late Eli Perkins," said a magazine editor, "had an apt way of driving home his points with little stories."

"Perkins once offered me a sketch at a bargain price. I accepted the sketch eagerly, and I asked for more at the same figure."

"But Perkins, laughing sourly, shook his head."

"He said I reminded him of a tramp to whom a genial lady gave a nickel, saying:

"Here, my good man, take this nickel and drink my health in a glass of beer."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the tramp. "But you look so kind, hadn't I better drink two beers?""

Dry Wash.

REPRESENTATIVE LIVINGSTON of Georgia, who, disgusted at the bath-tub debate in the House recently, proposed that a little money might be made by putting the bath tubs out, said recently, apropos of this subject:

"We are now a good deal like Bill Spriggins on a morning."

"His valet entered his bedroom one January morning and said with a shiver:

"Will you take your bath hot or cold, sir?"

"Thank you," said Bill; "I'll take it for granted."

The Wan.

HARVEY W. WILEY, the government's food expert, said at a recent dinner in Washington:

"In our search for pure foods we may go too far. A lady entered a grocer's the other day and said:

"Have you got any currants?"

"The clerk, a college graduate, replied:

"Yes, madam, we have very fine Corinth, or small grapes from the Greek town of that name—currents, you know, is the corrupted form. How many do you want?"

"Then at all if they're corrupted," muttered the lady. "I'm going to a pure-food league."

How Hatched a Chicken.

HAVE two fantail pigeons, both male birds, and I noticed one day that they built a nest and then sat on it alternately, as if they were going to hatch an egg.

"I thought me that it might be a good idea to put an

egg of my bantams into the nest to compensate the pigeons for the trouble they had taken in building it. Apparently they appreciated my doing so, as from that time they never left the nest for about three weeks, when to my great surprise I found a little chicken peeping from the pigeon's nest."

"It was touching to see how the pigeons tried to feed the chicken by opening their beaks, as pigeons do, and inviting the youngster to help himself to the contents of their crops, which of course it refused to do, because it is a chicken and not a pigeon. The pigeons are very fond of the little one, and take it under their wings to keep it warm whenever it wants it, exactly as a hen treats her chickens.—[Strand.]

Her French.

WINTHROP AMES, at the New Theater's anniversary dinner in New York, said with a laugh:

"At the New Theater we try to be cosmopolitan. In setting a London scene, for example, we wouldn't make the dome of St. Paul's visible across the river from the terrace of the Savoy."

"That sort of thing happens, you know, in New York. It rather shows us up. It is rather amusing—like the French of the Consul's wife."

"I was lunching once in a town in the Midi with the Consul and his good lady. Mrs. Consul all through the meal had a good deal of difficulty in making herself understood by her French waiting maid. When the dessert was brought on, she turned to the maid and said, in an angry aside:

"Not these couteaux. Bring me the couteaux with the ivory handles."

"Then she turned to us and added, thumping her fist on the table, while the maid stood mystified:

"D—the language! I wish I'd never learnt it."

A Versatile Model.

GEORGE W. PERKINS, the retiring partner of the famous banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., was giving advice to young men.

"Never undertake," he said, to do too much. In applying for a position, it is almost better to promise too little than too much. Remember the model."

"An old chap, you know, applied to a New York artist for the post of model."

"Well," said the artist, "what do you sit for?"

"Oh, anything, sir," said the model, fingering his gray beard nervously. "Anything you like, sir. Landscape, if necessary."

Almost Escaped.

JOHN R. MORRISON, the president of a great cement company, was praising cement at the New York Cement Show.

"It is the fashion now, too," he said. "It is as much the fashion as the new-fangled decollete gown from Paris. There will probably be the same difficulty about it."

"One man said to another at a ball the other night:

"Do you have any trouble keeping your wife in clothes?"

"Rather!" the other answered. "Haven't you noticed the new French decollete gown she's wearing?"

Out of Babes' Mouths.

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN, the English suffragette, began, at a dinner in New York, her reply to a toast on "marriage" with the words:

"I once asked a little girl if she knew what leisure was."

"Yes," she replied. "Leisure is the place where married people repent."

Learning Art Quickly.

THE new girl had been but three weeks in the employ of an artistic family, but her time had evidently not been spent exclusively in studying the domestic arts. As her mistress was giving her instructions about the dinner she said:

"And, Marie, don't forget the potatoes."

"No, madam," was the reply. "Will you have them in their jackets or in the hood?"—[Lippincott's.]

The Joined Fragments.

WAITER: What will you have, sir?

Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare): Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to joint, and—

Waiter (shouts across the hall): Hash for one!—[London Tit-Bits.]

Angels With Wings.

"WHAT is an angel, mother?" asked a 6-year-old.

"Why, dear, it is a beautiful lady with wings, who flies. But why do you ask?"

"Because I heard father call my governess an angel."

"Oh!" said the mother. "Well, dear, you watch her and you will see her fly tomorrow."—[Boston Herald.]

The Finish.

"ISN'T your new gown finished yet?"

"Oh, gracious, no! the dressmaker's work on it was only completed last Saturday."

"But if the dressmaker's through, isn't that all?"

"Of course not! All my friends have to criticize it yet."—[Catholic Standard and Times.]

REASSURING.

Terrified Rider (in hired motor car): I say—I say—you're going much too fast. Chauffeur: Oh, you're all right, sir. We always insure our passengers.—[London Punch.]

A WEIRD PILGRIMAGE.

CURE SOUGHT BY SLEEPING ONE NIGHT BESIDE A CERTAIN PLANT.

"The weirdest pilgrimage on earth" is the phrase in which one writer describes the ceremony which takes place once a year, on the night of the Ascension, at a place in Roumania.

"Situated to the northeast of the town of Targu-Giu, in the western division of Roumania, is a great arid plain, and on it," according to this writer in the Wide World, "grows a wonderful plant, termed in the vernacular Frasinel (the healer,) or in Latin, Dictamnus albus or Dictamnus pers."

"The peasants firmly believe that a night—this one night of the year—spent among the plants will cure all ills, and they flock to the place by thousands. It was to see this pilgrimage without a parallel that we visited the place on the eve of the Ascension."

"On reaching the edge of the plain we find many hundreds of carts, and every moment the crowd is increased by newcomers. In the distance can be seen groups occupying claims. Others further afield are searching for the plant. Those in charge of the carts are engaged on their evening meal of bread, or mamaliga (maize meal,) with onions, olives or garlic."

"All are shivering with cold, for no fire must be lighted there tonight. On every other occasion the opportunity of an outing is seized as an excuse for much wine drinking, but today the great wooden wine bottle, the ploska, is strangely absent. All one sees are the graceful earthenware water jars, from which one drinks from an opening in the handle."

"People from all parts of western Roumania visit this place of miraculous cures. Arrived at the ground where the plant is mostly to be found, each party hunts out a root. At dusk a clean white sheet is spread near it and the sick person, also in white, takes his place upon it. Three holy candles are then placed about the plant, as also a bowl of water."

"Then the patient—by proxy, for he must not speak a word from the time he lies down until he gets up the following morning—says the prayers used on this occasion. These are chanted by old women known as 'matuzas,' or aunts, and should be repeated fifteen times in order to effect a cure. These aunts act in turn for different persons, receiving from each a loaf of bread and whatever else the sick person can afford to give."

"The pilgrim sleeps all night with his head close to the stalks of the plant, or evergreen leaves, or blades of grass. In the morning, immediately after sunrise, the bowl must be examined, for if this happens to contain leaves or blades of grass, then the augury is good and the patient will eventually recover."

"If, however, it contains dead leaves, bits of earth, sand, or the like, then the portent is death, and that soon. So implicit is the belief in the augury that when it is unfavorable in the case of a child the peasant parents very often give the little one no further attention, regarding it as doomed anyway."

"Those to whom the bowl oracle is favorable must pluck their plant and on the way home cast it into running water. That directs the course of the malady away from them. These fortunate ones who receive good signs generally come a second and a third year."

"The Roumanian peasant goes to bed early, and so before it is fairly dark the plain is left to the sick pilgrims. When we were there comparatively few spectators stayed to see the night vigil through. The sick themselves, except for the poor wretches whose sufferings made rest impossible, were wrapped in sleep. With the candles twinkling beside them and their heads toward the guardian plants they looked like phantoms in their white garments."

"The 'aunts' moved slowly among them, lighting a taper blown out by the wind, or sitting chanting the prayers in the hideous nasal manner of the Greek Church. Where there was a child one or other of its relatives sat by it; all others had returned to their carts to sleep in or under them."

"As the sun rose behind the blue mountains, flooding the valleys and turning the white of the pilgrims' trappings to gold, they were all roused from their slumber, for just after sunrise not the least strange part of this ceremony has to be performed. This is the washing of the faces and breasts of the 'patients,' all of them looking toward the fiery orb meanwhile. The water from the bowl is used for this operation, but first of all every one looks eagerly into it to read his or her fate."

"There are looks of happiness, laughter and chatter where the night has brought happy tokens; resignation where nothing is to be found. Patience; we must come again next year, they say. But when dust to dust is the verdict there is despair depicted on every countenance, and the oriental wail of woe is to be heard in more than one direction."

"An hour later all of them had left. The last carts could be heard rattling on the road, and all that remained of this strangest of pilgrimages were the hundreds of scraps of broken bowls, intentionally smashed when the pilgrims left. Why they are broken nobody knows."

"That the flower plays such an important part is because it actually has certain medicinal values, a potion made by boiling the roots being said to be efficacious against fever and convulsions. The blossoms contain a very volatile oil, which will light on putting a match to the flower; on very hot summer evenings it forms a sort of halo round the plant, without injuring it in any way, and it is no doubt on account of this uncanny property that the plant has been credited with such miraculous attributes."

ASSOCIATION.

"The man on deck yonder who has been so sick is a baseball player."

"Doesn't seem to be enjoying himself."

"No; said it was too much like work. Every time the vessel pitched he felt he wanted to make a home run."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind! They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

SOIL FERTILITY.

PRODUCTIVITY LARGELY DEPENDENT ON FERTILIZATION.

By Ernest Braunton.

Too often we hear a garden owner exclaim: "The soil in my garden seems to be good, yet nothing grows well." The products of a small garden should depend entirely upon the owner, and not upon the natural qualities of the soil. If the garden is in poor condition, the owner alone is at fault, for in a small plot of ground the poorest and most barren soils may be quickly and easily made rich and resourceful. All this twaddle about virgin soils were better left unsaid, especially as regards small gardens, and also to a great extent concerning field and orchard conditions. The finest and heaviest crops are grown on these lands longest under cultivation and in the older countries.

Since the question of soil fertility has been better understood, there has arisen a movement in the eastern part of our country back to the abandoned farms of New England and other Atlantic Coast States. In the United States, with "virgin soils" in some parts, the average yield of wheat per acre is between twelve and thirteen bushels, while in England, farmed for a thousand years, the soil yields thirty bushels. So-called "virgin soils" are the most productive for the indifferent and ignorant only. The "abandoned" farms of New England, where the soil is deep, are now turning off crops to compare with any soils in this country. For this we have largely to thank our Federal government, for through the agricultural experiment stations nearly all advanced knowledge of soils and crops has come.

In a recent issue of Out West, Alfred Burbank says that "the soil of the United States is becoming rapidly exhausted, where there is any to exhaust. We are importing fresh blood from Europe all the time, but are exporting that which makes blood. The soil of the Atlantic States has been for years depleted. Its fertility is so far gone that the old standard farm crops cannot be successfully grown. Many of the farms are abandoned and are brush-covered. The Middle West and the West are rapidly following in the same direction."

In the next paragraph he states:

"The farmers have been driven to rotation of crops and to summer fallowing as a means of obtaining adequate remuneration for their labors. The future agricultural exploitation will not be in the discovery of new agricultural areas, but in helping nature to refertilize the barren lands of which there are already millions of acres, in reclaiming the worn-out soils, in discovering a greater agricultural United States under the surface than we now have in sight."

"Most plants, if permitted to return to the soil, would increase its fertility; but we do not usually permit them to return to the soil directly, or even indirectly. They are usually removed as farm or forage crops, or used for fuel, or are burned by devastating forest fires, which by the way, are a great source of soil exhaustion."

The last of the foregoing paragraph disproves the statements in the first regarding the exhaustion of soils. The soils of the United States, collectively, are now richer in plant food than they were ten years ago. It is the natural fertility only that has been and is being exhausted. The up-to-date land owner and farmer is increasing the fertility of his soils with each succeeding year. When we read of a woman working five acres of abandoned soil—unaided and alone, and producing thereon 120 bushels of corn per acre, we know that the finest "virgin" corn land in the country has been "beaten to a frazzle." What is true of farm lands is far more true of small gardens, and, as before stated, the products of your garden are not determined by nature, either in quantity or quality, but by yourself.

New Iris.

OUR collections of hardy garden iris are each year growing larger and finer until one may have an iris garden that will compare with that of any single class of plants and far surpass most of them because of the great range of types in the genus iris. A catalogue is now before the writer, devoted entirely to iris, and the garden where they are grown is but a few miles from Los Angeles and close to a car line. While over 300 varieties are growing in this exclusive iris garden, not all of them are offered for sale, either by reason of insufficiency of stock or because some sorts have not yet been sufficiently tested, in this climate, to warrant offering them. The catalogue offers forty-four well-proven named varieties, belonging to six separate and distinct sections of the great iris family.

Fertilizer Constituents.

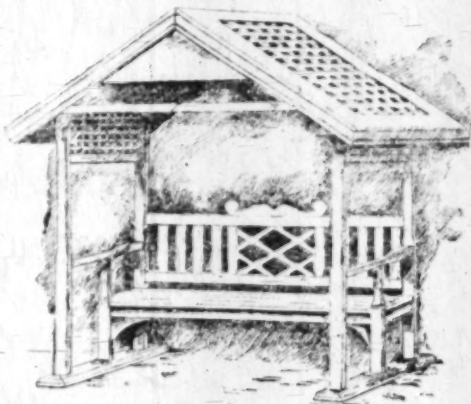
GARDEN fertilizers usually consist of but three elements, for but three are much needed by the average plant. These three are nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid. Supposing a plant to need an equal amount of each, the productivity of your soil would be determined by the element existing in the sandiest quantity, for we are, figuratively, dealing with a chain of three links which is, of course, no stronger than the weakest link. Whatever is most lacking of the three will determine your crop or crops.

Potash and phosphoric acid are retained by the soil,

or, as the chemist puts it, "fixed." Even though soluble in soil water they do not spread by such means and therefore must be mechanically distributed so as to insure uniformity. They are not volatile nor do they leach through the soil. Therefore the full year's supply may be applied at once with the assurance of not losing any. On the other hand, nitrogen should be applied at several different distributions, and it will also be quite easily spread uniformly through the medium of soil water. Nitrogen is obtained from organic matter and when exposed to the air this matter decomposes, a portion of its nitrogen volatilizes and is lost in the air. The remainder, unless quickly absorbed by plants, will wash or leach away. Therefore apply nitrate of soda only upon growing crops, for if not quickly used it is lost. Nitrogen to be derived from tankage, dried blood, etc., is but slowly converted into soluble forms and is not therefore in so much danger of escape.

Garden Seats.

A GARDEN seat may be made large enough to answer all the purposes of an arbor and yet be portable. Being movable, it could be so shifted as to provide full shade during any hour of the day and could be removed from the shade of a tree or building at the close of summer to an open space for the cooler weather of our so-called winter. Such a seat is shown on this page, and if shelter is also desired during the rainy season, the roof may be of shakes or shingles instead of the open lattice. Garden seats of this char-



A PORTABLE GARDEN SEAT.

acter may be made use of throughout the entire year, and should be far more common in our land of sunshine.

Garden Walks.

MANY places are planned so that the only sensible position for a walk is directly across the center of the lawn, for a walk should be direct, if anything. If, however, the walk can be placed at the side, so as not to make a line across the lawn, the beauty of the place is enhanced. In most cases it is sensible to have only a straight walk, but if there is an opportunity to have it curved somewhat, though making it still direct, it is more interesting.

Suppose the natural place for the walk to leave the street is not directly in front of the door, then one can wind it gently by starting the walk at right angles both to the public walk and door, connecting the resulting lines with as simple curves as possible. The width of the walk should be liberal for the main entrance, wide enough so that two people can walk abreast, say four or five feet wide, but secondary walks like those going to the back door are better narrower, say two feet wide. A cement walk is best, but gravel or broken stone can be used instead. A brick sidewalk is good if well made, and is best if placed on a bed of concrete so that weeds cannot grow through.

Massing Shrubbery.

A SHRUBBERY is mostly used as a frame to a lawn or other open surface and should be designed on similar principles to those of any other frame whether of a picture or a pictorial scene; whether the jamb of a

door, the cornice of a building, the border of a rug, anything else used to enclose and separate a composition of any kind from its surroundings. In other words it should be designed on similar principles to those the picture it encloses, with predominance of some particular motive, due subordination of parts and propriety of detail—if any. But the average shrubbery put together with little regard to these cardinal principles is a thing of shreds and patches, particular patches of shrubs striking in color or texture; it is made up of masses of the most showy bushes available with little regard to the effect of their size, color, texture and position on the whole.

Palm Cohorts and Allies.

THE so-called Sago Palm is not a palm at all, but a cycad, and in botany occupies a place midway between the ferns and conifers (the pines, cypresses, etc.). The plants known as Lily Palms (Dracenas, or, properly, Cordylines) are likewise unrelated to palms and belong to the lily family, as do our Yucca or Spanish Bayonets. Some giant, palm-like grasses as well as bamboos, are quite often used to group palms for massive effects of tropical luxuriance and growth.

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The C

SAN D

SOUTHERN CITY

AMPLE

OUR progressive city has three outlying parks (known in town, and another at Diego did absolutely nothing during even this dormant gathering force and all during the past few years on at a very satisfactory expenditures and a relative place. In four years' time carry (which is highly her place among the parks.

Balboa Park, a beautiful seamed by numberless equal number of interrupted, straight, crooked, easy to ascend—all in most unusually broken California. Some parts almost forbidding in amount of grand other sections are shaded canyons, and lovely views may be had natural park.

During the past six years

dergoing a wonderful has been supplying the features lacking to make attractive. A splendid finished, making it easy, and the hills and canyons flanked with tens of thousands of the whole, 150 acres splendid foundation for the great park will be held, the California Exposition. During half-million of dollars will work and a like amount at the end of that period it will have the finest 1400 acres the Pacific Coast. They are securing plans for this Olmsted Brothers, the first country, and this firm will to completion. Several times been made for like Angeles, more especially an immense tract of over beauty. Even now it is not and thereby be set right San Diego is to have, in the most attractive park in the

Clean Vacant Lots and Parks

ALL the weed seeds in have now started, and other weeds will come early still dormant. These are by reason of their small number soil may easily be stirred Left until late in the season, weeds is a hard one. It is or little labor or the stich is

The Exodus to the City.

AN exhaustive inquiry has thousands of farms in the "abandoned," were not des-

The City Beautiful—Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

SAN DIEGO PARKS.

SOUTHERN CITY SETS EXCELLENT EXAMPLE IN DEVELOPMENT.

OUR progressive sister city on the south, San Diego, has three outlying parks of some size—Balboa Park (known in the past as City Park,) one at Old Town, and another at La Jolla. For many years San Diego did absolutely nothing on the park question, yet during even this dormant period she must have been gathering force and also husbanding her resources, for during the past few years park building has been going on at a very satisfactory pace, and each year larger expenditures and a relatively greater development takes place. In four years' time, if present plans do not miscarry (which is highly improbable, San Diego will take her place among those cities having world-famous parks.

Balboa Park, a beautiful tract of 1400 acres, is seamed by numberless deep canyons and ribbed by an equal number of ridges—sloping, precipitous, interrupted, straight, crooked, narrow and sharp, broad and easy to ascend—all in one immense piece of ground—a most unusually broken topography, even for Southern California. Some parts of Balboa Park are stern and almost forbidding in appearance were it not for a certain amount of grandeur that dignifies such scenes; other sections are beautiful, with rounded hills or shaded canyons, and great numbers of long, sweeping, lovely views may be had from all quarters of this great natural park.

During the past six years Balboa Park has been un-

haustion. The soils in many are as good as ever; in others a little scientific fertilization would restore them to their old-time productiveness. Cheaper and better soils westward lured a few, but cities took the heavier toll. When the young New Englanders left the farms to seek their fortunes in the West, they went, not to the rural districts, but to the cities. Nine out of every ten were swallowed up in the maelstrom of the larger centers of population. Press accounts of "large fortunes built in the West" created a spirit of unrest.

Municipal Control of Parkways.

THE street through Chester Place, a private extension of Estrella avenue below Twenty-third street, is one of the most attractive in Los Angeles, yet not better than all residence streets may be if the people so will. Chester Place no doubt presents the most attractive piece of complex street planting in the city. Many kinds of trees and plants are used, and while the planting could be much improved by using fewer sorts, there exists a rather harmonious effect for the reason that all the subjects are of a tropical nature. Were this true of all our streets the general effect would be much more pleasing. In connection with palms, which are decidedly tropical in appearance, large-leaved trees like the rubber tree shown at top of view should be used. The pepper tree, while from the tropics, is out of place in this scheme and there are a few fine-leaved trees in the Chester Park scheme that do not harmonize with the majority of subjects used. Nevertheless, the whole effect is much admired and the purpose of this article is not so much to criticize as to commend.

coming to be recognized as of vital importance in the making of the new American.

Parks and Politics.

IT has been demonstrated by experience in many cities that the park system more than any other of the undertakings of a city should be managed independently of the Council or legislative body of the city government. The reason for this is, of course, that the majority of the members of the city government is composed of practical politicians or of men who have about the same education, the same impulses and ideas and about the same tastes. It should be clearly understood that no blame is meant to be cast upon practical politicians. It is simply a fact that when they control the management of parks, the results attained from the point of view of art are poor, sometimes very bad indeed.

The Unit of Social Life.

THERE is no sustained social life unless enough people live in continuous close touch, and the village is the unit which is multiplied to form cities. Cities are, socially, collections of villages, and the larger the city the more plainly is this fact made apparent. It is certain that there must be a definite number of people closely and constantly associated to form a village, and it is certain that when the number becomes too large to permit of intimate and constant association there is another village formed, within or alongside the original village. The question of the definition of the word village must rest upon this fact. Whoever is able to determine what number of people can remain in social association can define the bounds of the village.

Park Management.

PARKS, like public libraries and art museums, must meet the public needs in the main, else they will lose their power for educating the people to better things, but they should be managed by wise and public-spirited men who have high ideals and who will strive to gradually and considerably improve the public taste. The people can be led toward higher ideals, but they must in the main be led unconsciously and by force of example rather than by scolding.



SCENE IN CHESTER PLACE.

dergoing a wonderful development, for the city has been supplying the tract with the only two features lacking to make it both usable and attractive. A splendid road system has lately been finished, making it easily accessible to all visitors, and the hills and canyon sides have been topped and flanked with tens of thousands of trees and shrubs. Out of the whole, 150 acres have been fully planted, a splendid foundation for the work to come. For in this great park will be held, in 1915, San Diego's Panama-California Exposition. During the next four years a half-million of dollars will be expended on landscape work and a like amount on permanent buildings. At the end of that period it is expected that San Diego will have the finest 1400 acres of park to be found on the Pacific Coast. They have made a proper start in securing plans for this immense development from Olmsted Brothers, the first landscape architects of this country, and this firm will also superintend the work to completion. Several times in this department has a plan been made for like action on the part of Los Angeles, more especially regarding our Griffith Park, an immense tract of over 3000 acres of most unusual beauty. Even now it is not too late to call in this talent and thereby be set right and kept right. As it is, San Diego is to have, in the space of four short years, the most attractive park in California.

Clean Vacant Lots and Parkways

ALL the weed seeds in vacant lots and parkways have now started, and if the soil is overturned no other weeds will come except from a very few seeds still dormant. These are easily overcome a little later by reason of their small number, and also because the soil may easily be stirred after the first loosening. Left until late in the season, the task of destroying the weeds is a hard one. It is simply a question of much or little labor or the attack in time.

The Exodus to the City.

AN exhaustive inquiry has developed the fact that thousands of farms in New England, now known as "shadowed," were not deserted because of soil ex-

This fine example became possible through the street being controlled by one man, Judge Charles Silent, and equal effects could be produced and maintained all over the city did the municipality control all our parkways.

War Against Billboards.

PUBLIC opinion is rapidly conquering the billboard. The drastic laws enacted by Legislatures and Councils are due solely to an expression of their views on the part of the public. Few lawmakers will voluntarily antagonize such business interests, but when the majority of the pressure comes from the other side to the controversy, there remains for them no alternative if they are to heed the voice of the people to whom they are justly responsible. Keep up the agitation and thereby keep down the billboards.

Plant Street Trees Now.

THE copious rains have soaked into the soil for a considerable distance, making it easy to excavate and insuring moisture conditions favorable to tree planting. The turn of winter has passed, and each week will witness a further warming of the soil. With increasing soil temperature we need not hesitate to plant all manner of plants except those native to the tropics, known to be tender and naturally starting late in our local springtime.

Legislation for Playgrounds.

MASSACHUSETTS takes the lead of all States in legislation relating to public playgrounds. A bill passed by the Legislature requires cities and towns of over 10,000 inhabitants, which do not already comply with the provisions of the act, to vote, at the next election, on the question of maintaining at least one public playground for the first 10,000 inhabitants, and at least one other playground for every additional 20,000 of population. Several States have permissive laws relating to public playgrounds, just as Massachusetts has had since 1893, but this is the first instance of compelling municipalities to vote upon the question which is

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The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind! They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!" And snatched up Chauncey to her arms.

February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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A Hospital Patient.

HAMILTON HAMBURGER'S NURSE
TELLS ABOUT HAMBURGER.

By a Special Contributor.

VERY nurse in the hospital was a friend of Hamilton Hamburger, because he was a friend of each and all of the girls.

Ordinarily no one of the nurses desired to be detailed to take care of a case of alcoholism; but Hamburger was different. Once in three or four months Hamburger came to the hospital about midnight in a state of nervous collapse from the effects of prolonged indulgence in liquor; principally champagne.

Hamburger usually stayed at the hospital ten days or two weeks at a time. After the third day of rest, treatment, and careful nursing, he sent out for flowers, which were kept fresh on his little table all day long, and at night were given to the nurse for her own room. Every time he left the hospital he gave to his special nurse a \$10 bill; and that is an unusually large amount of money for a poor nurse girl to possess at one time.

When sober and in his right mind Hamburger was a handsome fellow, with abundant good humor and a boundless fund of good stories which were always very well told. Although his name and features indicated kinship to the thrifty race descended from Abraham, he claimed to belong to a German family. He was a successful traveling salesman for some firm of wholesale jewelers in New York. He mentioned the name of the firm, but the nurse girls never remembered that afterward. They remembered Hamburger, and every nurse girl who cared for him had pleasant recollections of him.

Then I was detailed to take care of Hamburger he was in a pitiful plight. His regular physician, Dr. Pearson, was out of town, and he refused to take the sulfinol which was prescribed by Dr. Leach. His hands and legs were twitching, his eyes were insanely staring and he was on the very verge of delirium tremens. I prepared a dose of valerianate of ammonia, which induced him to take it. You will not be interested in the details of the case, so I will go on to narrate the story. Dr. Pearson returned that night and on the fifth day Hamburger was relieved of his extreme nervousness and on the road to recovery. Then he was a very patient indeed. He was tractable, kind, affable, every day more genial and likable.

At the charge of the case for two weeks, had my fresh every night, and when Hamburger left the hospital he gave me the customary \$10 bill. I remember that I was glad to get it, for it was near commencement of that money purchased many of the little necessities for that occasion.

Months later while I was out nursing a case for Dr. Pearson, I lost a diamond ring which I prized very much not only for its intrinsic worth but because it had belonged to my mother. During all of the period of poverty and vicissitudes of seven years of deprivation, I had clung to that ring. With an almost brooding heart I carried the case to police headquarters and that every effort should be made to recover my little keepsake.

Inspector Jackson was a stern-looking man, but very kind and sympathetic. He told me that he would find the ring for me, sooner or later, and assured me that every effort could be made than he would make of sympathy for me; not even in a case where \$1000 would be the reward. I was surprised to find such a kind and courteous gentleman in the heart-hardening process of dealing with criminals; and I frankly told him. He laughed very heartily, and said:

"Young lady, come and look at the gallery showing pictures of the people with whom I deal."

Looking over the collection of pictures of men and women notorious in crime, I pointed to one of them and

"That picture shows a remarkable resemblance to Hamburger."

"What do you know about Hamburger?" exclaimed the inspector as he turned on me his deep-set, piercing eyes.

"Mr. Hamburger is all right," I replied. "Mr. Hamburger was my patient in the hospital some months ago. I understand that he is in the hospital again with a nervous collapse."

"Young lady," exclaimed the inspector, "you must come with me instantly to the hospital and help me locate Hamburger."

"No time to resist nor expostulate. Calling an ambulance to accompany us, Inspector Jackson led the way to the hospital and within ten minutes we were at the hospital. The superintendent, Miss Williams, would give information about Hamburger, so Inspector Jackson accompanied her under arrest. Leaving her with the officer, I accompanied me to find Hamburger for him. I told the superintendent that it would be useless to search for Hamburger, that she would surely be arrested by the inspector had power to find Hamburger."

"After that," and induced her to lead us to the room where that patient. He had then been under treatment six days, and was out of danger. By command of the inspector I entered the room first, went to the head of Hamburger's hands in mine; then the inspector stepped into the room behind me and before I could get to Hamburger's wrists had handcuffs snapped

on them, and call the officer," said the inspector to me.

As I was leaving the room I glanced back and saw the inspector had whipped out a revolver and pointed the muzzle against the side of Handsome Hamburger's head. When I returned with the officer the inspector thanked me, and then said:

"You have earned a reward of \$5000 for the capture of

a criminal who is an expert jewelry thief; one who robs not only stores, but hotels and private residences; one against whom there is a long-pending charge of murder."

Among the effects of Handsome Hamburger Inspector Jackson discovered my lost ring.

MANUEL IN EXILE.

Many visitors are flocking daily to the quiet road on Richmond Hill where the unpretentious house called Abercorn is situated, because on Saturday King Manuel and his mother moved into this residence, which they intend to make their home indefinitely.

The house has only two stories, but provides plenty of accommodation for the small court which it is understood King Manuel intends to maintain. His secretary, the Marquis de Levrado, has taken a house nearby, but the Lord Chamberlain and Queen Amelia's one lady in waiting are to reside at Abercorn. A staff of servants is installed, and already "royal appointments" have been distributed among the tradespeople of the town, which means that certain butchers and bakers may put up signs saying that they are serving the Portuguese royalties.

Abercorn was occupied by Kaid Sir Harry McLean after his return from Morocco and he has let it furnished to the exiled King. It was built about half a century ago by a New Zealand merchant and stands in about four acres of ground. The present fittings of the house have an eastern flavor and include many Moorish curios.

Ex-King Manuel has been diligently studying English. He has nothing but praise for the manner in which he has been received in England, and particularly for the way in which his desire for complete privacy has been respected.

It is highly probable that he will go to Oxford in due course, but no arrangements have been made for this. Indeed he will have to make considerable advances in his studies before he is able to matriculate. This much he frankly recognizes, and he has made arrangements for pursuing his studies.

Two tutors are to be provided for him and he expects to be able to give up most of his mornings to his books. Mathematics, he frankly confesses, is his weak spot. In the past he has never shown much taste for hard and consistent work, and has been rather capricious in his tastes, taking up a subject with eagerness and flinging it aside half-finished in the course of a few days.

There are those about him who now assert that this will no longer be the case and that the revolution that drove him from his throne was not far short of being a blessing in disguise and that the real strength of his character is now beginning to reveal itself.—[London correspondence New York Sun.]

ECONOMICAL AUSTRIANS.

A reign of economy has set in at the court of Vienna. The aged Emperor Francis Joseph is one of the most unpretentious of men. He sleeps in a plain iron bedstead, and one of his oldest personal servants is credited with the remark that he "would undertake to cover His Majesty's daily expenses with 10 kronen" (about \$2).

And yet the Emperor spends millions of kronen every year, the greater part of which is given to so-called representation duties attached to his position as monarch. Far more than the \$5,000,000 which Austria and Hungary accord him in the civil list he spends, for public purposes. The annual maintenance of his gardens, all open to the public, costs him \$190,000; the Schonbrunn Park and the famous Thiergarten, \$100,000; the imperial museums, \$120,000; the court theaters, \$240,000, and the imperial library, whose literary treasures are open to every one, \$20,000.

Large sums are expended on presents to charitable institutions, upon appanages given to families who have lost their ancestral wealth, to needy officers and for the purchase of art objects, etc. The outlay connected with these matters has so increased that the grand steward of the Emperor's household, Baron Welchel, has been obliged to cancel many ancient privileges of the household staff.

Candles, for instance, formerly given out in large numbers from the steward's office, are now withheld, as well as the delicacies, wine and rare fruits, remaining over from court banquets and festivals, which are now sold. Wine from the royal cellars is no longer at the disposition of the household, nor free tickets for the court theaters.

The discipline introduced by the Hofrath does not end with the castle retainers, but extends also to the archdukes. From time immemorial the imperial horses and carriages have been at the service of the archdukes. They are now indeed sent out when desired, but the fact is noted each time and an account sent in for carriage use.

The economy exercised by the ladies of the imperial house is in striking contrast with the extravagance of many rich citizens' wives. In the establishments where the magnificent court robes are prepared many of these archduchesses often order their old toilettes to be modernized. They sometimes buy from the smaller shops in the suburbs and inquire closely after the price of their purchases. In their different households these ladies inform themselves carefully of the price of provisions and of those articles in daily use.—[London correspondence New York Sun.]

YIELD OF ONE PENNSYLVANIA OAK.

The largest oak tree in Huntington township, Adams county, was cut last week on the farm of John R. Sadler. The tree was five feet across the stump and took the men several hours to place it prostrate. Eleven hundred and three large wagon spokes were taken from the trunk and twelve cords of wood were cut from the top and branches.—[Philadelphia Record]

MARVELS OF BIRD FLIGHT.

On the horizon in tropical countries there often appears a small black point visible only to the practised eye. The point increases in size as it approaches. It is the sailing bird par excellence, the vulture, returning to its hollow in the rock a dozen miles away.

A glider, who sails magnificently upon its outstretched wings, without a beat, without the slightest deviation from its perfectly straight track, it thus traverses the space from one horizon to the other, again becomes an imperceptible point and disappears, leaving the spectator marveling at the simplicity with which nature solves a problem of mechanics which appeared impossible to man.

When one observes a sea eagle perched upon a lofty cliff it may be remarked that in order to quit its eyrie it waits until a gust of wind arises, then it lets itself fall forward with extended wings, gives a beat or two as it turns, brings itself to face the wind and thus mounts without a wing beat hundreds of yards high.

A gliding bird so sets its wings that the air currents make an angle with their plane. The wind thus sustains its weight and gives it at the same time a forward movement. If its force is stronger than is necessary to obtain these two effects it produces a third effect—the bird mounts into space without a wing beat. If the air suddenly became calm the bird would fall, but the fall would be astonishingly slow.

Prof. Drzewiecki has calculated that a gliding bird, at a height of 1200 yards, at the moment when it commences to descend with motionless wings, can by setting them at the most favorable angle touch the ground at a horizontal distance of about fifteen miles! If the wind fall, large birds can always, with a few wing beats, attain an altitude where they will find a wind which will permit them to continue their journey "on the glide."

The gusts and eddies of the wind are of course great disturbers of flight, and few birds attempt to struggle with a tempest. Even the strongest fliers have not from this point of view so much boldness as they generally get credit for. Thus the stormy petrel is so named, not because it braves the storm, but because as soon as a storm threatens it will often seek for refuge on a ship's rigging, and thus foretell the tempest. And if the albatross loves the stormy waves it is only because it frequently alights upon the water, where it often sleeps securely to the rocking of the billows.—[Strand.]

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

The highly original will of a bachelor, Emil von Bizony, is published in the Hungarian papers. Mr. von Bizony, the brother of a well-known Hungarian Deputy, was 65, detested women and was on bad terms with all his relatives. Although the owner of a great deal of land he lived so frugally that he did not spend the tenth part of his income.

In his will he bequeathed all his real and personal property to his twelve draught horses. As executors of the will he named the Society for the Protection of Animals at Budapest, stipulating that the interest on his property should be devoted to the care of these twelve animals and that upon the death of one of them another aged horse was to be taken in and cared for so that the number of twelve might always be maintained.

Herr von Bizony's relatives naturally did not like the will, and the deputy will dispute it. Negotiations have been begun with the above-mentioned society and \$20,000 was offered it as a compromise, but was refused. The property is worth about \$200,000.—[London correspondence New York Sun.]

THE SUNSHINE WAY.

They say the world is sad and drear;
A stormy way devoid of cheer;
For every smile there is a tear
And more of ill than good.

Oh! they do teach a gospel wrong
Who take from life its laugh, its song,
For joy helps roll the world along
If we but understood.

Think you that He who "spoke" the world,
The planets in their orbits hur'd,
The banners of the night unfur'd,
Could frame a world of woe?

Man's soul refuses to be led
Among the sodden leaves and dead;
The blooming highways it would tread,
And in their fragrance grow.

CHARLES L. FRAZER.

THE LION IN THE PARK.

He stares beyond his prison bars,
Sees not the crowd before him stand;
Within his mind the light of stars
That shine upon a distant land.

He sees the Nile before him glide;
The sacred lotus, one by one,
Lily-like upon its tide,
Open to the Egyptian sun.

For him no gazing crowd before,
For him no sordid cage behind;
He sees the jungles as of yore,
The plain and desert unconfined.

His solemn, patient, tawny eyes
Reflect the tawny desert sand
Outspread beneath the torrid skies
Of his own native land.

M. S. H.

The steersman, and young Chaucer, to the...
They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, STATE COMMISSIONER OF HORTICULTURE.

Bark Weevils.

THE migrations and conquests of the tribes of man have furnished data for millions of pages, and thousands of libraries could be formed of books relating alone to human history. But the subjects of the past are pretty well exhausted, and our historians must await further developments of the race for something interesting about which to write. However, we should not fall into the belief that the activities of man are the only subjects of valuable exploitation. We have in the minute forms of animal life subjects of great interest, and if Mr. Hill's theory of human starvation is credible we have in microscopic life a subject of vastly more importance to future human races than were the establishment of colonies and the building up of empires. One of these topics concerning minute life, and in which every fruit grower and farmer is financially interested, is the attack of insects upon our forest trees. It is to the protection of our woods and the reforesting of our waste places that we must look for future supplies of water.

In a map before me is recorded the geographical distribution of eight species of the bark weevil. The domain of each species is as well marked as the boundaries of our States and nations. One form has overrun the pine and fir forests of eastern Canada and New England; another is found only upon a few hundred square miles of Utah; a third occupies the pine area of the northwestern coast alone; the great highlands of the Rocky Mountains harbor another species, and still another species has pre-empted the forests nearer home. This insect is destroying billions of conifers every year. Science is investigating life histories and studying preventives and remedies to curtail the ravages of this weevil. Surely our lives may come to depend entirely upon our ability to control our microscopic enemies.

Curtailling Authority.

I HAVE received a copy of the resolutions recently adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Tulare county, asking in effect that the Legislature give the Supervisors more authority over the county horticultural commissioner. At this time the relations between the board and their commissioner are not ideal. Too much money is expended in the work of inspection, say the Supervisors, and they voice their objections to the whole plan in a memorial which has created a great deal of comment and excitement among the citrus fruit men of the county. The resolutions were passed by a vote of four to one.

It is stated that four of the Supervisors are engaged in alfalfa, stock raising or other agricultural pursuits, and hence the inspection bills look large to them. But Horticultural Commissioner Schulz shows them that alfalfa is assessed at only \$3 an acre in that county, while orange trees are assessed at \$400 per acre. In other words, the fruit growers pay a tax 132 times larger than that paid by the alfalfa growers. I recently secured the figures showing the total sum paid in taxes by one of the smaller counties for the privilege of growing fruit. The tree and vine tax was nearly \$8000, and the land tax was additionally high because the land bore fruit trees. These facts seem to have been overlooked by the Supervisors of Tulare, and other Supervisors have also forgotten to consider the tree tax.

There are now about thirty-seven counties which have new horticultural commissioners under the new law, and a majority of them are supporting the commission cheerfully and effectively. I can see no danger of legislative action that will lessen the power of the county horticultural commissioner. The tendency is rather in the other direction.

Bad Orange Types.

NOTICE that some investigators are holding that orange splitting is caused by some soil deficiency—the lack of proper proportions of magnesia and lime, possibly. It is scarcely reasonable to conclude that all our orange troubles are caused by the lack of proportion between these two substances, and I hope the assignment will stop with chlorosis and orange splitting till we have time to adjust ourselves to these ideas. And yet no one at this stage can prove that many difficulties discussed last fall at the citrus convention are not due to soil deficiencies.

But I have heard so many close observers say that orange splitting is a physical and not a chemical difficulty that I am loth to give up the old idea. Most observers believe the trouble is caused by irregularity of cultivation coupled with irregularity of climatic conditions, either one or both together acting to stop and start again the development of the fruit cells against the tension of the rind. Every one knows that the phenomena appear in the weakest portion of the tree—that part of the plant always the first to fall in case of irregularities in growth. The bad types of fruit, whether bad from physical causes or from improper assimilation of the food, appear usually in the high and poorly-nourished portions of the tree.

Hence, an orange growing in an exposed position may be subject to greater climatic vicissitudes, troubles in no way connected with the soil; or the orange may be attached to a bad type of limb—a water sprout or a branch choked by the activities of the lower branches as far as fruit production is concerned, however fast it may grow. This introduces the theme of bud mutation, and it is reasonable to assume that a branch upon a hardwood tree that is merely attached to the surface of its supporting trunks, as is a water sprout, cannot produce typical fruit against adverse cir-

cumstances, if at all. But the branch developing naturally with the whole tree, as do the typical fruiting branches, has a very different kind of attachment to its trunk. Its functions work more evenly under all conditions. It does not retrograde until all efforts have been made toward true type and regularity. The argument here leads to the necessity of proper pruning, and all ideas upon pruning the orange are now under revision. For this fruit naturally develops from terminals and not from adventitious buds that are sometimes forced upward by circumstances and monopolize the growing life of the tree at the expense of its natural inclination to fruitage of an even type and a regular quality.

Did I not believe that deep principles underlie these discussions, and principles upon whose recognition lies the future of the orange business, there would be no virtue in advertising a long series of research work in our citrus orchards. The more obscurity of these elements the greater need of prolonged scientific investigation. Seldom is orange splitting severe in what we recognize as typical fruit. If bud mutations have produced the branches that grow these poor types—poor in quality and low in resistance to irregularities of cultivation and climate—and these retrogressive mutations can be prevented by pruning, the control is more simple, yet it will require years of scientific experimentation, perhaps, to demonstrate these facts conclusively. It is worth literally millions to know them. We ought to have two or three experts working upon bud mutations. They occur everywhere in some degree, but who knows how to literally nip them in the bud?

Weight of Oranges.

A FRIEND has sent me the results of late experiments in the weight of navel oranges, made at Riverside by E. A. Zombro. There is a great variance, and in other sections the difference may be even greater. The average specific gravity of oranges tested was .82. In a number of tests it ran to .85, and in one case to .904. The rind has a specific gravity of .60 to .68, and without the rind the fruit ranged from .98 to 1.02. As to the juice, it ran from 1.05 to 1.06.

It will be seen from these tests that the thickness of the rind is a large factor in the weight of oranges. This conclusion, of course, contains no novelty, but the examinations made at Riverside call attention anew to the fact that even the best orange sections are not raising the uniform quality of fruit that might be produced if the problems of latter-day citrus growing were solved. A variation of from two to nine pounds to the hundred may not always mean that the heavier fruit is of the better quality, but it usually does in the same variety. These differences should be investigated by expert trials. We have already an agreed standard of qualities, or points upon which the exhibits of our citrus fairs are judged. Standardization is the goal to which all should aspire. It is an arbitrary matter, but can be based upon long experience and even determined by scientific tests to a great extent. I saw last summer a whole carload of Bartlett pears being repacked because each box was short in weight to the average of about two pounds. I think these pears were retailed by the piece and not by the pound, and there could be no incentive to repacking but that of sending out packages of uniform weight. This fruit was packed perfectly in the first instance, but it was deficient in weight. Many carloads of frosted oranges would not disgrace the State in our eastern markets if standards were applied. Frosted fruit often weighs out zero in value.

Tree Squirrel Destruction.

THE State Forester recommends that the game laws be amended to allow the killing of the tree squirrel at any time. As the law now stands it is protected from January to September. "Forest fires do the most direct damage to the forests, but the tree squirrel does almost if not as much damage annually in an indirect way," writes the forester. The Federal forest service collects from 5000 to 10,000 pounds of seed annually for planting in nursery form, the young trees to be used in reforesting. Much of the \$35,000 annually spent in tree planting is consumed in the difficult search for pine seed, and the officials claim that the scarcity is largely due to the ravages of the squirrel. The removal of this beautiful little denizen of the woods will be quite a loss to the forest life and attractiveness, but it will have to go, as there seems to be no opposition to the bill lately introduced removing the protection from the tree squirrel.

Teacher: Jimmy, suppose you had ten apples and ten oranges, and gave nine-tenths of them to some other little boys, what would you have? Jimmy: I'd have me head examined.—[Tit-Bits.]

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The Bungalow Development Co. reports new home plans for a five-room bungalow for \$10,000. Miller, Santa Monica, 1108.

Levy. A. J. Acker has prepared sketches for a two-story bungalow of the Japanese pagoda type to be built near Sunset boulevard and Bryan street for Henry Levinson. It will contain eight rooms.

also, to be built in West Park tract; seven-room bungalow for W. J. Bushard, to be built on Darwin avenue, near Eastlake Park; two five-room bungalows for J. W. Bannerman, to be built on Fifty-fourth street.

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February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

187

Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

Blackberry.

The "Himalaya" berry is an Asiatic form of the Old World *Rubus fruticosus*, or European bramble. It is a trailing blackberry or rather dewberry, of vigorous growth, with rather finely-divided foliage and small blossoms. In deep rich soils with liberal culture and ample irrigation it is highly productive, thriving in the milder Pacific Coast climates. It has been tested in the East, but could scarcely be expected to grow hardy where severe frosts occur. The berries are borne in large clusters, are of fair size, black when ripe and of excellent flavor, but so soft in texture as to be of little value except for home use. The "Himalaya" is well liked and widely grown in California gardens, but the fruit is rarely seen in market. The blackberries most profitably grown in the Pacific States are the Evergreen, probably a form of the Old World *Rubus ulmifolius*, which thrives well in the Oregon and Washington coast levels, the Loganberry, Phenomenal, Mammoth, Lucretia and Gardena. All are of the trailing or semi-trailing type, and are of doubtful hardiness in cold climates except the last two, which were probably derived from the common eastern dewberry. *Rubus trivialis* Gardena is one of the earliest of bramble berries, but is rated as poor in quality. Lucretia is everywhere favorably known. The Mammoth is the largest-fruited of Judge Logan's seedlings. The glossy blackberries grow nearly two inches long and are of pleasant flavor, but plants are not always productive. The Loganberry and Phenomenal are plainly hybrids of the European red raspberry and native Pacific dewberry, *R. ulmifolius*, the latter by Burbank. Both bear long, slender berries having a firm receptacle or core like ordinary blackberries, but with tart raspberry flavor. Both are successfully grown in California, but the Loganberry finds greatest favor abroad, and has been made to thrive, with slight protection, in the neighborhood of Washington, D. C.—[Rural New Yorker.]

Strawberry Culture.

There are several methods by which strawberries may be planted, depending on soil, whether for home garden or market, and number of plants one may wish to plant on a given area. The usual method employed in the majority of gardens is to plant them in a bed and allow them to run as they please. The result is that they soon run out. In looking around, we may easily see how nature plans. The big redwood trees grow in groups, but not so close as trees are in the ordinary forest where trees are much closer. Trees or plants must have room in order to make large specimens. With strawberry plants, the larger the plant the larger the berry. Size is what counts, whether berries or anything else, when exposed for sale. The distance between the rows should depend on condition of soil and whether cultivation is to be by hand or horse. Where the soil is clay or adobe, the rows should be three feet apart, and when moisture is furnished by irrigation, it is usually furrowed out before planting and the plants set out in double rows on the ridges. In this way the water will soak in sufficiently to irrigate the row on each side of the furrow. On a sandy loam the furrows for irrigating should not be run until after planting. Where it is desired to cultivate with a horse, plant in rows 2½ feet apart. In the row, plants may be one, two, or three feet apart, according to the number of plants per acre. If planted one foot apart in the row, it is necessary—if one wants lots of big berries—to keep all runners pulled off. When planted two feet apart, allow a few runners to start, training them along the row in such a manner that when the young plants become rooted they will form a row similar to the rows where planted one foot apart. If cultivation is to be by hand, plant in rows eighteen inches apart. In the row they may be any distance desired, as above mentioned. Another way sometimes practiced on a sandy soil is to plant in wide double rows, fourteen to sixteen inches apart, then three feet from the next double row. The water is always run through the narrow space, and the cultivator kept going in the wide space. In this way the portion that is cultivated will never bake. Before planting, it is necessary that the soil be in a moist condition, either from rainfall or irrigation, and if it continues dry after planting, irrigation must be resorted to again in a few days. When the weather is hot, this should be done immediately after planting. Where the rows are eighteen inches apart, for hand cultivation, use the double moldboard hand-plow for furrowing.—[Rural Press.]

Paw Paw.

The ripe fruit of this tree eaten for dessert with cream and sugar is not only a delicious dish, but it is upon itself the responsibility of the digestion of the preceding meal. It is said that the papaya (paw paw) fruit can be eaten every day for two years without any ill effects. One or two experiments in cooking the ripe or unripe fruit with tough meat will soon convince any one that with the aid of the paw paw the toughest meat may be made as soft and tender as you wish.

The paw paw is really a large herb, and hence should be grown from seed in the same way as the melon or melon. Prof. P. J. Webster of the United States Botanical Laboratory at Miami, states that more than 1 per cent. of a batch of Florida seedlings bear fruit, and this accounts for the scarcity of the paw paw on the market.—There are great numbers of this fruit growing wild throughout South Florida

jungles and hammocks. They are cross-fertilized by the numerous insects and moths. Such cross-fertilization can be avoided by obtaining good varieties of paw paw from tropical localities, where they come true from seed, and pollinating one of two flowers by hand, carefully tying them up in paper bags to keep insects from further pollinating them. By this method there is no doubt but what improved strains can be grown. The paw paw, like the willow and the date palm, has two kinds of trees, the barren, which bears the staminate flowers, and the fruiting tree, which has pistillate flowers. Rather frequently the former may bear bisexual flowers at the ends of its long flower stalks, which flowers turn into rather small fruits. More rarely the pistillate tree may have some perfect flowers, provided with stamens.

All parts of the paw paw tree, except the perfectly ripe fruits, contain a milk-white latex, which exudes from the slightest wound, flowing rapidly at first, and then slackening, probably because it coagulates in the latex tubes. The latex soon clots and dries on the plant, and so tends to seal up any wound. It has a corrosive action upon the skin, and if the raw latex from green fruits, etc., is swallowed, it may tend to cause intestinal inflammation. The raw latex has an extremely potent digestive action upon proteids. Thus if a slice of tough meat, as a beefsteak, which in the tropics may be cooked and eaten an hour or two after being killed, is well rubbed with the juice of the paw paw leaves of the green fruits, or even the pulp of the ripe fruit, and cooked, it becomes tender and is readily masticated. The ripe fruit, which does not contain the visible milky latex, acts in the same way on proteids.

When perfectly ripe the fruit of the paw paw is quite soft, but has lost all acidity and the milky juice has disappeared. There is no doubt whatever that this desert fruit eaten after a good dinner greatly aids the digestive process. It also, like the fig, acts as a gentle laxative.

The paw paw requires a well-drained soil, and is readily killed by stagnant water about the roots. Thus it grows commonly in South Florida wild, in high hammocks and shell mounds. If grown on rather poor sandy soil, it should be enriched with plenty of humus. If only a few plants are grown, as for home consumption, the following method has been tried in a light volcanic soil in the West Indies, securing excellent results: Dig holes about ten feet apart in well-drained soil, two or three feet deep and three or four square, fill them with a compost of soil, farmyard manure, rotting weeds, or humus of any kind, adding unleached wood ashes. Plant several paw paws in each of these holes and cover with a good mulch. Of course the young plant will need water. As soon as the first blossoms appear, cut out the staminate ones so as to leave only fruiting trees. For this purpose several plants should always be planted in a hill. A few paw paws may be planted near by on poor ground, and one or two staminate trees out of these left to pollenate the others. In very dry weather the plants should be irrigated, for while they will grow in well-drained soil, they, at all times, should be well supplied with water. If they are well grown without a check, producing large-leaved healthy plants, they will in this warm climate fruit almost continuously. I have known cases of paw paws of an age of several years; the best fruits, however, are produced on the young trees, say one year old. Heavy crops can be grown on well-drained Everglade soil, and no doubt this fruit, on account of its medicinal qualities, will steadily grow in demand. Should insects bother the immature fruits they can be annihilated by applications of tobacco dust.—[Fruit and Produce News.]

Covering With Vines.

HAVE you ever seen an ugly girl in her old clothes and the next time you met her did you scarcely know her because she was dressed up? If you have, you understand the decorative value of vines.

The commonplace house, the building of hideous line and ugly coloring is positively transformed by proper vine planting. It has been clearly demonstrated on scientific basis that vines keep the walls of a frame house in better condition than the uncovered sections; while the ivy-mantled walls of foreign lands that have stood the test of centuries is the best proof what vine planting will do in the hardening line.

While there are a number of vines, both tender and perennial, that give satisfaction, the number of practical value to the average householder is not large and may be divided into one or two classes. In choosing a vine to plant consider the purpose for which it is wanted, whether for bloom and decorative effect, to cover blank wall spaces and shut out unsightly objects, or to train over trellises, struts of trees, fences and wires.

There are vines that grow without support and others that demand it, and to make a mistake in your class is to know bitter disappointment. Much as you admire a clematis paniculata if you count on it to cover a blank wall as would an ivy or an ampelopsis that climbs by tendrils or discs, you will not get results. It will more than gratify hope if encouraged by proper support.

Roughly speaking, vines may be classified by their habit of growing as twining, climbing by tendrils or aerial roots, and those that require support. Another division is the woody climbers or perennials, those that do not die back each year; and the annuals or herbaceous climbers.

The annual vines for temporary use and quick effect are invaluable and include such well-known vines as

tendrill climbers; Allegheny vine, balloon vine, cobra, gourds, nasturtiums, sweet peas, wild cucumber. Twining: Cypress vine, flowering bean, moon flowers, morning glory, thunbergia or black-eyed Susan and Japanese hop.

Many of these, like the Allegheny vine, wild cucumber, Japanese hop, morning glories, seed themselves and coming up year after year, are practically perennial. All the other annuals should be started indoors in flats or boxes in February or March to make good growth. The vines are not set out until danger of frost is past. They can be sown in the open in May, but do not make such good growth.

Japanese hop does better for many persons if the seed is sown in the fall where it is to grow as when started in the spring it may not come up until the following year.

Among the best-known and most dependable perennial or woody climbers are the tendrill growers—Ampelopsis and Virginia creeper, clematis, grapes, green-brier, trumpet creeper, ivy, roses. Twining—Akebia, actinidia, Dutchman's Pipe, honeysuckles, wistaria, bitter sweet.—[Chronicle.]

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Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK, N.D., OF THE TIMES STAFF.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

Ernest Darling: "Nature Man."

SEVERAL years ago a man was occasionally seen on the streets of Los Angeles, attired so differently from the conventional garb that everybody gazed at him as he passed. He went bareheaded and bareheaded, and otherwise wore about as little as the law allows. Indeed, once or twice the law took cognizance of him, although he was certainly much more modestly attired than many of the young men who sprawl around on the beach at our summer resorts. His skin and long hair were tanned by the sun until he had become a symphony in gold and brown.

This was Ernest Darling, the "Nature Man." The editor of the Care of the Body had a chat with him while he was here, and found him a man of good education and in the main good sense. He had spent about a year as a student in Stanford University.

Twelve years ago Darling was doomed—by the medical fraternity—to die. He weighed only ninety pounds, and was too weak to speak. His father, a practicing

he still is. In the Woman's Home Companion a year or so ago Jack London told of his meeting with Darling, when he visited that place in the Snark. Darling wore only a scarlet loin cloth and a sleeveless fish-net shirt. His stripped weight is 165 pounds. His health is perfect. His eyesight, that at one time was considered ruined, is excellent. The lungs that were practically destroyed by three attacks of pneumonia have not only recovered, but are stronger than ever. In fact, from London's description, the man seems to be as strong as a gorilla. He put on the gloves with London, and although the latter, before he became a writer, was a husky longshoreman, Darling came near knocking him out, while London couldn't make any impression on him.

Darling, by herculean effort, cleared off a piece of rough and almost inaccessible brush land in the mountains, developed a little irrigation system, and has an orchard of coconut, mango, bread fruit, alligator-pear and other fruit-bearing trees.

In a recent number of the Naturopath (New York) was published a letter dated April 27, 1910, signed "E. W. D." This was from Darling. He told how five years ago he sought out Tahiti as a place where he could live out of doors and go naked all the time. When he arrived there, he found that the natives all had on more clothes than he, and were even shocked at his lack of clothes. He also found that they thronged the Chinese restaurants and ordered pork and beans with rice and took bread and coffee in the morning.

In this letter Darling says that by teaching English he earned a little money and bought a hundred acres of wild land of which about two-thirds is good for coconuts. A German and he are alone on the plantation. They both work naked in the cooler hours of the day, and live mostly on their tomatoes, bananas, tree melons and coconuts, the nuts purchased in town at 2 cents apiece. They are endeavoring to prepare the foundation of a large nature-cure colony in the South Sea Islands, where there is much waste land that may be purchased cheap. Darling says he will help any "naturaist" to secure land in return for some help on his plantation. The climate is cool and pleasant, and there are no snakes or dangerous pests. Darling's ranch is about 4000 feet above the sea, where the climate is less debilitating than on the shore.

Darling is writing a book, but his progress is slow on account of the work he has to do. Therefore, he would be glad to turn his plantation over to a company of "naturaists" for some years without cost.

The recluse has some peculiar ideas, which, however, are not his only, but are shared by some of the advanced "New Thought" school. He believes that in course of time, by temperate diet and progressive fasts, a man may be able to practice levitation—to lift himself from the ground by an effort of will—also gradually to do without sleep and live on air. This, of course, is nonsense. Another of his peculiarities is the adoption of a horrible form of "fonetic" spelling. However, Darling is not altogether bigoted. When there is nothing to eat but meat he eats meat.

Darling is certainly a remarkable example of what an invalid may do who is not afraid to trust himself to the sympathetic embrace of Mother Nature. There are, however, few who possess sufficient will power to adopt such a heroic remedy.

The middle of January six Los Angeles people, including one woman, sailed from San Francisco to Tahiti, where, if they are satisfied with conditions as they find them, they may join Darling. Most of them will probably be back within a few years. There is still plenty of chance in California to get next to nature, and yet be within a few hours' ride of civilization. There are many places in this State where you may live and not see a human being in six months, unless you seek him out. Then if you are hungering for the charms of a Pacific Island, what is the matter with Catalina Island, where the climate is the most equable in the world, showing a range of only thirteen degrees the year round, and all within three hours' ride of Main street? Here, also, if you want to play the hermit, you may find plenty of spots where you will not be interrupted by anything more human than a wild goat. Also, on Catalina Island you may raise figs that certainly cannot be excelled in Tahiti, or anywhere else.

"Nature men" and others should remember that

"It is not all of life to live,

Nor all of death to die."

Man is something more than an animal. He should aim at something beyond being a perfect physical specimen, although that is by no means unimportant. Some of those who seek the ideal physical life are apt to lose sight of the mental side. A man who lives in a Chicago slum and eats tripe may be of more benefit to the human race than one who lives the natural life in a South Sea island and feasts on fruits and nuts.

Darling does not seem to confine himself entirely to the physical plane. According to Jack London he was engaged in making a propaganda of socialism in Tahiti. One might suppose that socialism would be superfluous in a land where the coconut, the mango, the bread fruit, and the banana yield their fruits so lavishly, and clothing is unnecessary. However, in the letter above referred to Darling tells how he found on arriving in Tahiti that while there were tons of luscious mangos going to waste, all the other fruits and nuts were owned by somebody, except away up in the mountain valleys, where oranges, limes, and plantain might be had by those who would scramble after them.

In the Overland Monthly for January was an interesting illustrated article describing a walking trip around Tahiti, about a hundred miles, by a good road,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 189.)



ERNEST DARLING NATURE MAN.

Photograph taken in Tahiti four years ago. The poor development of the upper part of the body shows the effects of tuberculosis from which Darling suffered in early life. Note the difference in development of the legs, which he uses in climbing to his mountain ranch.

physician, had given him up. Two successive attacks of pneumonia had been responsible for his breakdown. He thought came to him that since he was going to die he might as well die in the open, and then he had an idea that he might perhaps fool the doctors. So he dragged himself away into the brush, five miles back of the city of Portland, Ore. There he stripped off his clothes and basked in the sun, running about on all fours, climbing trees, and doing other physical stunts, all the time soaking in the sunshine. Imitating the animals, he built himself a nest of dry leaves and grasses, covering it with bark, as a protection against the early rains. He adopted a fruit and nut diet, helped out by a little bread. For three months he lived thus, until the rains drove him back to a roof, where he grew weaker than before, and was for a third time attacked by pneumonia. He was carried off to a sanatorium, where they let him live as he pleased.

As Darling regained his strength he made up his mind to live thenceforth his own life. He mounted a bicycle and headed south for the Land of Sunshine. At Stanford University he studied and worked his way, attending lectures in as scant a garb as the authorities would allow. Frequently he would go off to the hills back of the university, strip off his clothes, and lie in the grass, absorbing sunshine, health and knowledge at the same time.

Then he came to Los Angeles, where the police and the insanity commissioners bothered him, so he went to Hawaii, where authorities could not prove him to be insane, but they deported him on general principles. You see, he was too "different." They gave him a chance of serving a year in prison or getting out. He "got."

Darling next went to Tahiti, one of the garden spots of the world, an ideal place for a "nature man." There

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Gentlemen:

Last August I was suddenly stricken with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was confined to the bed for nine weeks, during which time it was impossible to move arms or limbs without assistance, and then it was to me most excruciating agony.

There were five physicians who attended me at different times, but none of them seemed to give me any relief. At last, after nine weeks of suffering, I was advised to use the OXYGENATOR, and then only for brief intervals, which did me no good at all. About this time I was obliged to discontinue my medicines and could take only the lightest of nourishment. I had no appetite. My wrist and knee joints had become stiff and were swollen to twice their normal size. Some physicians advised me that it would be necessary to have my joints tapped, and possibly broken in order to regain the use of them. They also advised me that I could not expect to walk in six months.

I was completely discouraged, and when I learned of the Oxygenator, was ready to try most anything. I immediately on trial, and began to use it according to directions. In four days I was able to get out of bed and in time over two months, and in a little over a week I was able to go to town for the first time. The Oxygenator gradually reduced the swelling, brought back my appetite, and improved my condition generally. Words fail to express my appreciation for the great benefit which I have derived from this instrument, and I cannot too strongly recommend it to any one who may be suffering from Rheumatism or any ailment. Sincerely yours,

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breathes yourself to health and good while doing it as millions of other men, women and children already done by the Washington street, Cal.

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(INCORPORATED)

4-500 South Hope street, Between Normal School, LOS ANGELES

Sanatorium and Sanatorium in central of Central Park, on the quietest of Sixth street and the State Nat...

by the Washington street, Cal. Several other cases have been cured. The building has large open porches and a...

rooms for patients are bright and sunny. The rooms are sanitary, modern with the best and latest in ELECTRIC LIGHT, HOT...

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People object to the use of spectacles because it makes them look old. The case when one is compelled to wear glasses so unsightly. I have been cured of my eye trouble. My eyes have been swept away by Kryptok lenses of artistic workmanship, allowing the eyes a great relief in one solid lens, proving a complete success. I give from 25 to 50 cents a pair. Methods with 45 years of experience of Optician, 539 1/2 S. Broadway, Ph...

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Callstones removed in twelve hours. F. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

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It lets the rupture slip. Not if it is properly fitted. It hinders or bothers you in your work properly at

WATTS—Truss Specialist, Suite 404, 11th and Broadway, Los Angeles. Truss guaranteed or money refunded.

CONQUERED—Many suffer from rheumatism and cure through the use of White Flag has been conquered. Positive proof of wonderful success. I cured from their impending doom. I cured the Tuberculosis Germ from their system. No stricture. Investigate before it is too late. True to home comforts. Call or write to the CHAMBERLAIN COMPANY, Room 701, 11th and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

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The Bungalow... reports new home plans for the Five-room bungalow for Mr. Miller, Santa Monica, 1100...

to be built in West Park tract; seven-room bungalow for W. J. Bushard, to be built on Darwin avenue, near Eastlake Park; two five-room bungalows for J. W. Bangerman, to be built on Fifty-fourth street.

Levy, A. J. Acker has prepared sketches for a two-story bungalow of the Japanese pagoda type to be built near Sunset boulevard and Bryan street for Henry Levinson. It will contain eight rooms.

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February 5, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

189

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188.)

by the French government. One of the walkers is the president of Pasadena.

His parents live in Oregon. He has a brother in Los Angeles.

Treatment of Animals.

An important decision has been rendered by a Los Angeles court that Christian Science, as applied to animals with the colic, does not constitute cruelty to animals, not even though the horse dies, as did an animal belonging to a transfer company of this city whose owner was arrested, at the instance of the S.P.C.A.

Following communication—signed with a rubber stamp—has been received from Edward W. Dickey, of the Science Committee on Publication for South California:

Issue of the 15th inst. contained a lengthy extract from the Medical Brief concerning Mrs. Eddy. Will you kindly grant me space to state that Mrs. Eddy has not promulgated a heartless teaching. She never said or written anything that stifles one's freedom, nor permits of the suffering of any person. She has never been dictatorial, has never promulgated mandates, and I most respectfully protest against the assertion that the teaching that she

has given to the world has been responsible for the untimely death of any one.

"From the standpoint of one who has made a careful study of Christian Science, I can say that not only are there 'some elements of good in it,' but that it is a most satisfying spiritual uplifting and beneficial teaching. It not only reclaims the sinner and awakens him to a larger sense of everything that spells religion, but also redeems the sick and the suffering from their woe. Christian Science has been examined from every conceivable angle of perspective, yet it continues today, as it has for over forty years, to preach the gospel 'peace on earth, good will to men.' It is by our fruits that we are known, according to the Scriptures, and Mrs. Eddy's life work has most certainly borne the most far-reaching and comprehensive fruits of righteousness. These results should, in and of themselves, forbid discourteous and unreasoning criticism of her and her life."

Fair and Foolish.

A ring of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman that is without discretion.—[Proverbs of Solomon xi:22.]

Throat Cutting.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph recently announced that 300 children were awaiting operations in a new children's hospital recently opened in a suburb of Los Angeles. Some members of the health and improvement department of the schools are reported as saying that as many as 2000 or 3000 pupils are in need of such operations.

Unfortunate children! Not so unfortunate because they "need operations" as because of the effects those operations will have on them.

Mrs. Chalmers Smith, president of the Parent-Teacher Association, is quoted as saying:

"This is the coming true of one of the dearest dreams the Parent-Teacher Association has had. Last year we made up our minds that the children must have this accommodation and have dreamed of very little since. It is the greatest satisfaction and pleasure to us to see these bungalows ready for use at last."

And Mr. Leslie, head of the health and improvement department of the schools, declared:

"All this is for the sake of making healthier and happier men and women—men and women who shall be able twenty years from now to do much more for their race than we have ever been able to do."

Instead of making them healthier and happier men and women these operations are likely to make the children chronic invalids, unless the causes that have led to their ailments are removed.

Scarcely a week passes in which a parent does not write to the editor of the Care of the Body telling of the ill condition of a child following an operation for the removal of adenoid growths or tonsils, operations which have sometimes been repeated twice, thrice, and even four times. These removals of abnormal growths cannot possibly cure a person because they do not remove the cause of the growth, which remains in the system.

What is the cause of these adenoid growths and of enlarged tonsils? Such conditions are due to a catarrhal condition of the system, and that again is due mainly to errors in diet—to the throwing into the stomach, without insalivation, of mushes, eaten with cream and sugar, to the large consumption of sarsaparilla and fat, to which are added other dietetic errors, so that the wonder is not that the child becomes sick, but that so many manage to keep alive. Such children as these are more liable to diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other like ailments.

Here is an extract from a hygienic magazine:

"The tonsils are useful organs in the body and should not be removed for any reason less than that which would cause the removal of a hand or foot. Their office is to remove toxic matter from the system, and it is only a sign that they have been overworked when they become enlarged. The rational thing is to cleanse the blood and to free the circulation. When these things are properly attended to the tonsils do not need to be removed. In fact their removal always leaves the body more than ever open to diseased conditions. When you destroy the sentinel who will give warning that danger is at hand?"

This is quite true. Here is another extract, from the Nature Cure magazine, edited by Dr. H. Lindlahr of Chicago:

"Sometimes it happens that the adenoid tissues become affected before the tonsils. In that case, also, relief is sought by means of the surgeon's knife, and then the process is reversed; the tonsils next become affected. When tonsils and adenoids have been removed, the nasal membranes in turn become congested and swollen, mucous elimination increases to an alarming degree, and frequently polypi appear. All this obstructs the nasal passages and again the patient becomes a 'mouth breather.' But in vain does Nature offer her protests against local symptomatic treatment. Science has nothing to learn from her."

"When the nose takes up the work of vicarious elimination, the local symptomatic treatment is again resorted to. The mucous membranes of the nose are now destroyed by antiseptics, astringents, cauterizers, electricity, etc. The polypi are cut out, and frequently parts of the turbanated bones, in order to open the air passages. Now, surely the little patient must be cured. Strange to say, new and more serious troubles arise. The posterior nasal passages and the throat are now affected by chronic catarrhal conditions and the annoyance is great from dropping phlegm and mucous discharges."

"When the drainage system of the nose and the nasopharyngeal cavities have been completely destroyed, the impurities must travel either upward into the brain or downward into the glandular structures of the neck, thence into the bronchi and tissues of the lungs."

CARE OF THE EYES.

Hobble-Skirt Glasses

Are Your Eyes in Hobble Skirts?

Are you wearing glasses that hinder your vision as hobble-skirts hinder walking?

Glasses that do not give ease and comfort injure the eyes and place a mortgage on your vision for the future.

When we see the chain-gang being marched down the street to the rock pile, each man having his ankles in ball and chain, we are filled with pity. When we see a hobble skirt with a woman in it, marching down the street to the club we are filled with adoration. Now just what is the difference?

The Rev. Dr. Brougher of the Temple Baptist church hinted that churches should not be hindered by hobble skirts. Then why should you? In fact, why should anyone?

If you wish the hobble skirts and the cobwebs taken off your eyes you should consult the doctor who knows how. It does not matter whether you suffer from ill fitting glasses or from a disease condition like cataract, or a depleted condition of the nervous system, come and see me.

All claims for "Reliability"—"Skill"—"Low Prices"—"Years of Experience"—"Post-graduate Courses," etc., do not count for "SHUCKS" if the one making them is not willing to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED IS MY GUARANTEE.

and is the strongest guarantee man can make. You can positively depend on this for I do not want your money unless I can give you "value received" and perfect satisfaction. "Honesty is not only the best policy but it pays the best dividends."

The above is the best reason in the world why you should come to me for your glasses and for relief from your eye troubles and recommend your friends to do the same.

ADDITIONAL REASONS:

YOU SHOULD HAVE ME FIT YOUR GLASSES

BECAUSE I make careful and exhaustive tests of each eye separately by the most modern and scientific methods and grind each glass to order separately to exactly overcome the trouble I find in that particular eye.

BECAUSE good glasses are the most economical, obviating the frequent changes made necessary by "Bargain Glasses."

BECAUSE my glasses, prescribed absolutely on approval, will do everything for you that modern glasses can possibly do, and if it is found that you need medical attention for a diseased condition of your eyes I am able to explain this to you fully and treat your eyes myself without sending you to another doctor who will, of course, require an additional fee. This very desirable feature is made possible on account of my having passed the California Medical Board and being a graduate and licensed physician as well as a graduate and licensed Optometrist. You get the skill and knowledge of both for the price of one—a very reasonable price at that.

BECAUSE I have been engaged for many years in teaching physicians and opticians how to fit glasses and treat the eyes, and it is reasonable to suppose that I certainly know the subjects I have been successfully teaching.

BECAUSE I offer evidence of my skill and ability and give a genuine guarantee of satisfaction.

BECAUSE I do not use drops in your eyes that keep you from your work. I have a better method and give better results.

BECAUSE my glasses are made in my own shop, in my own offices. I am thus able to save you both time and money and insure accuracy.

BECAUSE I do my very best with every case that comes to me. That's the best reason of all.

A much larger number of people would seek advice about their eyes but hesitate on account of the fear that they will be told that they need glasses when they do not, or that if they really do need them, that the wrong ones will be prescribed and hence will prove unsatisfactory.

It is to meet this last condition that I make my unreserved guarantee to every patient who honors me with his confidence and his patronage.

MY PRICES range from \$1.50 per pair for simple reading (Stock) lenses up to \$4.00 per pair for the highest quality of regular compound astigmatic lenses ground specially for your eyes and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

TORICS and KRYPTOKS cost a little more and are preferred by those who can afford them. No extra charge for examination when you take glasses.

The more you care for the comfort of your eyes and the appearance of your glasses the more you'll be interested in the above real reasons.

You buy your last glasses first when you see

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(INCORPORATED.)

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Kryptok Lenses

People object to the use of spectacles when they really need them because they make them look old. How much more is it when one is compelled to use different glasses for near and far vision or when using the cemented water lenses which are so unsightly. In a short time the cemented lenses are swept away, by substituting a perfect Kryptok lens of artistic workmanship, youth-renewing, allowing the eyes a great range of vision, far and near, in one solid lens, proving a constant delight. A perfect fit I give from 2 to 3 examinations by the method with 45 years of experience. Dr. A. Polasky, Oculist and Optician, 229 S. Broadway. Phone Main 6911.

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Is the rupture slip: Not if it chafes and hurts: Is it binders or bothers you in your work.

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CONQUERED—Many sufferers in various States have been cured through the use of a new remedy. This new remedy has been conquered even in the late stages of the disease. Your loved ones are saved from their impending doom. Tuberculosis comes from the Tuberculosis Germ from the human body. No bacteria—Investigate our claims and before it is too late. Treatment at home or in our sanatorium. Call or write for full particulars. TUBERCULOSIS COMPANY, Room 703 and 705 International Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189.)

"If the trend is upward, to the brain, the child grows nervous, irritable, frequently dull and stupid and is punished for laziness and inattention. In many instances the morbid matter affects certain brain centers the cerebellum and causes nervous conditions, hysteria, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. Lucky is the child if the impurities find an outlet through the ear drums, in the form of pus discharges. This frequently serves to avert inflammation of the brain, meningitis or insanity.

In other cases, the vocal organs become seriously

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An exact system of healing, that cures, combining all proven ancient and modern old world and new world methods of treating all human ills, no matter what the name or where located, from the top of your head to the soles of your feet, including deformities, rupture, fallen womb, fallen stomach and all other fallen or diseased organs and parts of the male and female organism.

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I direct the scientific administration of herbal and food dietetics for furnishing proper body reorganizing medication when sick, and for vigorous mental, structural and vital bodily organism-building elements as well as needed elements for manufacturing the highest grade of thinking, speaking and non-nerved acting energy; and I direct proper breathing and all manipulative treatments, spinal adjustments, etc., and about seventeen kinds of baths. Most complete system of healing and up-to-date institute in the world. Established 15 years.

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IN THE TREATMENT OF CHRONIC DISEASES. Special attention to RHEUMATISM, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, KIDNEYS, BLADDER and PROSTATE. Dr. W. F. Thurston (London, Edinburgh and Giessen, Germany.) Broadway Central Bldg., 424 So. Broadway, Suite 704-707.

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All male and female diseases successfully treated by Electro-Herb-Tanning Bath, spinal adjustment, non-poisonous herb juices, 40 years' experience. Consultation free from 8 to 6. DR. CARL PETERS & MRS. DR. H. PETERS, Graduate of Germany. 324 W. Eleventh St. Tel. Broadway 3896.

affected by chronic catarrhal conditions and later by tuberculosis. Many a fine voice is ruined in this way."

While a comparatively harmless operation may be performed to remove these abnormal growths, it will, as stated, be useless, unless strict attention is paid to the diet of the child. Children liable to these ailments should not only avoid starches and sweets, but dairy products of all kinds.

Infantile Paralysis.

It was recently announced that in consequence of three deaths in Los Angeles from infantile paralysis Dr. Powers, of the Health Department, had issued a quarantine order.

Infantile paralysis is just about as contagious as a broken leg or as toothache. Like other diseases, it is more or less prevalent when atmospheric conditions are favorable for its spread among those whose power of resistance is low.

The disease is a form of inflammation of a certain portion of the spinal cord. It often occurs during teething, frequently also during an attack of measles, scarletina, or some other acute disease. Sometimes only a single muscle is affected. The muscles of the leg are more likely to suffer than any other part of the body. After the paralysis occurs rapid wasting of the muscles takes place. The limb does not entirely cease to grow, but its growth is greatly retarded. After a time the affected muscles undergo fatty degeneration. After this stage is reached little or no improvement can be expected. Treatment must be taken early to effect results.

Infantile paralysis belongs in the same class with epilepsy, cholera, spinal curvature, and what is called "incurability" in children. Children thus affected have usually inherited a neurotic tendency from their parents. The sins of the fathers have been visited on the children. Then again, the mothers probably ate and lived altogether wrongly during pregnancy, and from the day of birth the unfortunate child was fed two or three times too much, was overdressed, constantly petted and pawed over, and made a sort of monkey show of. It is no wonder that some of them, when so inclined, develop extreme cases of nervousness.

One of the first things to do is to pay strict attention to the diet. Many of the elder children are suffering from severe cases of sweets and starch poisoning. Contributory causes may sometimes be found in abnormal conditions of the eyes, and among the elder children it has been suggested that the habit of "coasting" is quite likely to have an evil effect upon the spine.

For treatment it is necessary to get the entire system into shape. In the early stages relief may be obtained by placing ice on the spine for several hours each day, to limit the inflammation as much as possible. The patient should be kept very quiet, and should be fed on plain, nourishing, non-stimulating food, especially such as is rich in the organic salts, namely fresh fruit and green leaves. This is of great importance in such a nervous disease as this. Fresh air must be breathed day and night, and electricity, massage and Swedish movements, also occasionally osteopathy, may be used with advantage.

Fear and the Plague

THE dispatches have been telling of great excitement prevailing in and around Peking. The foreign legations had quarantined themselves, on account of the prevalence of "pneumonic" plague in some parts of China and Manchuria.

The surgeon of the American Legation Guard of Peking is quoted as follows:

"No case has responded to vaccine or Yersin's serum. We are vaccinating soldiers and others with Haffkine's prophylactic lymph, which is supposed to give six months' comparative immunity, but we have considerable doubt of its efficacy when applied to this type."

Just so.

As frequently stated in these columns, neither "plagues" nor any other diseases are "infectious" or "contagious" in the ordinary acceptance of the term. What a ridiculous idea to suppose that you can quarantine against disease—that you can shut out the atmosphere. When a case of smallpox or scarlet fever or diphtheria, is discovered, the board of health sends a man to tack a placard on the house, and the inmates are not allowed to leave it. Meantime, a solemn M.D. wearing, perhaps, a long beard and a long black coat, goes in and out twice a day. How is it that he does not "catch" or "carry" the disease? "Oh," you will say, "he takes 'precautions.'" What "precautions" can he take that any one else cannot take?

Even if the physicians did not go in and out, they must leave a few cracks open in the windows to get fresh air, and the deadly "bugs" would certainly have a chance to escape through these openings.

Oh pshaw! Such superstitions really make one ashamed of one's fellow-creatures.

In Alexandria, about eighty years ago they had one of the worst epidemics of cholera that was ever known. During this time scores of vessels loaded cotton at the port, and there was no report of any of the sailors having been affected. Again, a few years ago an American newspaper man slept with a cholera patient in Hamburg for the purpose of proving that the disease is not infectious. He did not "catch" it.

The plague, in its various forms, like smallpox and typhus fever, and a number of other diseases, is essentially a filth disease. In the Middle Ages the plague ravaged Europe periodically, in some of these epidemics carrying off from two-thirds to three-fourths of the population. Conditions in Europe were then as impossibly filthy as they are today in portions of central Asia, where the plague still becomes epidemic from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 191.)

LITTLE SERMONS ON HEALTH

Weekly Articles Containing Suggestions for Health Restoration.

By DR. L. L. DENNY.

We live in a great age. We also live in a great state, and in a most beautiful city. The future is very bright. We shall witness and the wondrous spectacle of the evolution of a modern Babylon. The plains of Nineveh have a worthy rival.

That the Garden of Eden was located in Southern California is both reasonable and sensible. California's climate and sunshine are distant relatives of the fabled Fountain of Youth. However, the distance between California's climate and perpetual youth is so great much sickness and disease lie between.

It is easier for the sick to get well in California than in any other place. But the really sick cannot get well without the effort.

Nature, i. e., the power within the body, will do what it can, but when you have lived contrary to nature's laws for long, it cannot restore your sick and diseased body without intelligent assistance.

If the body is in a fair state of preservation, and can, through self co-operation, restore it to the normal condition, it does not need assistance. Other conditions more advanced do. It is our business to assist the body to throw off poisons, to eliminate all imperfections, to restore normal nerves and purify the blood. This is done, but not with medicine. After it is accomplished, the organs function normally and you are cured. Nature does it. We only assist.

Dr. L. L. Denny, Los Angeles offices, 908-9-10 Broadway Central Building, 424 South Broadway. Hours 2 to 6, 10 to 12 M. Consultation and examination without charge.



We carry a large line of trunks and have had several years' experience in fitting and adjusting them.

Elastic hosiery and abdominal supporters knit to order. Fresh first-class work, perfect fit guaranteed. We have just received new machinery and additional help from the East and can now fill orders promptly.

Many of our customers are recommended by physicians. Ask your physician about us. Our prices are always reasonable. Lady attendants.

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time to time—when a to favor its growth, The plague and disappeared from the past half-century tions" taken by the of greater cleanliness. For every one who demic, a score are killed thousands of years ago Egyptian story of coming down the he was going. The P kill 50,000 people in the man met the Plac accosted him: "You



Nature's Dr For Co

No drugs, no salts, no tions. A positive, n preventive which caticulars free, upon rec

LAXATOL C
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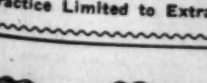
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February 3, 1911.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

191

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.)

time to time—when atmospheric conditions are such as to favor its growth, or the filth is greater than usual. The plague and cholera and smallpox have almost disappeared from western Europe and America during the past half-century, not on account of any "precautions" taken by the medical profession, but on account of greater cleanliness on the part of the people. For every one who is killed by disease during an epidemic, a score are killed by fear. This was recognized thousands of years ago, as we may learn from the old Egyptian story of a man meeting the Plague coming down the Nile. He asked him where he was going. The Plague answered: "I am going to kill 50,000 people in Alexandria." Some months later the man met the Plague returning up the valley, and greeted him: "You said you were going to kill 50,000

people, but 200,000 have died." To this the Plague replied: "Oh no, I killed only 50,000. The others died of fear."

Then, again, we have the well-known story of the two convicted murderers in southern Russia. During a cholera epidemic an experiment was made with them. One of them was placed in a clean bed and told that the corpse of a cholera patient had just been removed from it. He died within three days, of cholera. The other convict was placed in another bed, from which the corpse of a cholera patient had actually been removed, but was not told anything about it. He did not become sick.

The last occasion on which a serious epidemic of the plague appeared in western Europe was in 1666, when it devastated London, as graphically described by Daniel Defoe. The next year the fire came and purified the big city.

The recent attempt of the political doctors to create a big plague scare in San Francisco was nothing short of a crime. A few sporadic cases of this, or other infectious diseases, may be found from time to time in any large center of population, but as previously stated, it is just as impossible for the plague to become epidemic on the wind-swept peninsula of San Francisco as it would be to grow bananas on the sidewalks of Los Angeles.

If you would render yourself immune against the plague, or cholera, or smallpox, or any other filth disease, keep yourself clean, inwardly and outwardly, eating moderately of clean, simple food. Keep your surroundings clean, and above all, put away Fear, the greatest enemy of the human race, and a prolific cause of disease.

Harriman, Morton, Morgan et Al.

PAUL MORTON, who dropped dead in New York at the early age of 53, was physically a fine-looking man, much above the average height, and what people are in the habit of calling "the picture of health."

How often do we see these "pictures of health" suddenly collapse, while semi-invalids hang on to near the century mark.

As usual, the physicians disagreed in regard to the cause of Morton's death. One guessed that it was arterio-sclerosis, another Bright's disease. One doctor, when he rejected Morton for insurance in his own company, was evidently near the truth when he said that the deceased "is feeling the effects of what we call an unbalanced ration." Morton was a very temperate man, neither smoking nor drinking, and calling very sparingly. We are told that for breakfast "he would eat sometimes a grape fruit, nothing more, for luncheon sometimes a sliced orange and nibble at sweets." Cane sugar is a starvation food, and this is a poor kind of a diet. Of necessity Morton's blood lacked some of the elements needed, especially when a man is doing such an immense amount of mental work as he.

Here was a man who was competent to manage the greatest insurance company in the United States, yet was unable to take care of his own body.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own"—life?

Again, take the case of another great captain of finance, J. P. Morgan. In one of the installments of a series of articles entitled "Masters of Capital," appearing in McClure's Magazine for November last, the authors, after telling how most of Morgan's partners had given way under the terrific strain—and also given up the ghost—went on to say:

"Morgan at over 50 began to feel the strain. All his life he had taken no particular care of his health, relying upon, and indeed often imposing upon, his naturally fine physique. Feeling badly, he began taking up artificial exercise with dumbbells and apparatus. And when he got no better he called in one of the greatest physicians in New York. He was stripped and given a physical examination from head to foot. The doctor left him, saying he would give him his opinion in the morning. His opinion was this: 'Stop exercise in every form. Never ever walk a block when you can take a cab. You have formed the habit of living without exercise, giving your energy to your brain. It is too late to change the habit of a lifetime.'

"The unusual advice was followed, and with unusual success. Since that time Morgan has shunned exercise, eaten heartily, smoked much, and buried or shelved all his previous generation."

And what has been the result? In The Times of January 26 was a dispatch from New York, telling that Morgan had hurriedly left on a mysterious trip on a White Star steamer, accompanied only by a manservant. To interviewers he replied gruffly: "I have nothing to say," and sought the seclusion of his cabin. He took on board with him food products from his farm, and bottled water. Special prepared food products were to be ready for him when he arrived in Italy, and he had ordered fresh fruits and fresh eggs from the Azores. The dispatch adds: "The financier's stomach has gone back on him." Of course. What else could he expect?

It is true that it is foolish for old men who have led sedentary lives suddenly to attempt to take up athletic course. Here is an extract from a letter written last year by J. E. Rullison, M.D., of Toledo, to Otto Carque: "We of the older types (aged) have a struggle, and in that struggle it does not do to get too far from our old established grill. One is anchored in that, action and substance, and it is my observation that whatever change is made that it must be made slowly, that it may build itself constructively into the change order desired and sought after."

On the other hand, Morgan's physician went to an absurd extreme in the other direction, and the big banker is now suffering the consequences. Unless—and this is not at all likely—he takes good advice from some one who has studied the laws of health, he will soon go the way of Harriman, Morton, et al.



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One man writes from Texas: "I have used two pairs of Electropodes. They cured me of a very severe case of Sciatic Rheumatism." Another in California writes: "I give Electropodes credit for curing my brother in two weeks, of a case of Rheumatism of long standing." Electropodes are sold under a positive binding contract to return your \$1.00 if they prove unsatisfactory.

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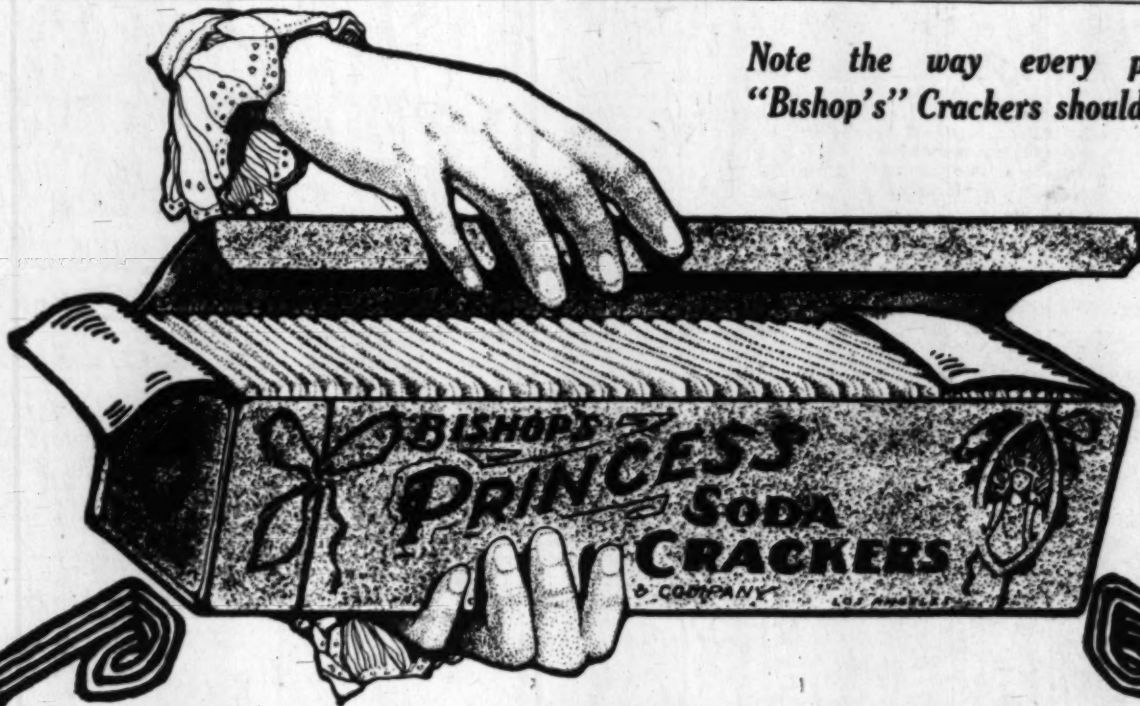
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It sparkles and foams like champagne. Drink the most radioactively curative mineral water. It keeps you young, purifies blood, revivifies, rejuvenates your whole body. HOT BATHS cure rheumatism, colds, asthma, poor circulation, paralysis, diabetes, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder, blood, Bright's, nervous and female troubles. Makes skin velvet, hair silken. Physician in charge. Send for booklet. Water delivered. Take Mescal ave. cars direct to springs.

The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was 'not blind! They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"



Note the way every package of "Bishop's" Crackers should be opened.

Princess Soda Crackers

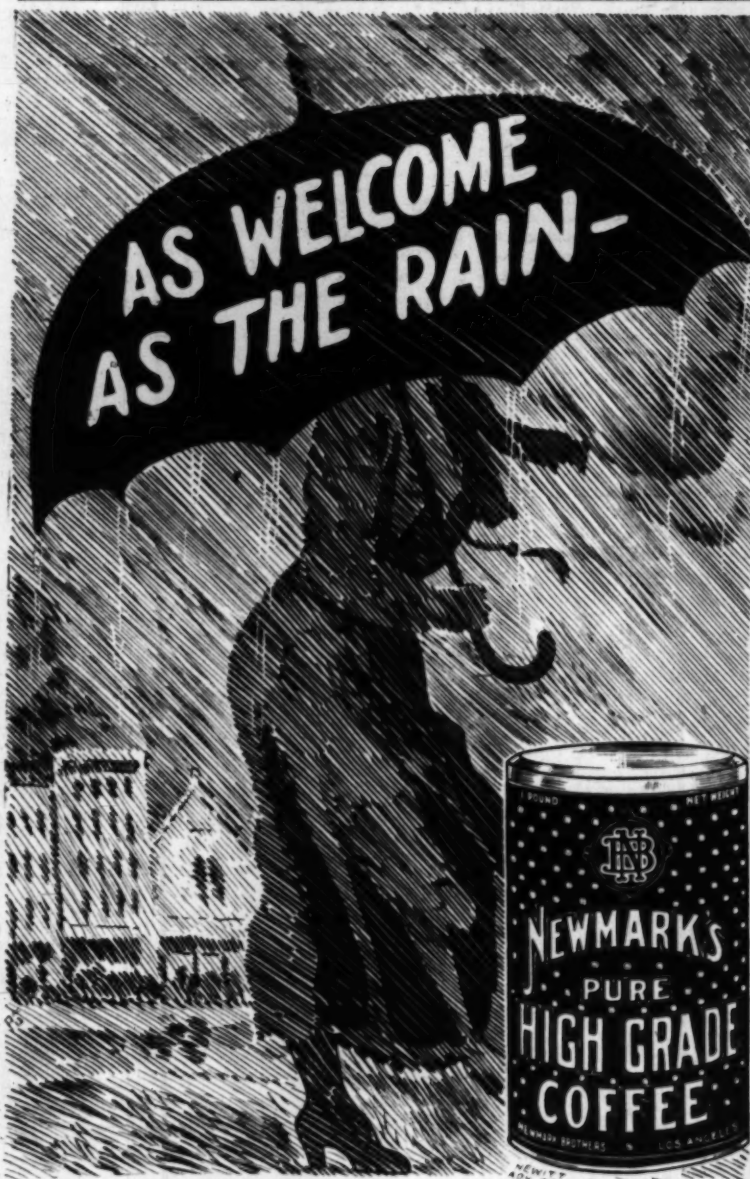
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is the
Cracker
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For good health, for maximum nourishment, for substance and goodness, there is no food the equal of a perfect soda cracker like Bishop's Princess.

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Cracker
for all
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You
will find
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"Standard" enameled laundry tray will do much towards making your laundry cleaner and more sanitary, besides making the work easier.



James W. Hellman

719 S. Spring Street
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West • Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—There came an invitation to the Widow Wise one day
To spend a country week-end with her chum, Louisa Gray.
"Come down," Louisa wrote to her, "and be a child again.
Fine coasting, lots of winter sport and, hem! some charming men."

2.—She reached the country station with her spirits all aglow.
A sleigh was there to meet her, for the ground was deep in snow.
There, too, she found another guest to ride up in the sleigh,
Whose pleasant conversation helped to pass the time away.

3.—Louisa smiled when they arrived. "My dear," she said, "that man
Is Chauncey Chase, and that you've met just helps me with my plan.
He's rich and young. I asked him down in hopes you'd like his style
Go in and win." "I'll try," replied the Widow with a smile.

4.—That Chauncey Chase was smitten with the Widow's charms was plain.
Where'er she went he followed her and wooed with might and main;
And ere the day was over any fool could understand
He waited but a chance to ask the Widow for her hand.



The night the moon was full and bright, the air was crisp and chill.
"A glorious night," suggested Lou, "for coasting down the hill.
Get out the double runners. You shall steer one, Chauncey Chase.
We'll all be children once again and have an old time race."

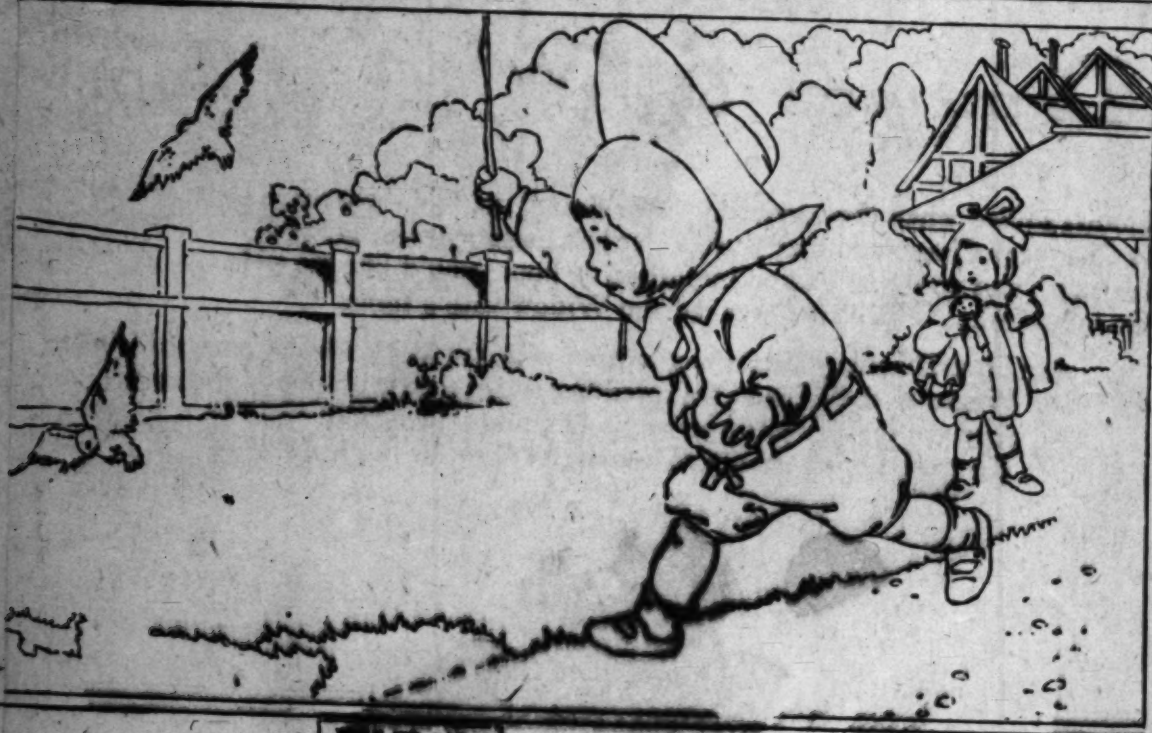
Louisa saw that Widow Wise was seated just behind
The steersman, and young Chauncey to this favor was not blind!
They started. "Oh," the Widow cried, "I am so scared! Oh, dear, Oh!"
And snuggled very closely to her stalwart, ardent hero.

7.—"Don't be afraid," he said to her, "and have no wild alarms!"
The scheming Widow screamed the more, and clasped him in her arms.
Young Chauncey quite forgot himself. He turned to kiss her—Oh!
I really can't describe that wreck, all scattered in the snow!

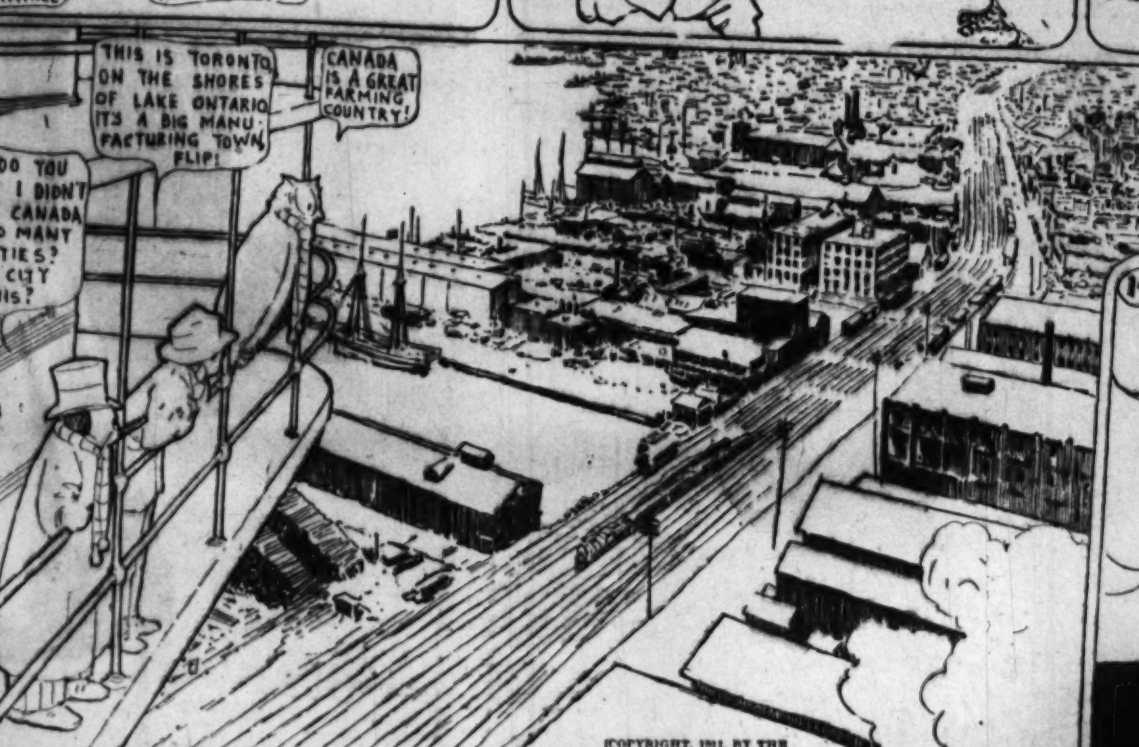
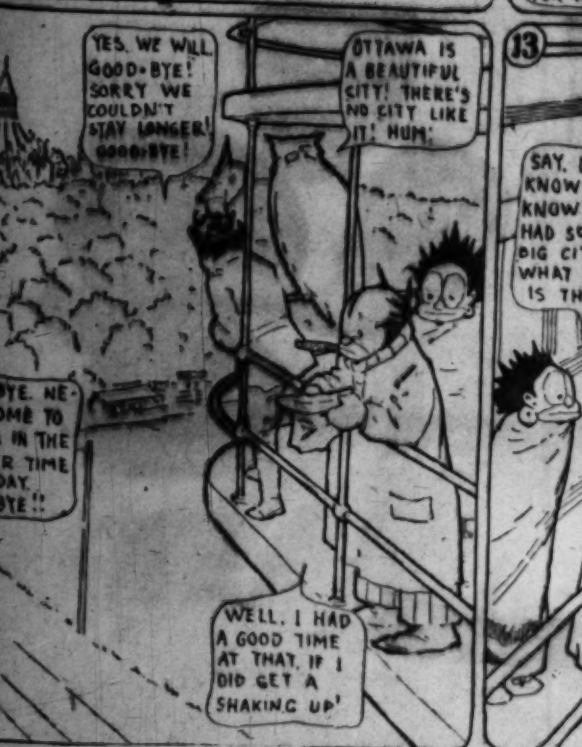
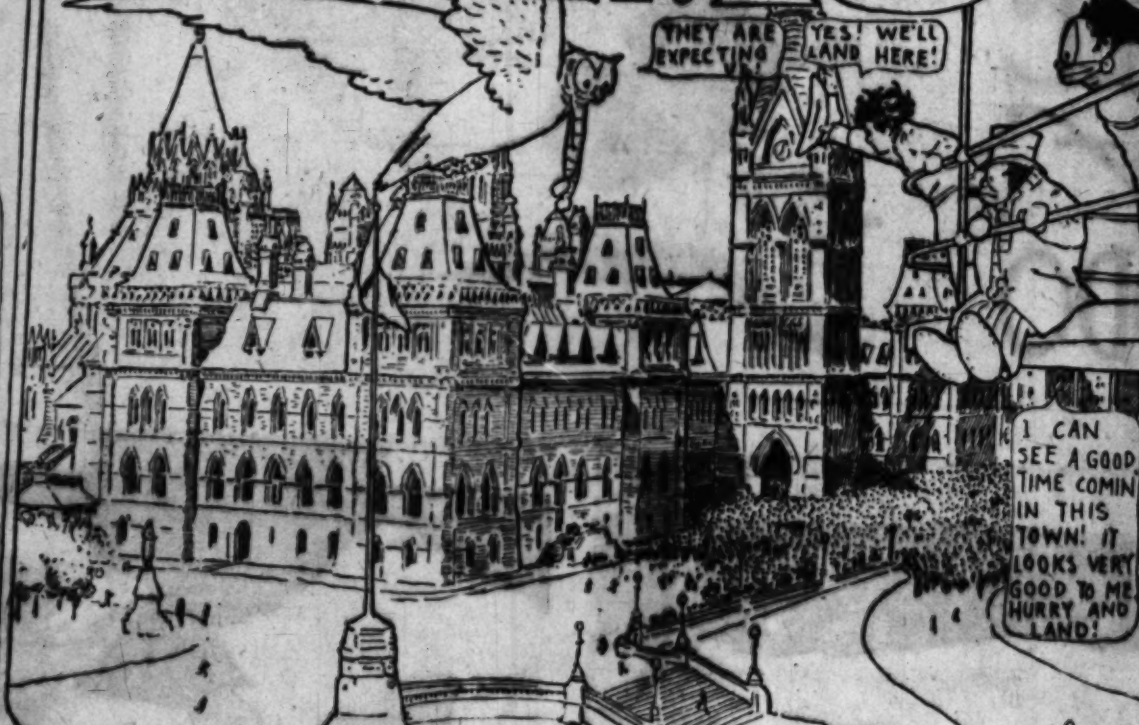
8.—They dug the Widow from a drift, her clothing disarranged.
Young Chauncey Chase apologized, but, ah! her mind had changed.
"No man shall ever guard my fate," said she, with tearful eyes,
"Who doesn't watch the steering gear!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.



MR. TWEE DEEDLE.



LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND



THE TERRIBLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

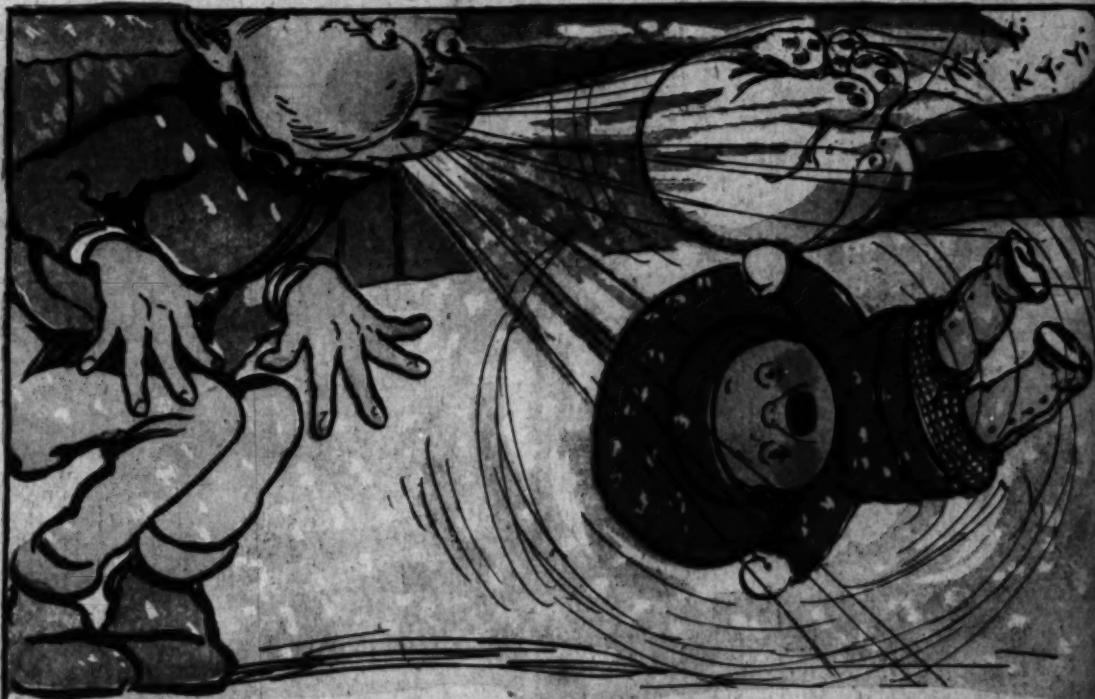


Written by
MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by
GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



Me 'n' Puppo we gotted 'catched in a terriblest gr-r-reat big cold snowstorm, one of those days—
an' it was in our back yard—an' the snow came down orful fast an' hard. An' me 'n' Puppo—we was mos-
tly covered up, we couldn't find the back door an' we couldn't find the front door an' we was so cold. An'
Bridgie didn't hear us—'cause the wind was screechin' an' blowin' terriblest—course I wasn't not
scared!



An' suddenly 'long come a gr-r-reat 'normouses', big, fierce giant, an' he sed "Hello ther', Kaptin
Kiddo," an' I sed "Hello yourself," I sed. An' he sed "My name's Jack Blizzard," he sed. "N I sed,
"Pleased to meet-che," I sed. An' he luffed an' clapped his han's an' the wind blowed so hard
an' savagiferous 'at me 'n' Puppo was whizzed all roun'—like—like a 'Four' o' July pinwheel. Course I
wasn't not scared, but poor ol' Puppo sed "Ki yi! Jus' you stop!"



An' ol' Jack Blizzard 'catched us an' he took us 'way off to Canada-Land, an' ther' was a magniferous 'nor-
mous big pallis—all made out o' ice. An' me 'n' Puppo we putted on our—on our—roller skates—an' we skated
roun' ther' wif some ice fairies—orful pretty bu'fules ice fairies. An' Puppo he—he skated like a per-
fesh'nal skater. Course I skated the bestes' though.



En—en the ice fairies—an' the ice gobble-uns—'ey getted a gr-r-reat big sleigh an' 'ey harness-
ed lot o' big horsies, made out o' snowballs, to it. An' we all gotted in—an' an' I drove the snowball horsies
an' we went over mountings an' frozed up rivers. An'—an' we was havin' a splendiferous time when sud-
dently one o' the snowball horsies bucked at a—at a firefly 'at was flyin' roun' ther'—an' we up-dumped
What-che-know-'bout-'at! (Har! Har!)



'En all o' those fairies an'—an' fins was spill-ded out an' the sleigh was all broke up—an' 'ey was
cryin' an' the snowball horsies had runned 'way—an' an' those fairies was bawlin' an' cryin' an' sayin'
"Boo-hoo—Boo-hoo—how'll we ever get home 'gen—our nurver'll spank us if we is late." So I jus—I—er
—er—I—jus' taked a magniferous n'oughty mobeel sleigh out o' mine pocket—an'—an'—an' my but those
fairies was a'prised!

(Copyright, 1911, by The North American Company)



An' I taked 'em all home to ther' house an'—an' I gaved the n'oughty mobeel sleigh to them—to
'En ol' Jack Blizzard he came 'long an' he taked me an' Puppo back home 'gen an' he banged at the
door—an' Bridgie opened it an'—an' Puppo he runned in to the fire—but I was wavin' my han' to ol' Jack
Blizzard, an' he called back to me—"Goodby, oh you Kiddo!"
P. S.—Bridgie says it was on'y the wind. Poor Bridgie is orful ig-gerant sometimes. Kiddo. † His



Soft Cashmere and

YEARS ago the Puritans rebelled against
ornamental in dress. They objected
formality in other things, too; but in
realm of dress there was given opportu-
nity to show in a tangible way their disapproval of
artificiality of the times. So the superfluous
abolished, and if that great painter, Michelangelo,
definition of beauty be accepted, then, in
Puritan simplicity is but another name for
lines.

Simple lines are invariably becoming.
slim figure is given a graceful line and the
one is improved. What more can woman want?

For evening wear there is shown a silk go-
trimmed with folded net. The bodice, for a char-
has slightly full sleeves. You will notice how
fullness is pleated in on the underarm seam to g-
room at the elbow. A plaque of silk, embroidered
trims the front and incidentally holds in the wh-
fichu that crosses over the shoulders in soft fol-
Cuffs of net are used on the sleeves. There is
decided fullness in the skirt at the back.

Another exploitation of the linen collar
shown on soft cashmere. This is in a soft pur-
shade. The bodice is quite plain, its chemise-
handkerchief linen showing at the throat. Over
is a deep collar, round at the back and square
off in front. The ends are held together by a str-
of linen. Lace edges the whole form. There is
fullness in the skirt, and a soft girdle of cashme-
defines the waist at its normal line. Loose sleeve
with a deep fold, are the simplest kind of a sol-
tion, and despite the fact that they are not typic-
of the period, the modest mind is not offend-
They are simple, which is the main thing.

The velvet dress is trimmed with a straight
collar and deep cuffs. It is made severely plain
with the snowy relief at the places that most re-
quire it. Just a touch of hand embroidery—in-
deed, it would be hard for us to give up this
effective decoration—is used on the front of the
bodice. Although the velvet and linen are com-
bined in this costume, they are not inseparable
therefore insuring clean and crisp pieces at wrists
and neck. Any simple dress can be trimmed in
this way.



With Straight
Collar and Cuffs



One Toned Simplicity



Folded Net on Silk



A Black and
White Suggestion

The Return of Puritan Simplicity



Simple and Serviceable
Serge



Soft Cashmere and Linen

YEARS ago the Puritans rebelled against the ornamental in dress. They objected to formality in other things, too; but in the realm of dress there was given opportunity to show in a tangible way their disapproval of the artificiality of the times. So the superfluous was abolished, and if that great painter, Michelangelo's, definition of beauty be accepted, then, indeed, Puritan simplicity is but another name for loveliness.

Simple lines are invariably becoming. The slim figure is given a graceful line and the stout one is improved. What more can women want?

For evening wear there is shown a silk gown trimmed with folded net. The bodice, for a change, has slightly full sleeves. You will notice how the fullness is pleated in on the underarm seam to give room at the elbow. A plaque of silk, embroidered, trims the front and incidentally holds in the white fichu that crosses over the shoulders in soft folds. Cuffs of net are used on the sleeves. There is a decided fullness in the skirt at the back.

Another exploitation of the linen collar is shown on soft cashmere. This is in a soft purple shade. The bodice is quite plain, its chemisette of handkerchief linen showing at the throat. Over it is a deep collar, round at the back and squared off in front. The ends are held together by a strip of linen. Lace edges the whole form. There is a fullness in the skirt, and a soft girdle of cashmere defines the waist at its normal line. Loose sleeves, with a deep fold, are the simplest kind of a solution, and despite the fact that they are not typical of the period, the modistic mind is not offended. They are simple, which is the main thing.

The velvet dress is trimmed with a straight collar and deep cuffs. It is made severely plain, with the snowy relief at the places that most require it. Just a touch of hand embroidery—indeed, it would be hard for us to give up this effective decoration—is used on the front of the bodice. Although the velvet and linen are combined in this costume, they are not inseparable, their form insuring clean and crisp pieces at wrists and neck. Any simple dress can be trimmed in this way.



Priscilla up to Date

In one tone the Puritan simplicity is shown on an afternoon gown of henrietta. Blue is the shade and silk of the same color is used to form a crossed fichu in front, the deep cuffs and hem. Gathers at the hips are quite apparent. A tucked net chemisette and cuffs are used, and with this model there comes a fine linen yoke and sleeves, too. Buttons are used on cuffs and skirt. This style is very effective in heliotrope or stone gray.

A black-and-white suggestion is shown in velvet and batiste. The plain blouse has turned-back cuffs, and is ornamented with a deep linen piece that folds at the back in a circular line, crosses in front and is joined again at the back of the waist line. Fine embroidery and lace decorate the linen. Possibly our Puritan mothers would object to this, but no style can be taken from its setting and adopted completely.

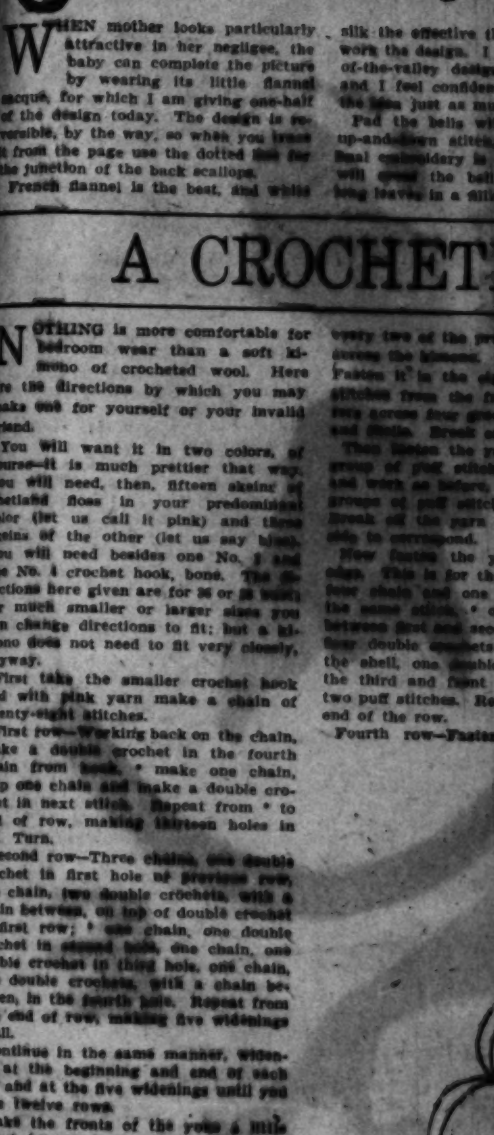
Serge of the finest twill is shown in very simple style. Here the white collar and cuffs are of mull, hemmed, and otherwise undecorated. Buttons fasten the bodice and skirt at the front. Needless to say, the dress is in one piece.

As a charming epitome of Puritan simplicity, the last suggestion is shown in convincing form. Here is a modern Priscilla who has been wise enough to listen to the words of the modest Puritan appeal. In soft gray silk she sits at any evening entertainment. Do you like her? The folded white tulle covers her bodice; the folded cuffs edge the sleeves; the dull gray motif is corded and holds the tulle in place. A cord of the material suggests the waist line.

On the head is a cap of silver net and embroidery. A straight band forms the front, and the fullness is not extreme, merely covering the simple arrangement of hair.

The "one native charm" of which the poet sings is here. Surely as a relief this new style comes into our view, offering a combination of economy and beauty that is hard to excel.

For the
A. Sacc



slitch, 1 make center, after 7 crochets between ribs again; make post from 1 to 6 on eleventh row; rib 2 rows; then same slitch, make crochets, 1 row between the ribs between every 2 rows until you reach 16 public crochets in green every 2 rows. Make two pub slits to end of row. Use Fasten yarn.

... between the
... between ever
... until you re
... public crochets in
... every two,
... the two puff stit
... to end of row.
... -Faster yarn,

two every two,
the two puff stitches
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y-Fasten yarn, 1

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For the INDUSTRIOUS NEEDLEWOMAN

By ADELAIDE BYRD

A Sacque for the Baby

WHEN mother looks particularly attractive in her negligee, the baby can complete the picture by wearing its little flannel sacque, for which I am giving one-half of the design today. The design is reversible, by the way, so when you trace the page use the dotted line for the position of the back scallops. French flannel is the best, and white

silk the effective thread with which to work the design. I think that the lilac-of-the-valley design is a little newer, and I feel confident that you will like the idea just as much as I do.

Put the bells with cotton, using an up-and-down stitch, so that when the flannel embroidery is worked the stitches will cross the bell forms. Work the long leaves in a filling-in stitch, so that

a long, solid leaf will be the result, with the longitudinal veining.

When doing the stem, use fine outline stitching. The tiny dots in each section you will do in solid or French knots.

Put the scallops and work in button-hole stitches. The edge is long, but the particular embroidery lane has a few turnings to give relief, and the shallow

scallops you will find become finished quickly.

As a last touch, tie the edges of the sleeves together, as shown in the sketch, and then the underarm edges of the fronts and back. I would keep to the all-white color scheme if I were you.

Any mother should be glad to make this little sacque, and any baby will be glad to wear it. The easy work and the effective design are not often so well combined; so, my embroiderers, here is your chance.

A CROCHETED KIMONO

WEARING is more comfortable for bedroom wear than a soft kimono of crocheted wool. Here are the directions by which you may make one for yourself or your invalid friend.

You will want it in two colors, of course—it is much prettier that way. You will need, then, fifteen skeins of pink yarn in your predominant color (let us call it pink) and three skeins of the other (let us say blue).

You will need besides one No. 3 and one No. 4 crochet hook, bone. The directions here given are for 34 or 32 busts, but much smaller or larger sizes you can change directions to fit; but a kimono does not need to fit very closely, anyway.

First take the smaller crochet hook and with pink yarn make a chain of twenty-eight stitches.

Second row—Working back on the chain, make a double crochet in the fourth chain from hook. * make one chain, skip one stitch and make a double crochet in next stitch. Repeat from * to end of row, making thirteen holes in all.

Third row—Three chains, one double crochet in first hole of previous row, one chain, two double crochets, with a chain between, on top of double crochet in first row; * one chain, one double crochet in second hole, one chain, one double crochet in third hole, one chain, one double crochet, with a chain between, in the fourth hole. Repeat from * to end of row, making five widenings in all.

Continue in the same manner, widening at the beginning and end of each row until at the five widenings until you have twelve rows.

Make the fronts of the yoke a little longer by crocheting two rows from their edge to the first widening. Then take the blue yarn and make a chain nearly like the pink one. This is for the long yoke.

Join the long and outside yokes together, making each stitch in one fit on the other. Then take pink yarn and the large crochet hook.

Insert in the first hole in the bottom of the yoke, through both the yokes,

every two of the previous row, straight across the kimono. Break off the yarn. Fasten it in the eighth group of puff stitches from the front. Work as before across four groups of puff stitches and shells. Break off.

Then fasten the yarn in the seventh group of puff stitches from the front and work as before, until you have six groups of puff stitches and six shells. Break off the yarn and make another slip to correspond.

Now fasten the yarn at the front edge. This is for the third row; make four chains and one double crochet in the same stitch. * one double crochet between first and second stitch in shell, four double crochets in the center of the shell, one double crochet between the third and fourth stitches, then the two puff stitches. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Fourth row—Fasten the yarn, four

chains and one double crochet in the same space, make five groups of shells and puff stitches, make ten chains, skip eight groups of shells and puff stitches, fasten in the ninth puff stitch, work across the back, and after making eleven puff stitches, make a chain of ten; skip eight groups and work across the front.

Thirteenth to seventeenth rows—Work as in the previous rows, making two shells of four double crochets, with two puff stitches between on the chain of ten.

Edge the kimono with blue by making a crazy stitch (a crazy stitch consists of one single crochet, three chains, three double crochets) in every third stitch. Catch the two yokes together.

Lace and ribbon roses complete this kimono, the directions for which are vouched for by the best possible authority.

Make three chain and five double crochets in the same hole, one double crochet in the next hole, two puff stitches in the next. (To make a puff stitch, draw your yarn over the hook, draw a loop through space; repeat twice through the same space, which makes seven loops on the hook; throw your yarn over the hook, draw through all the loops at once and make one stitch.)

Continue: * one double crochet in the same space, four double crochets in the next, two puff stitches in the next. Repeat from * to the end of the row. On the front there should be five groups of puff stitches and eleven, eight on each shoulder and eleven across the chest. Break off the yarn at the end of the row.

Now fasten the yarn in the center of the shell (four double crochets) on the front; make four chains, one double crochet in the same space, two puff stitches in the center of two of the previous row, four double crochets in the center of the next shell. Continue until you have eight groups of puff stitches. Break off the yarn.

Now make the back of the kimono, exactly like it; then two rows of puff stitches in the center of two of the previous row, four double crochets in the center of the next shell. Continue until you have eight groups of puff stitches. Break off the yarn.

Now make the front, make three chains, one double crochet in the same space, two puff stitches in the center of two of the previous row, four double crochets in the center of the next shell. Continue until you have eight groups of puff stitches. Break off the yarn.

chains, one double crochet in the same stitch. * one double crochet between the first and second stitches in the shell, one double crochet between the second and third stitches in the shell, four double crochets in the center, one double crochet between the fourth and fifth stitches in the shell, one double crochet between the fifth and sixth stitches in the shell, making eight stitches in the shell just made; two puff stitches. Repeat from * to end of row.

Fifth and sixth rows—Fasten yarn, make four chains and one double crochet in same stitch. * make four double crochets in center, after which make one double crochet between every two double crochets again; make two puff stitches. Repeat from * to end of row.

Seventh to eleventh rows—Fasten yarn, make four chains and one double crochet in same stitch. * skip the first two double crochets, make one double crochet between the second and third, and then between every two double crochets until you reach center; make four double crochets in the center and one between every two, except the last two; make two puff stitches. Repeat from * to end of row.

Twelfth row—Fasten yarn, make four

From Handkerchiefs

INNUMERABLE are the dress accessories that can be made from handkerchiefs. Besides the more usual jabots and aprons, here are a few of them:

Overlaid or sleeve protectors take a handkerchief square, preferably one with a colored border.

Combings, jackets, to throw over the shoulders while fixing the hair, are made of three handkerchiefs.

The handkerchief blouse calls for the slightly embroidered but rather heavy variety.

Quaint little dusting caps for the maid who does her own light housekeeping are simply handkerchiefs run on an elastic.

Colors of Raffia

I AM often asked about the colors in which raffia may be obtained for embroidery. A prominent dealer informs me that it can be purchased anywhere in two shades of yellow, two of orange, three of red, four of green, three of pink, one of purple, two of brown, black and white, besides the natural color.

And, of course, if you desire any odd color you can dye the natural raffia to just the color required.

Children's Clothes

IN THESE days of high prices and low salaries we all have to economize and to consider ways of saving that, perhaps, were not necessary before. How many mothers know that children's undergarments may be made from their old worn clothing?

A quite badly used up man's woolen undershirt, for instance, can be made over for children by employing the opening of the shirt for the front and binding or crocheting round the neck and armholes.

This will be long enough to make an undershirt for very little children, and the older ones can protect their chests from the cold air by wearing it over their flannel, that are so much cheaper than the heavier and warmer kind, thus rendering the latter unnecessary.

Old women's shiftwaists, if they are of light or bright color, can be cut over into gimpes for the little girl. Woolen, that is, for winter; the lighter fabrics will do service in the summer. Make a plain, long waist from the good pieces in the largest garment and attach a skirt of outing flannel. Face the yoke with silk, unless the material is very heavy, and line the sleeves with it. This can be worn under a jumper dress, or even under a bright-colored "cover" apron for the littlest girls.

Mending Woolen Skirts

SOFT woolen material tears easily, especially when there are nicks, etc., to catch in skirts; and yet it is hard to mend them inconspicuously. One dressmaker, who has done mending in her poorer days, recommends drawing the torn edges together with silk thread, and then placing underneath a piece of the fabric the size of the tear, like a patch. Hold this temporarily in place with court plaster and mending tissue, and then darn with the finest of stitches across the torn edges, catching this darn lightly to the patch underneath.

For Travelers

WOMEN who travel much in the winter should remember that furs and heavy outer garments take so much room in the trunks that everything else must be reduced to the minimum of space. Therefore see that as many of your undergarments as possible be combinations, three and two piece, and make even undershirts and corset covers as far as possible of light or china silk. These they can be rolled up into almost nothing, and even will be left for more conspicuous, though

DESIGNED BY ANNA J. LOOS

One Half of the Pattern

When Finished

Three Ways to Transfer

HERE are suggestions for transferring a pattern before you use any material before working.

Perhaps the easiest way is the "window-pane" method. This is successful when the material is thin, like linen, batiste, etc. If the sheet of paper and the material together and hold them against the glass of a window. With a sharp pencil draw on the material the design, which can be easily seen through the glass. If one-half of the design only is given, unpin the paper and turn the other side to the fabric. The strong light behind will make plain.

If you have carbon paper, you should place the sheet between your fabric and the newspaper. This latter is on top. With sharp pencil go over the outline of the design. The impression will be left in fine lines and will last until worked. This method is successful on heavy material.

The last way is also easy. Use wax paper or ordinary tissue paper trace the pattern before you work. When the design is complete turn over the paper and outline the pattern with a heavy lead pencil. Then place the design down on the fabric and redraft the outline, pressing hard with the pencil. The pattern will be transferred without difficulty. Surely the way is easy.

Homemade Bureau Set

A VERY pretty bureau set, consisting of glove and handkerchief boxes, etc., may be made at home in a color to match the furniture and hangings of your room. Given plain-colored silk and white net, no instruction is necessary for the last-named articles; but the boxes are not so easy to make. I am giving here instruction in full detail for the making of the handkerchief box, and you can change measurements, etc., to fit the others.

A cardboard box of the proper size is required—the kind of box leather handbags are sold in is about the best. Cover the bottom and sides of the box with silk overlaid with net, then line the box with white silk. The lid must be cut off and made flat, the sides of the lid being removed.

Now cut a piece of net rather larger than the lid and tack it to a piece of paper on which have been outlined the size of the lid and a simple pattern. Work this in darning stitches with colored silk to match or contrast with the cotton-wool and sprinkle it with a little lavender or some other perfume.

Tack on the silk, cover it with the white silk, sew on the lid and finish it with a full of net in inches wide, gathered in the middle, and put on double. Finish the box with a loop of cord and outline with net for fastenings.

For the pincushion, cover three shaped pieces of cardboard, with a triangular pincushion, not too hard, and fasten it firmly into the case. Finish with a smaller full of the net than was used

The SMARTEST FASHIONS of WELL-DRESSED FOLK



JUST BEFORE THE DANCE

MADGE, dear, I am growing old! I know it, because I have been a chaperon: I took Florence Kinnersley to her high-school dance last night (her mother was suddenly taken ill, I believe, though not seriously), and not one of those girls but considered your poor sister quite aged and settled and passee.

I almost cried as I watched them in the dressing room, but they were such dainty butterflies that I had to feel consoled. There was Florence herself, for instance, resplendent in cerise marquisette over corn-color messaline. The overdress, blouse and tunic, was bead-trimmed, and there were rows of the pink beads across the tucked underblouse. She wore the most fascinating lace beguin, with bead banding and tassels just the color of her gown.

It was remarkable how many of those girls wore draped frocks. One very charming one, worn by a blonde girl in a marabou-edged pink evening cape, was of white silk chiffon over pink, and this again covered with a one-sided fichu (with kimono-sleeve effect) and a draped tunic of smoke-gray marquisette. There was no superfluous trimming—just a band of lace at the neck and sleeves.

Then there was a lovely thing (girl and frock both) in ecru silk crepe. Just a bebe blouse and a tucked skirt, veiled in deep corn color, with silk-cord girdle and tassels. It must have been remarkably easy to make, and yet it was certainly stunning.

Well, that was how I spent the entire evening: admiring other people's clothes. I'm blue tonight, in spite of all the pretty girlies. Write to me and cheer me up.

Your

ELEANOR.

Helen Thurston

PER ANNUM \$0.00. (For Month, 10 Cents. Or 914 Cents a Copy.)

FEDERAL

DANDIT LOOTS CHICAGO CAFE.

Turns Trick During Broad Daylight.

ector's, Scene of Gay Dinners, Yields Fortune to Lone Adventurer.

oliceman Fifty Feet Outside Door Unaware of Deed Until Too Late.

itness Who Tries to Sound Alarm Too Scared to Be Intelligent.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] One of the boldest daylight robberies Chicago has ever seen was carried out successfully at 10 o'clock this morning, when a lone thief, unmasked, armed with two revolvers, entered Rector's restaurant, 128 Monroe street, and covering with F. Adams, the cashier, and Roy Adams, the head waiter, with his pistols, compelled the latter to open the drawer, money box and safe and over the contents, \$3494.
The bandit then slowly backed out of the restaurant, walked up the steps, made his escape, passing a policeman less than fifty feet from the entrance of the place he robbed.
The robbery was one of the most carefully planned the police have been upon to solve in years. While the bandit was standing, hands uplifted

Flasher From the Wire—Kennele From the Super

The News in The Times This

CONDENSED AND CLASSIFIED

EX: TITLES, PAGES, PARTS

Roberts' Star on the Wane.
Mammoth State House in Ashes.
Bandit Loots Chicago Cafe.
Hilarys at Sacramento.
Pacific Coast News.
Congressional Record.
Schmidt Flights Hard for Freedom.
Editorial: Pan Points.
Music and the Stage.
At the Churches Yesterday.
Stage Queen's Throat Falls.
In the Field of Sport.
The Weather: Classified Advertising.
Los Angeles County News.
News from Neighboring Counties.
News in Brief: Vital Record.

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at 5 p.m. west, 11 deg.; lowered, 4 deg. Forecast: Monday; light southwest wind, complete weather report see page 11.

THE CITY. Eastern man just back from El Paso and Juarez brought good photographs of Mexican troops and told interesting story of campaign on border.

Popular hands in being shown to have been Schmidt, who was arrested in the city on suspicion of being the author of the dramatic show-up of the arrival of Los Angeles officers. The man, it is said, has a witness who was by the prisoner that he was in Los Angeles during October.

Bandshell was thrown in the local news yesterday when it was learned that Marie's show-up of the arrival of the Durban, had been displaced by Elizabeth Stewart of San Jose.

At Labor Temple in Los Angeles, yesterday, a meeting was held to discuss the proposed American flag.

Police officers yesterday made many arrests of suspicious persons upon the east side of downtown Los Angeles.

Officers of the Southern California Association of women, who are to meet at the city hall, are making all the preparations for the meeting.

The women today complemented them on their personal charms and all expressed their interest in the cause.

W. W. Murray died at her home, 1728 South Union avenue, yesterday.

The results of an "at home" Miss White received thirty citizens at the residence of her son, the president of the California Congress of Health.

Q. Graves, a pioneer farmer of the county, died yesterday at the residence of his son, the president of the California Congress of Health.

Police officers will be stationed at the station day and night to respond to calls from householders who may be burgled.

Long Beach Chamber of Commerce held its sixth annual banquet Friday night at the auditorium and the president delivered speeches on civic spirit and the benefits of home work by citizens.

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